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Inner Gateway of the Castle.

MEMORIALS

OF THE

CASTLE OF EDINBURGH

BY

JAMES GRANT

AUTHOR OF "MEMOIRS OF KIRKALDY OF GRANGE," ETC.

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——"The steep and iron-belted rock,
Where trusted lie the Monarchy's lost gems,
The sceptre, sword, and crown that graced the brows,
Since Father Fergus, of an hundred kings."

ALBANIA, *a Poem.*

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
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PREFACE

THE favourable reception given by the public to the *Memoirs of Kirkaldy of Grange*, has encouraged the Author to prepare these *Memorials* of the fortress which that brave soldier so ably defended.

Though differing in character from his former writings, the Author hopes that some amusement and instruction may be gathered from these sketches of the olden time, which he has rendered as stirring and descriptive as he could, while divesting them of the quaintness of those old chroniclers and journalists from whom they are gleaned.

The utility of topographical history, comprising minute details of local facts, is now generally acknowledged; and the events connected with the Castle of Edinburgh are so closely interwoven with the annals of the country and its capital, as to render them of more importance than those of most other localities.

The Author has endeavoured to illustrate the various episodes of its history, by separating them, to a certain degree, from those heavy masses of historical matter with which the general historian has to deal, and thus bringing each event with its actors more vividly before the reader. The military transactions within the Castle and City, during the occupation of the latter by Prince Charles Edward, are detailed at considerable length; and these, the author's familiarity with military affairs has in some degree qualified him to draw up. But it is to be regretted that the Garrison Orders for the years 1745–6 were, by command from headquarters, removed to London, where now all trace of them is lost; while many more ancient documents, records, returns, &c., connected with the history of the fortress, were committed to the flames by the Storekeeper about fifty years ago.

The Lists in the Appendix have been prepared with very great labour; and it would be impossible to enumerate all the authorities from whom they have been made up.

There is now no Roll of Governors preserved, either in the offices of the Commander-in-Chief or Master-General of the Ordnance; and Lord Fitzroy Somerset courteously acquainted the Author that there is not a document at the Horse Guards concerning the Castle of Edinburgh, dated further back than the year 1795.

The names of all those unhappy persons who were most famous for their rank, misfortunes, or crimes,

and who, under the various and alternate denominations of Heretics, Papists, Sorcerers, Traitors, Malignants, Covenanters, and Jacobites, have endured captivity within the dungeons, or suffered death before the gates of the old Castellum Puellarum, will be found in the Appendix; and they afford a curious specimen of the tyranny, superstition, and misgovernment of the olden time.

The note concerning Mons Meg is worthy the attention of the antiquarian reader, as the doubt which so long involved the origin of that formidable piece of cannon is perhaps now set at rest.

During the epochs of the chivalric Kirkaldy, the stout old Cavalier Ruthven, and the gallant Duke of Gordon, the fortress was the scene of many a deed of true Scottish heroism, and devotion to a desperate cause, that nothing in the annals of Athens or Sparta will surpass.

Various old MSS., military papers, memorials, orders, letters, &c., some of which have been found in the Register House, and others in private charter-chests, have greatly assisted the military details of the work.

The four views given of the Castle, in different ages, are from authentic sources; the other illustrations are from sketches made by the Author. For two years past, carefully-prepared plans and designs for remodelling and improving the fortress have been before the Master-general and Board of Ordnance. They are in the old Scoto-French style of military architecture;

but it will be very advisable that our citizens should watch well, lest

> "—— The height
> Where the huge castle holds its state"

is still farther disfigured than it has been, by the niggard spirit of the Treasury, and the blunders of the Board of Ordnance.

EDINBURGH, *April* 1850.

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MEMORIALS

OF THE

CASTLE OF EDINBURGH.

CHAPTER I.

A. D. 80—1107.

OF ITS ORIGIN, AND EARLIER LEGENDS—KING GRIME AND ST MARGARET.

It is scarcely possible to discover a more commanding or romantic situation for a city, than that which the capital of Scotland has occupied for so many centuries.

Spread over many swelling hills and deep ravines, it exhibits striking and peculiar features, and a boldness of scenery that render it wholly unlike any other capital in modern Europe. Its lofty and commanding site gradually ascends from the sandy shores of the noble Forth, and terminates in the stupendous rock of the Castle, upwards of five hundred feet above the level of the water; and it is surrounded on the southward, east, and west, by an amphitheatre of undulating and beautiful hills, covered with purple heath or dark-green copsewood.

Perched on the summit of a mass of black whinstone rock, eleven acres in area, the castle stands two hundred feet above the level of the surrounding country, and is peculiarly adapted for defence, being precipitous on all sides but one, where it communicates with the town by a ridge called the Castlehill. Bounded in former days by a loch to the northward, it was deemed, before the invention of gunpowder, impregnable; from which, some writers suppose, it gained the ancient and romantic appellation of the Maiden Castle, as being untaken by force. Separated from the central hill, on which the ancient city stands, by a broad esplanade, swept by the cannon of a strong battery, the rocks descend abruptly down on all sides from the base of its embattled walls, and impart to it an aspect which, to the military eye, marks it as one of the most commanding, if not the strongest, citadels in Europe.

Though its origin is lost amid the obscurity of antiquity, connected with its early history are many curious legends and dark fables, to which its sonorous and romantic names of the Castle of St Agnes, the Winged Fort, the Maiden Castle, and the Castellum Puellarum, lend an additional charm.

It is interesting to trace, in fancy, the various stages of its progression from the days of its origin, when all around was water, wood, and wildness—when first the wild warriors of the Gadeni raised their rude rampart of turf and stones on the brow of its precipitous cliffs, from whence, perhaps, the painted Picts saw first the gleam of the Roman arms, when, amid the snows of the winter of 80, the legions of Julius Agricola halted on the desolate shores of the Forth.

Though the military causeway from Brittanodunum to Alterva[1] passed within a mile of it, the castle appears never to have been a Roman station. According to the supposition of some writers, the rock was chosen by the

[1] Dunbar to Cramond.

Ottadeni, a Pictish tribe, as the site of a dun or fort, long prior to their subjugation by the Romans; and it is curious that the military engineers of the latter should have neglected so strong a natural fortification as this insulated rock, situated, as it was, in Valentia, one of their six provinces in Britain.

Aneurin, a bard of the Ottadeni, who flourished during the sixth century, sang of Dinas Eidyn, and laments, in a beautiful dirge, the slaughter of its inhabitants, who were cut off, in the battle of Cattraeth, by the Saxons of Deiria; but the learned Chalmers supposes him to mean a city on the river Eden.[1]

The most ancient name that can be traced for this fortress is May-dyn; from which circumstance it is inferred that the Gadeni, who inhabited Lothian, had a strength on the rock, the scene of so many desperate struggles during the warlike epochs of the Roman abdication, the Pictish conquest, and the Saxon intrusion.

"The Britons called it *Castel Mynedh Agnedh*—the maidens' or virgins' castle, as certain young maidens of the royal blood were kept there in the olden time."[2]

Earlier chroniclers have carried back the date of its origin to the most extravagant antiquity, naming as its first founder Ebrancus, a British prince who flourished B. C. 994; others to Cruthenus Camelon, first king of the Creutnich, or Wheat-eaters, as the ancient Gaël named the Pictish race; and there is still extant a curious tradition, that the stones used in its first erection were taken from a small quarry of sandstone in the neighbourhood of Craigmillar—the *Craig-moil-ard* of antiquity.

Chalmers treats the story of Cambden with the ridicule it perhaps deserves.

"Such," said he, "were the popular traditions; the whole proceeded from the May-dyn of the British people: hence the Maiden Castle—hence the Castrum Puellarum—

[1] Caledonia. [2] Cambden.

and hence the fable of the Pictish princesses, who are feigned to have been educated in a castle which never belonged to the Picts (!) *Castrum Puellarum* was the learned and diplomatic name of the place, as appears from existing charters and documents; *Edinburgh* its vulgar appellation." Buchanan asserts that its ancient names of the Dolorous Valley and Maiden Castle, were borrowed from ancient French romances "devised within the space of three hundred years" from his time.[1]

In one of those early romances respecting King Arthur and his knights, which Sir Thomas Malory, a monk, compiled from several old French and Welsh MSS.[2] for the press of Caxton, the first English printer, (and of which edition only one copy is extant,) we have the Maiden Castle frequently introduced; but one edition, in detailing the adventures of Sir Galahad, places it on the Severn.

"Then Sir Galahad came unto a great mountain,[3] where he found an old chapel, and found there nobody, for all was desolate; and there he kneeled before the altar, and besought of God wholesome counsel. So, as he prayed, he heard a voice that said thus:

"'*Go now, thou adventurous knight, unto the Castle of Maidens, and there do thou away with all the wicked customs.*'

"Then he thanked God, and took his horse; and he had not ridden but half a mile when he saw in a valley before him a strong castle, with deep ditches;" and the story proceeds to relate how the knight-errant slew seven wicked knights, all brethren, who dwelt in the castle, and "*devoured* all the fair maidens" they could lay hands on.[4]

The castle was the origin of the city, which occasions the triple tower in the arms of the latter; and to it, as Edwinsburgh, it gave the present name, as may be seen from

[1] Hist. of Scot. [2] Leland. [3] Arthur Seat. (?)

[4] Hist. of the Renowned King Arthur, edition of seventeenth century.

Mathew of Paris, in 1255, or Hemingford, in 1296. Its real appellation, when taken in 452 by the Saxons under Octa and Ebusæ, is unknown; but it became the occasional residence of succeeding chiefs and princes, one of whom, Edwin, king of Northumbria, who flourished between 617 and 634, named it his—or *Edwin's Burgh.* Tradition avers that it remained in the hands of the Saxons during the wars between Lothus, a Pictish king, and Arthur, the ancient Silurian prince, to whose petty throne the former laid claim; and in 542 a desperate battle, supposed to have been one of the twelve great victories of Arthur, was won by him over the Picts in the immediate vicinity of the *May-dyn* Castle; but the events of those dark ages are involved in so much obscurity, that even the existence of Arthur has been doubted, or clouded by romance and fable.[1]

The Saxon kingdom of Northumberland, which was erected about the end of the sixth century, extended from the waters of the Abios to those of Bodoria,[2] and existed two hundred years. Edwin, its prince in the seventh century, resided so much in the Maiden Castle, that, as already stated, he caused a change in its name, and added to and repaired its barbaric defences.[3] He was originally a pagan, but became converted to Christianity by Paulinus,[4] who attended his queen, Edelburga, as her confessor. Edwin, who is styled saint and martyr in the calendar, fell prematurely in civil strife by the spear of Penda; and then once more the fierce Picts swept like a torrent over his dominions, and recovered the Maiden Castle and all that he had wrested from them in battle.[5]

This was about 685, the epoch of the bishopric of Lindisfarne; and as St Giles' Church was a chaplainry of that ancient see, it may be inferred that some kind of town had begun to cluster round the primitive wooden church,

[1] See Pinkerton. [2] Humber to Forth. [3] Caledonia.
[4] Butler's Lives of Saints. [5] Bede.

and on the rough ridgy hill that led to the Saxon stronghold.

From this era until the days of Malcolm Canmore, all is obscurity or broken tradition.

Kenneth II., the Scottish king, is said to have laid claim to the Pictish territory, in right of Urgusia his mother, as the succession descended not by the paternal, but the maternal side—"that being the *surest*," as an old historian drily remarks; and, after a long contest with Druskein, conquered his petty but richer kingdom.

> "King Druskein with his remnant Pights, near Tay
> All killed, did crown the victorie of that day:
> Then valiant Kenneth went to Camelon,
> And threw to earth King Druskein's ancient throne."[1]

An old chronicler tells us that Kenneth captured the Castle of Stirling, laid waste the wooded Lothians, and would have stormed the burgh or castle of Edwin, but its garrison abandoned it, and fled to Northumberland, on hearing of the fate of Camelon; which, the same veracious authority says, had twelve gates of burnished brass, and where the fierce son of Alpin, with his bare-kneed Dalriads, gave all to fire and sword.[2]

By the negligence of his successor, Donald V., all this territory was lost in 864; but recovered by King Gregory, who recaptured Lothian, Edwinsburgh, Brittanodunum, and other strongholds, by force or surrender, A.D. 880.[3]

In 934, Lothian was again overrun by Athelstan, a Saxon king of the Heptarchy, whose sword was stained by the blood of his father and brothers.[4] After ravaging all the south of Scotland, he left a garrison in the Castle of Edwin, which was surrendered, twenty-two years after, to Indulf, King of the Scots, by its holder, Osulf, Earl of Northumbria.

[1] Threnodie, 8th Muse.
[2] Hollinshed and others.
[3] Ibid., &c.
[4] Pinkerton.

In the discord which ensued between Malcolm, prince of Cumberland, (son of Kenneth II.,) and Grime the usurper, when, by the mediation of Fothad the Good, Bishop of St Andrews, Scotland was divided between them, the wall of Severus being the boundary of both, Edwinsburgh, with the territory around it, fell to the lot of Malcolm; but it is related that the queen of Grime resided there while her husband was fighting against the Danish invaders.

An ancient tradition concerning the residence of Grime's consort at Edinburgh, and illustrative of that barbarous age, is preserved in the parish of Tweedmuir.[1] Grime is said to have granted by charter his hunting-seat of Polmood to one of his attendants surnamed the Hunter, whose race were to possess it while wood grew and water ran.

Leaving his queen in Edwin's solitary tower, Grime often pursued the pleasures of the chase among the wilds of Polmood, in the neighbourhood of which he saw Bertha of Badlieu, a woman of great beauty, who, by chance or design, placed herself in his way. Her charms soon proved more attractive to Grime than the chase of the wild boar or the Caledonian bull; all his fortitude was overcome, and he became her captive—her lover. In process of time, a son was the result of their intimacy, and the forgotten queen, though residing in solitude and quiet at the Castle of Edinburgh, resolved on a deadly revenge.

An invasion of the Danes soon called Grime and the Scottish tribes to arms, when she immediately despatched to Badlieu certain assassins who murdered Bertha, her aged father, and infant son, and, burying them in one grave, heaped above it a rough tumulus that still marks the spot.

After this the queen became distracted with horror, remorse, and fear, and died before the return of her hus-

[1] Stat. Account.

band, who, after vanquishing the Danes, and destroying their galleys, hastened to Badlieu, to the society of the beautiful Bertha and their child, but found only their grave. Filled with a morbid horror, the half barbarian prince ordered the tumulus to be opened that he might behold their mangled remains once again, and from that moment lost all relish for life or its pleasures. He returned to the Castellum Puellarum no more, but, plunging into a war with Malcolm, was deserted by his warriors in battle, taken captive, and, after having his eyes put out, died in grief and misery in the tenth year of his reign.[1]

In 1004, he was succeeded by Malcolm II., who to the rest of Scotland united Lothian, which was formally ceded to him by Eadulf-Cudel, Earl of Northumberland, who had previously exercised a right of vassalage over it ; and from *this* period commences the authentic history of Edinburgh and its castle, as from that time it continued to be the almost permanent residence of our early kings and their officers of state.

The history of the castle is much associated with St Margaret, the pious and beautiful queen of Malcolm III., (the successor of Macbeth,) who often resided in it, and ultimately died in a tower on the west side of the rock, which bore her name, but was demolished in the siege of 1573. Our ancient chroniclers who have recorded her demise, have not failed to weave much that is legendary with the truth, and have thus invested that event with a peculiar charm.

In 1093, when William Rufus made war on Scotland by surprising the castle of Alnwick, and wantonly putting its garrison to the sword, Malcolm III., a brave prince, demanded instant restitution, and, marching an army against the Norman king, laid siege to the Border castle.

This was in the month of November, when the great expanse of forest, and hills covered with heath and whin, around the Castellum Puellarum, had begun to assume the

[1] Pinkerton, &c.

appearance of hoary winter, and Queen Margaret, with her sons Edmond, Edgar, and David, and her daughters Mary, and Matilda, surnamed the Good, took up their residence there, anxiously awaiting tidings from the king, and Edward his son, who were far away beyond the Saxon frontier, and had pressed Alnwick to such extremity, that its Norman knights were hourly expected to surrender.

A deadly sickness preyed upon the wasted frame of the queen, who spent her hours in prayer for the success of the Scots, and the safety of their king. Old historians outvie each other in praise of the virtuous Margaret. "When health and beauty were hers," says a graceful writer, "she devoted her health and strength to serve the poor uncultivated people whom God had committed to her care; she fed them with her own hand, and smoothed their pillow in sickness, and softened the barbarous and iron rule of their feudal lords. No wonder, then, that they regarded her as a guardian angel among them. . . . . Though she lived so long ago, we know a great deal about this saintly lady. The memory of her deeds of charity is still fresh in the church, and she is celebrated in the Roman martyrology for her great love to the poor, and her voluntary poverty."

"She daily fed three hundred with the tenderness of a mother," says the *Roman Breviary;* "waiting upon them —on her bended knees, like a handmaid, washing their feet with her own hands, and kissing them. For these and other expenses, she not only parted with her own royal dresses, but more than once she drained the treasury."

The half barbarous Malcolm is said to have been unable to read the holy missals given him by his fair-haired and beautiful Saxon; but he was wont to kiss them and press them to his heart, to express his satisfaction and gratitude.

In the castle she built a little oratory on the very summit of the rock. It still remains within the citadel, and is tolerably entire, measuring about twenty-six feet long by

ten, and is spanned by a finely ornamented Norman apse-arch, springing from massive capitals, and covered with zig-zag mouldings. It was solemnly dedicated to her, and in after years was liberally endowed.

There she is said to have prophetically announced the surprise of the fortress in 1312, by causing to be painted upon the wall a representation of a man scaling the castle-rock, with the inscription underneath,

"*Gardez-vous, Francois!*"

a prediction which was conveniently found to be verified, when the castle was stormed from the English by William Frank (or *Francis*) and Earl Randolph; though why the Saxon saint should prophesy in French, we are left to conjecture.

Another legend, connected with Saint Margaret's residence in the castle, relates that while there she commissioned her friend St Catherine to bring her some oil from Mount Sinai. After long and sore travel, and encountering many dangers in the desert of Sinai, and amid the rocks of Mount Horeb, the saint arrived from Arabia Petræa, and, treasuring the blessed oil with care, came in sight of the Castle of Edinburgh, on the height where stood the church built by the Macbeths of Liberton. There, unhappily, she broke the vessel, and the oil was spilt; but lo! there sprang up from the earth a medicinal fountain of wondrous efficacy, now known as the Balm Well of St Catherine, where, to this hour, the curious may see the oil floating on the limpid water.

For ages, a mound near it was pointed out as the tomb of the saint, and, close by, one of our kings erected, in honour of St Margaret, a beautiful little chapel, long since destroyed.

During Malcolm's absence, Margaret, worn out by her constant watching, frequent fasts, and long vigils, increased the heavy sickness that had so long preyed upon her, and she "was consumed with the fire of prolonged illness long

before the day of her departure."[1] Two days after she became seriously ill, Prince Edgar, whom some writers call her son, and others her brother, arrived from the Scottish host with tidings of Malcolm's death, which is said to have happened on the very day when Margaret had foretold it. Four days before her death she is said to have been more than usually sad, and expressed to those about her a deep concern for the misfortunes which were soon to befall Scotland.

Her confessor, Turgot, Bishop of St Andrews, thus pathetically describes her last hours :—[2]

After hearing mass in her little oratory, she was carried back to her couch, and, finding her end approaching, desired the *black rood* of Scotland to be brought unto her. This, according to St Ælred, was a cross an ell long, of pure gold and wonderful workmanship, containing within it a portion of the true cross, and having an ivory figure of our Saviour, marvellously adorned with gold. She embraced it with her hands and face.

Now her whole body was growing cold, "and her features had become pale and deathlike."

"Farewell, Father!" she said to Turgot; "my life grows to a close; but you may survive me long. To you I commit the charge of my little children. Teach them, above all things, to love and fear God; and when you behold any of them attain the summit of earthly grandeur, oh! be to them then, in an especial manner, a father and a guide. Admonish, and, if need be, reprove them, lest they be swollen with the pride of momentary glory, and through avarice offend God, or in consequence of prosperity in this world. This, in presence of *Him* who is now our only witness, I beseech you, father, to promise and perform."

Then the reverend bishop solemnly promised, and Mar-

[1] Theodric. Life of St Ælred, &c.

[2] Turgot's Life of Margaret, &c.

garet, after receiving the communion, for some time indulged in prayer.[1]

At that moment, when Margaret "was lying in her death agony," Edgar for the first time approached her.

"How fares it with the king and my Edward?" she asked.

The youth stood silent, and she sighed deeply.

"I know all," she exclaimed faintly; "but by this blessed rood—by your filial affection—I adjure thee, Edgar, to tell me the truth."

"The king and Edward—are both slain," replied the youth; and with hesitation informed her of the treachery of the Normans at Alnwick—how they had offered to surrender, and requested that the king of Scotland would ride to their gates and receive the keys in person. Malcolm had complied. A mounted knight approached, and, presenting them on the point of his lance, suddenly pierced the king's eye, under his uplifted visor, and slew him upon the spot—then dashing spurs into his steed escaped, thereafter taking the name of *Pierce-eye*. Exasperated, the Scots had pressed the siege with greater vigour, and the brave Prince Edward, in attempting to avenge his father's fall, was slain, which so disheartened the army, that, raising the siege, they retreated; and, over a country covered with the snows of an early winter, were then returning with the body of Malcolm Canmore. On hearing of these things, St Margaret lifted up her hands and eyes to heaven, saying—

"Praise and blessing be to thee, O God! that hast been pleased to make me endure anguish so bitter in the hour of my departure, thereby, as I trust, to purify me, in some measure, from the corruption of my sins. And Thou, too, O Lord Jesus Christ! who, through the will of the Father, hast, by thy death, given new life unto the world! —*O libera me!*" and with these words she expired on the

[1] Lives of the Saints. Hailes' Annals. Ecclesi. Biog. Scot.

16th November 1093, in the forty-seventh year of her age, "after enduring, with miraculous patience, the most bitter sufferings, and being purified by an illness of six months."[1]

Thus died Margaret the Saxon, who, if history saith true, to the majesty of a queen, and a beauty that seldom falls to the lot of woman, united all the meekness, charity, and beneficence of a saint. She was canonised by Innocent IV. in 1251.

In her time she did much to soften the barbarism that, in an age so early, pervaded the manners and court of Scotland; and, by her exceeding gentleness and beauty, subdued the stern nature of the warlike Malcolm Canmore.

For many a succeeding century the rude apartment in which she expired was known as *the blessed Margaret's chalmer*. A fountain on the west side of the castle long bore her name; another, on the road to Restalrig, still retains it; and a small guardhouse on the western ramparts is still named St Margaret's, or the Queen's Post. The cross she clasped in her hands at the moment she expired, is said to be still preserved in the abbey of Durham, as St Margaret's cross.[2]

She was scarcely dead when the venerable bishop, her children, and their attendants, were overwhelmed with consternation by the castle being suddenly environed by Donald Bane, with an army composed of the fierce tribes of Argyle, and the still more barbarous warriors of the Æbudæ, bare-armed and bare-kneed, clad in the dun-deer's hide, the striped breacan, and hauberks of jangling rings.

Donald the Fair-haired was the younger brother of Malcolm III., and, on the usurpation of Macbeth, he had fled to the Western Isles, as Canmore did to England. Without any impediment, immediately on his brother's death, he had himself proclaimed king, and promised all the

[1] Roman Breviary. Alban Butler's Lives, &c. &c.

[2] See Raimes' St Cuthbert.

countless isles of the north and west, the Orcades, Ebudæ, and Thule, to Magnus Barefoot, King of Norway, for his assistance.[1]

Presuming, from the steepness of the rock, that Malcolm's orphan children (whom he had resolved to put to death) could obtain egress only by the gates facing the little town to the eastward, he caused them alone to be guarded.

The children, however, by some means, escaped and fled to England, where they were protected by their uncle, Edgar Atheling. The two princesses were afterwards married—Matilda to Henry, King of England, and Mary to Eustace, the brave Count of Boulogne, who led the Christians into the Holy Land in 1096.

The inmates of the castle found means to convey the queen's body through a postern on the west, from whence it was carefully and reverentially lowered down the steep rocks, and carried to "Dunfermline in the woods;" and that Heaven might have some share in protecting remains so sacred, the legendaries record, that a miraculous mist[2] arose from the earth, concealing the pious bishop, the royal corpse, and its awestricken and terrified bearers, from the half savage Donald and his red-haired Islesmen, and did not pass away until they had crossed in safety the *Passagium Reginæ*, or Queensferry, nine miles distant, where Margaret had granted land for the maintenance of a passage-boat.

St Margaret was interred before the high altar in the noble Saxon abbey of Dunfermline, where a ponderous block of gray marble still covers her grave; and, in the sides thereof, the curious may still trace the sockets of the silver lamps which the piety of the olden time kept constantly burning at her shrine.

In 1560, when the storm of Reformation swept over Scotland, desolating all that was stately and beautiful in architecture and taste, the Abbot of Dunfermline brought a

[1] Buchanan. [2] Fordun, &c.

richly jewelled coffer of gold, containing the head of St Margaret, to the Castle of Edinburgh, and, to save it from the spoilers, gave it to certain followers of St Ignatius, who conveyed it to Antwerp.[1] From thence it was conveyed to Doway, and deposited there in the college, founded in 1569 by Philip II. of Spain, and there, by the Scottish Jesuits, it was long exhibited to the devout. On the suppression of that establishment it was conveyed to the Escurial in Spain, where, with other relics of St Margaret and Malcolm Canmore, it is still preserved by the monks of St Jerome.

Edgar, son of Malcolm, a brave and amiable prince, afterwards avenged himself on the usurper of his patrimony, who styled himself Donald VII. He overthrew him in battle, and took up his residence in the castle, where he had seen his mother expire, and where he too died on the 8th January 1107.[2]

The Gaelic Chronicle of our kings adds that he was buried *in* Dunedin,[3] which would imply within the castle—perhaps in the oratory of St Margaret.

[1] Father Hay, Scotiæ Sacræ. [2] Register of St Andrews.
[3] See Grant's Origin of the Gaël.

CHAPTER II.

A.D. 1124—1278.

LEGEND OF THE HOLY ROOD—THE MONKS OF THE CASTELLUM PUELLARUM.

After the accession of St David I. in 1124, the castle enjoyed all the advantages that, in so primitive an age, could accrue from its being permanently a royal residence, and the town in its vicinity, being considered a demesne of the king, was fast becoming what was then considered populous and important.

The thatched habitations, clustering irregularly on the great central ridge, round the square and (then) unornamented tower of St Giles', must have been humble in the extreme ; and very probably the castle then consisted only of one great and rudely embattled tower, the effort of the skill of some Saxon monk, rising on the beetling cliffs to the south-east, and overlooking scenery of the wildest description.

Then the whole site of modern Edinburgh, from the foot of the Braid hills on the south, to the base of the tall castle rock, and from the peaks of Craiglockhart on the west, to the mouth of the Figgate Burn, (*the stream of the Rotten Trees,*) flowing into the sea on the eastward, was covered with a dense and pathless wilderness of oak-wood—the stately forest of Drumselch, where the wild bull of ancient Caledonia, with its snow-white mane and eyes of fire, the elk, the stag, the long-eared wolf, and furious boar, roamed free and unconfined. The basaltic cliffs of the

Calton were probably covered only by wild whins and fragrant broom. The valley of the North Loch contained the royal garden, which Malcolm, the son of Pagan, cultivated for the king,[1] and near it stood the Saxon church of St Cudbrecht; while deep pools and wide morasses, tangled wood and wild animals, made the rude pathways diverging to the east and westward extremely dangerous, though lights were burned at the Hermitage of St Anthony on the Craig, and the spire of St John of Cross-torphine, to guide the unfortunate wight who was foolhardy enough to travel after nightfall.

Amid this uncultured solitude, the dun of Edwin and Scotland's infant capital towered upon its hill "a diamond in the desert."

"In the fourt yeir of his reyne, this nobill prince (David) came to visie the Madin Castell of Edinburgh."[2] There he resided almost permanently, as the dates of his charters show, and his principal courtiers are usually to be found among the witnesses—Edward the chancellor, Duncan Earl of Fife, Hugo de Morville the constable, William de Lindesay, Thor of Tranent, Macbeth of Liberton, and other powerful thanes.[3]

It is related that, on Rood-day, the 14th September, in the harvest of 1128, the weather being fair and beautiful, King David and his nobles, after mass, issued forth from the castle to the chase in the wild country around. This was contrary to the advice of Alfwin his confessor, a canon-regular of St Augustine, "a religious man, unequalled for his sanctity of life, his virtues, and knowledge," who reminded David that it was the festival of the exaltation of the cross, and advised him that, on such a day, devotion should be his occupation instead of pastime.

In the ardour of the chase, David became separated from his train in the dense forest of Drumselch, and found himself at the foot of the stupendous craigs of Salisbury,

[1] Caledonia. [2] Bellenden. [3] Munimenta de Sanctæ Crucis.

"where, under the shade of a leafy tree," he was almost immediately assailed by a stag of gigantic size, which had been maddened by pursuit, and was now standing boldly at bay, and, with its branching antlers, put the life of the pious king into imminent jeopardy, for he and his horse were borne to the ground, and his thigh was "grievously wounded."[1]

While fruitlessly endeavouring, with a short hunting-sword, to defend himself against the furious animal, when almost overcome, and about to be gored by its antlers, there appeared (continues the legend) a silver cloud, from the centre of which, amid a blaze of glory, there came forth a hand that placed in David's a sparkling cross, of miraculous construction, in so far that the material of which it was composed was unknown, and unlike anything ever seen before.

Terrified by this interposition, the stag fled among the brakes, but was afterwards slain by Sir Gregan Crauford, whose armorial bearings, a stag's head *erased*, with a crosslet between the antlers, are still borne by his descendents, the Craufords of Kilbirnie, in memory of that day in the wood of Drumselch.[2]

David was raised from the ground by Father Alfwin, who exclaimed, "O king, live for ever! now art thou deservedly punished. The cross which thou hast, by Divine Providence, found this day, adore! A fortunate hunter art thou proved to be, so adore the blessed cross."

Thoughtful, and oppressed by a deep awe, the king wended his way through the leafy forest, and returned to his castle on the rock, Alfwin bearing aloft the miraculous cross before him.[3]

But the wonder ceased not here. That night when, after a long vigil, the king fell into slumber, lo! there appeared by his couch the patron of his people, St Andrew the apostle

[1] Bellenden. [2] Nisbet—Herald. Dict., &c.

[3] Duc de Rohan, 1580. Chronicon de Sanctæ Crucis; Anglia Sacra, vol. i., &c.

of Bethsaida, surrounded by a halo of light, instructing him to found and endow a *twelfth* monastery for the canons-regular of St Augustine on the spot where he had been so miraculously preserved.

In obedience to the vision, David founded the noble abbey of Holyrood in a "little valley between two mountains," with its great church in the form of a cross, of which now only the nave remains, and there, in a gorgeous shrine, the marvellous cross was preserved until the days of David II., who lost it at the Battle of the Standard;[1] and, in memory of St David's adventure on Rood-day, a stag's head, with a cross between the antlers, is still borne in the arms of the Canongate.

Alfwin was appointed first abbot: "he left a glorious memory, and, full of virtues, passed to our Lord in the company of saints."[2]

David I. endowed the new abbey nobly. He granted to its monks, in perpetual alms, the church of the Castellum Puellarum, and all the land lying under its walls, from the fountain in the royal garden to the path that led to the great kirk of St Cuthbert. He also granted them, among many others, the hamlet of *Brough*toun, which, from its name, must originally have been an appendage of the burgh or castle of Edwin.[3] But, though endowed, this great fane was not built for several years, during which the monks were received into the castle, and occupied buildings which previously had been the residence of nuns. These, by the permission of Pope Alexander III., were "put forth, as unfit to dwell among soldiers," and Abbot William appears as second superior of the monks of the Castrum Puellarum in 1152. There these religieux resided until 1176.[4] "But William was an aged man," says Father Hay, "unable for his burden, yet he vowed to God to say the whole of his psalter every day."

[1] Scotia Rediviva, &c.
[2] Father Hay.
[3] Munimenta de Sanctæ Crucis. Maitland and Kincaid Hist.
[4] Caledonia, Scotiæ Sacræ.

In St David's time, there occurred a vehement dispute, respecting the payment of tithes, between Robert, Bishop of St Andrews, and Gaufrid, Abbot of Dunfermline. It was decided by the king, *apud Castellum Puellarum*, in presence of a great and splendid convention, composed of Alfwin, Abbot of Holyrood; Gregory, Bishop of Dunkeld; the Abbot of Stirling; the Priors of Coldinghame, Jedd, and Sanctæ Crucis—*et de laicis*, Duncan, fifth Earl of Fife; Gospatric, Earl of March; Hugo de Morville, the Lord High Constable; William de Somerville, Lord of Carnwath; David de Oliphant, a knight of Lothian; Herbert, the Chancellor; *W. filio Alani*, *Henrico fil. Swani*, *et aliis multis*.[1] The matter in debate was arranged to the satisfaction of both parties.

David, one of the best of our early kings, was succeeded by his grandson, Malcolm IV., (surnamed the Maiden,) who, although resident frequently in the castle, considered Scone his capital rather than Edinburgh. He appointed Galfrid de Mailville sheriff of the fortress in 1153.[2] On the king's death, twelve years after, he was appointed Justiciary of Lothian.

Malcolm was a great benefactor to the monks of "Ecclesia Sanctæ Crucis de Castro Puellarum," who, under that sonorous appellation, appear in many of his charters, which were witnessed in the castle by Nicholas the chamberlain and Galfrid the sheriff.[3] He bestowed on them the church of Tranent, and confirmed a gift of the church of Rachbut, which de Mailville had granted them.

In 1160, Fergus, Lord of Galloway, a potent and turbulent thane, (married to Elizabeth, daughter of Henry I. of England,) having risen in arms against the royal authority, was defeated in three desperate battles by Gillebryde, Earl of Angus. Giving his son Uchtred in hostage, he shaved his head, assumed the cowl and cord of St Augus-

[1] Registrum de Dunfermlyne. [2] Chart. de Newbottle.
[3] Munimenta de Sanctæ Crucis.

tine in the Castle of Edinburgh, where—after endowing the Priory of St Marie de Trayll, a dependant upon Holyrood—he died, full of grief and disappointment, in the following year.[1]

Malcolm was succeeded, in 1165, by William the Lion, who generally resided at Haddington, but frequently also at Edinburgh, which is supposed to owe to him its first privileges as a royal burgh. Many of his public documents are dated *apud Monasterium Sanctæ Crucis de Castello*.[2]

In 1174, the fortress, for the first time, fell into the hands of the English.

William, a brave and chivalric prince, on his accession, demanded from Henry the restitution of Northumberland, of which the gentle and pacific Malcolm had been unjustly deprived. Henry affected to comply, and thereafter invaded Scotland, but was repulsed; and in turn, the warlike William entered England at the head of eighty thousand men, who gave all the northern counties to fire and sword;[3] but being captured by treachery before Alnwick, his vast army immediately retreated and dispersed.

David, Earl of Garioch, assumed the government, and opened negotiations for the release of his brother, then kept a captive in Normandy; and he was only liberated on payment of a ransom, which some historians state at £100,000, (an incredible sum for those days;) and as surety for the payment of which, fifteen hostages were given, and the Castle of Edinburgh, with three others, the principal strengths of Scotland, were placed in the hands of Henry, who retained possession of them for twelve years, until the marriage of his cousin, Ermingarde de Beaumont to the King of the Scots, who received the Castellum Puellarum as her dowry.[4]

[1] Caledonia.
[2] Chron. Holyrood.
[3] Hume's History of England.
[4] Rymer.

About this time the monks of the Holy Cross left the castle, and took up their abode permanently in the abbey of Holyrood. After this, the ecclesiastical character of the fortress ceased; but it will be seen, by an incident yet to be narrated, that until the eighteenth century it retained all the privileges of a sanctuary.

On the 23d March 1205, the Abbots of Holyrood and Newbattle, with the Prior of Inchcolm, delegated by Pope Innocent III., (the institutor of auricular confession,) met in a chamber of the castle, to settle an ecclesiastical controversy between Michal, Rector of St Cuthbert, in Dryfesdale, and Osbert, Clerk of Little Hutton.[1]

The names of Reginald and Rodberto, janitors of the castle, occur in many of William's public papers.[2]

In 1210, we have the name of the first prisoner of state immured there—Thomas de Colville, second baron of the house of Culross, who was suspected of forming a conspiracy against William the Lion; but, proving his innocence, he was released after six months' captivity.[3] The second instance is in the reign of Alexander II., when Thomas of Galloway, leaguing with Gilruidh, (now *Gilderoy*,) an Irish prince, rose in arms, but was defeated by Patrick, Earl of Dunbar, who brought him in bonds to Edinburgh. Prostrating himself before Alexander, he implored mercy, but was immediately committed to the castle, while the chiefs of his army were torn asunder, by having their limbs bound to the tails of wild horses. Thomas was released after a short imprisonment.[4]

Under Alexander, the city was rapidly rising into importance, as the seat of justice and royalty. Though, from some dislike to the situation of the fortress, Alexander generally resided in the Blackfriars' monastery, or Mansio Regis, which he had built on the south bank of the *Communis Via*, (as the monks termed the Cowgate,) he some-

[1] Chart. Glasguensis.
[2] Munimenta, &c.
[3] Chronicon de Mailros.
[4] Hailes' Annals.

times dwelt in the ancient stronghold; and there, on the 15th September 1229, he granted to Sir William de Colville, son of the before-mentioned Thomas of Culross, a charter, which was witnessed by Thoma de Lastalrick, Mathew Scott the chancellor, and other courtiers.[1]

When Alexander III., at the early age of eight years, succeeded his father in 1249, the castle became permanently his residence, the place for the dispensation of justice, the safe depositary of the national records and regalia of the kingdom. The crown of those days was a simple circlet of gold, and, in lieu of a sceptre, the badge of power was a silver battle-axe, which some years ago was discovered among the ruins of Dunstaffnage.

On Alexander's marriage with Margaret, daughter of Henry III., at York, in 1251, he and his young queen were conveyed by a splendid train of English knights to the Castle of Edinburgh, where Walter, Earl of Menteith, was governor.[2] At this period the adjoining city, and the whole affairs of the nation, were in the hands of his powerful family, the Comyns.

Many Englishmen of rank and consequence accompanied the young Queen Margaret into her new kingdom, and between these southern intruders and the jealous Scottish nobles there soon arose bitter disputes, tidings of which reached Henry III. from the distant castle where his daughter dwelt.

As usual, the kingdom was divided into two powerful factions, one favouring the interest of Henry, who wished to bring Scotland under his dominion; another, headed by Walter Comyn and his powerful allies, John le Baliol and Robert de Rosse, who kept possession of Edinburgh and its fortress, and, retaining there the persons of the young monarch and his bride, held the whole administration of public affairs in their own hands, and patriotically resisted the ambitious attempts of the English king, who,

[1] Munimenta. [2] Buchanan.

while proclaiming aloud that he had no other views than to be a paternal guardian to his royal son-in-law, secretly had no other intention than the reduction of an independent kingdom to a province.

Henry's queen, in 1255, sent her physician, in whom she could confide, to inquire into the situation of her daughter, who by letter had complained that "she was confined to the Castle of Edinburgh, *a sad and solitary place, without verdure*, and, by reason of its vicinity to the sea, unwholesome, and that she was excluded from all conjugal intercourse with her husband, who had now reached his fourteenth year."[1] Margaret was in her *sixteenth* year.

Upon this, Henry sent the Earl of Gloster and John Maunsell, his secretary and chief favourite, to the court of Scotland, to inquire into these matters, and, if possible, to procure the dismission of those ministers who were not sufficiently obsequious to his interests—entering, at the same time, into a solemn compact, that the person of the young king should be preserved sacred, and free from insult.

Armed with these powers, Maunsell and the earl arrived in Edinburgh, where, after a brief consultation with the Earls of Carrick, Dunbar, and Strathearn, Alan de Lundin the Doorward, and other leaders of the English or unpopular faction, they succeeded in taking the fortress by a surprise, of which the particulars are unknown, and forcibly expelled Menteith, its governor, William, his constable, le Baliol, de Rosse, and others of the Scottish party.[2] The young king and queen were then released from the unpleasant state of durance in which they had been held, but which the national safety required, and by the successful intruders were formally and triumphantly conducted to a magnificent bridal-chamber.

This event is the earliest instance of the hostile collision of two factions within the limits of Edinburgh.

[1] Fœdera. [2] Tytler; Caledonia, &c.

The castle still continued to be the residence of Alexander in later years, when he held the reins of government in his own hand. In 1278 he wrote a letter to "fell Edward, Scotland's deadliest foe," dated *apud Castrum Puellarum.*

In the same year, we find John of Strathechyn resigning the lands of Bethwaldeoff into the king's hands, in presence of William Clerk, constable of the fortress, and several great barons, assembled in *the blessed Margaret's chamber*, where, for many a year thereafter, "the gude king Alisander" sat in court, hearing and deciding pleas as chief justice.[1]

In 1278, William de Kinghorne was constable.[2]

The fortress appears always to have had an officer bearing that title, whatever his powers may have been. De Kinghorne continued to exercise his civil and military authority until the demise of Alexander III., one of the saddest epochs in our history.

About this period the castle is said to have been repaired and renewed.[3]

[1] Caledonia. [2] Chart. de Newbottle. [3] Heron's Hist.

CHAPTER III.

A.D. 1291—1314.

CASTLE SURPRISED BY EARL RANDOLPH.

THUS in two chapters we have briefly traced the Memorials of the Maiden Castle down to that red era, the wars of the Scottish Succession—the darkest and bloodiest portion of our annals.

On the death of Margaret the Maid of Norway, granddaughter of Alexander III., came the contested succession to the crown, between Bruce, Baliol, and others; and thus to Edward I. of England was given an opportunity of advancing, to the Scottish throne, a claim as absurd as it was unfounded, but which that ferocious prince prosecuted to the last hour of his life with the most unrelenting barbarity and cruelty. It is well known that, when the rival competitors referred their claims to his decision, instead of managing the important trust with due fidelity and honour, he resolved, alike by secret intrigue and open force, to lose no opportunity of accomplishing the darling scheme of many an English king, by bringing Scotland under his own tyrannical sway, like the provinces of Wales and Ireland.

On the 11th June 1291, the town and castle of Edinburgh, with every place of strength in the kingdom, were unwisely and unwarily placed in the hands of the crafty Plantagenet by the noisy and numerous claimants of the throne, on the ridiculous pretence that the subject in dispute should be placed in the power of the umpire; and

the governors of the royal strongholds, on finding that the four nobles who had been appointed guardians of the realm until Margaret's marriage with Edward's son, had abandoned poor Scotland to her fate, they, too, quietly surrendered their several trusts to the English king, who nominated Sir Radulpho Basset de Drayton,[1] a Norman knight of approved valour, governor of the Castle of Edinburgh, with a garrison of English soldiers.

On the 12th August, when he returned to Berwick after a progress through the Lowlands, finding that the dispute waxed fiercer between Bruce and Baliol, Edward issued a writ "empowering and commanding the Abbots of Dunfermline and Holyrood, together with three Englishmen therein named, to review and examine all writings and records found within Scotland, more especially such as related to the Kings of England, and to remove them from the Castle of Edinburgh, or wherever they should be found, to such place as *he* should afterwards appoint." By this means he obtained possession of all our ancient records and muniments, which then lay under the control of Sir Radulpho Basset.

There were found the *Chronicon de Sanctæ Crucis*, the accompts of the several sheriffs, and other receivers of the revenue, from 1218 to 1275. Among other records were the two great rolls *de Compotis Burgorum Scotiæ*, and *de Compotis Episcopatum Scotiæ*, and the roll of the wool customs at Berwick.

On the vigil of St Bartholomew, a schedule was drawn up of the *Ornamenta* found in the *Thesaurus castri de Edinburg;* and among other religious regalia, we have enumerated the Black Rood of Scotland, which St Margaret venerated so much.[2]

By Edward's order, some of the records were laid up in the castle under care of Basset and a Master of the Rolls; but all the most valuable documents were removed to

[1] Prynne, Hist.

[2] Ayloffe's Calendar.

England, where those that showed too clearly the ancient independence of Scotland were carefully destroyed. The others are at this hour mouldering in the Tower of London.

On the 8th July 1292, Edward, then the self-styled Lord-paramount of Scotland, within the chapel of St Margaret, in presence of Sir Rudulpho Basset, William Latymer, Thomas de Usser, and others, received the forced submission and oath of fealty from Adam, Abbot of Holyrood; William Fornal, *Magister domus de Ballencrief;* John, eighteenth Abbot of Newbattle; Sir Brian, Preceptor of the Scottish Templars; Alexander, Prior of the Hospitallers of St John of Jerusalem in Scotland; Richard Frazel; and Christiana, Prioress of Emanuel in Stirlingshire.[1]

Bruce having nobly refused to accept of a diadem abridged of its liberties, Edward declared the more facile Baliol to have the sole claim to the sceptre. In little more than two years after the death of Alexander III. he was crowned king, and, in the ensuing November, orders were issued to Sir Radulpho Basset, and other captains of the Scottish fortresses, to deliver them into the hands of John, King of Scotland. Basset, who was governor only a year, afterwards distinguished himself at the battle of Falkirk.

Baliol, at length filled with shame, became animated with a new spirit, and resolved to assert the independence of his crown: he took the field, and in 1296 the battle of Dunbar was fought, and lost by the Scots. Edward's army, which had been reinforced by 15,000 Welsh, and the vassals of Bruce, the old Lord of Annandale, took possession of Edinburgh, and laid siege to the castle, which for eight days maintained a fruitless defence, till Wednesday the 6th June, when the garrison were compelled to capitulate, the weather being intensely sultry, and their

[1] Prynne's Records of the Tower.

wells having dried up. The unhappy defenders, according to old English policy, were ruthlessly put to the sword.[1]

An English garrison, under Walter de Huntercombe, a baron of Northumberland, was placed in it, and great supplies of corn and cattle were provided from the lands of Carse for its maintenance.[2]

On the 28th August, Edward received in the chapel the unwilling submissions of John de Quhitnesse, first Provost of Edinburgh, and the other magistrates; of Sir John de Soltra, Master of the Templars, and other Scottish barons; and thereafter the poor remnant of the national records was carried off, and delivered to Hugh Cressingham, the Treasurer, at Berwick-upon-Tweed.[3]

Baliol fled to France, and Edward returned triumphantly to England, leaving the red cross of St George waving over all the castles of the Lowlands.

In the very next year Wallace and his band of patriots swept like a torrent over the land. He gained his great victory at Stirling, slew Cressingham, stormed all the fortresses; and Edinburgh among others was captured by his soldiers, but we have no record of his presence personally. They drove out de Huntercombe, and in a short time Scotland was freed of the English.

Another invasion followed in 1298; the brave Wallace was defeated, and we all know how he perished.

Edinburgh was retaken from the Scots, and we find "*Mons Johan de Kingeston, Connestable et Gardeyn du Chastel de Edeneburgh;*"[4] and in 1300 immense quantities of stores and provisions were given, to enable him to fulfil his dangerous trust—for Edward wrote to him, and to nine other knights, governors of castles, to defend their posts to the last extremity.[5]

In 1301 Kingston received the submissions and fealty of various persons. Four years afterwards he was

[1] Tytler, Abercrombie, &c. [2] Rotuli Scotiæ. [3] Caledonia.
[4] Ordinance sur le Gouvernement d' Ecosse. [5] Tytler.

appointed one of the *Custodes Scotiæ*, and was succeeded in his office by Sir Piers de Lombard, or Leland, a brave but faithless knight of Gascony.[1]

Robert Bruce the younger was now in arms, and teaching his army to despise the military genius of the English, though they had so long proved victorious. He in turn became conqueror on every hand, and, after invading England in 1311, in the following year recovered every garrison in Scotland, with the exceptions of Edinburgh and Roxburgh. The gallant capture of the latter by Sir James Douglas stirred the martial spirit and honest emulation of the noble Randolph to essay the recovery of Edinburgh—a dangerous enterprise, in which he proved eminently successful.

He was nephew of Bruce, the chivalric Sir Thomas Randolph of Strathdon, who had been created Earl of Moray, and was one of the most distinguished of the Scottish leaders. He is described by Barbour as possessing a tall and comely person, a fair and pleasant visage, a mind that was brave and loyal; just and munificent, courteous and jovial. He was altogether a man made up of virtues. Having established his authority in the earldom of Moray, he mustered his vassals and entered Mid-Lothian, desirous, by reducing the Castle of Edinburgh, to render famous his new career of nobility.

It was in the spring of 1312 when he invested the fortress on every side, but was reluctant to attempt a storm, for the soldiers of Sir Piers Lombard were numerous, brave, and well-disciplined, according to the tactics of the period. Yet, as their supplies were completely intercepted by the strict blockade, it was evident to the Gascon knight that, if not relieved, famine would soon compel him to surrender. But to the Scottish earl delay was fraught with danger. Some secret communications having passed between him and the vacillating Sir Piers, the fidelity of

[1] Leland, Collectanea.

the latter became suspected by his soldiers. He was ignominiously thrust into a dungeon, and they chose another leader, whose name has not been recorded.[1]

The defence now became more energetic and resolute, and the Scots were often taunted bitterly from the walls.

While Randolph was one day surveying with anxious eyes the steep rocks and frowning ramparts that crowned them, he was addressed by William Frank, one of the most active, prudent, and skilful of his followers, and whose father had formerly been constable of the fortress.[2]

"Methinks, my lord," said he, "ye would blythely find a man to show ye how ye micht win over the walls; and certes! if ye will essay it, I will undertake to show you how to climb the rock with the help of a short ladder of twelve feet or so."

"Sayest thou?" replied the earl. "I pledge myself the service will be amply rewarded by myself and my royal uncle."

"Noble Randolph!" replied Frank, "the generosity of thee and of the king I know well, but love of my country is yet a greater consideration. In former days, when my father was constable of the castle, I loved a wench in the town below; and that I might visit her in secret by night, with a ladder of ropes I slid over the walls, and when day drew near, returned in the same manner. If ye will essay the deed in that fashion, with God's help I will bring you to the walls, steep though the rock may be."[3]

Overjoyed by this communication, Randolph resolved to lose no time in attempting the perilous exploit, in company with Sir Andrew Gray and thirty chosen men-at-arms.

The night of the 14th March 1312 being exceedingly dark and stormy, they set their design in execution, and began to ascend the most difficult part of those precipitous rocks which now overhang the Prince's Street Gardens,

[1] Leland. Barbour. [2] Fordun. [3] The Bruce.

(where a fragment of ruin, called Wallace's Cradle, is visible,) supposing that in such almost inaccessible places the walls would be slenderly guarded.

William Frank led the way; Gray, Randolph, and thirty others followed,—and all were sheathed in complete armour. While slowly and laboriously ascending, they distinctly heard an English commander going his rounds, or calling the *Check Watch*, as it was termed, and he passed along the rampart immediately above them.

At this anxious crisis a singular coincidence happened.

It chanced that an English sentinel, in mere wantonness and frolic, and without suspicion that foes were so near, took a stone from one of the piles that, for defence, usually encumbered the ramparts of all castles, and hurled it over the rocks, exclaiming—"Away! I see you well!"

It did no damage, but bounded over the helmets of the crouching escalade, who continued their almost perpendicular ascent, all heavily mailed as they were—clutching, with gauntleted hands, the tufts of ivy, grass, and gorse that grew in the clefts of the rugged cliffs; while the howl of the blustering March wind concealed the clank of their weapons and the noise of their slow ascent.

Guided by William Frank, they had reached the foot of the outer rampart ere the garrison became alarmed, when it was too late, for then the maul was swung, the battle-axe flourished, and the Scottish war-cry raised; while Earl Randolph, Sir Andrew Gray, and their followers, sprung in, and, after a brief but desperate conflict, found themselves masters of the place.

Sir Piers de Lombard was liberated from his dungeon, and, in the true spirit of mercenary warfare, entered the service of Bruce, who granted him the lands of Garmilton. He was afterwards put to death, on a suspicion of corresponding with his old friends the English.[1] For his loyalty and valour, William Frank received a gift of the lands of

[1] Collectanea.

Sprouston, in the sheriffdom of Roxburgh; and it is to be hoped he espoused the maiden whom, in other days, he ran such desperate risks to visit.

King Robert having observed that, by means of strong castles in well-chosen situations, the English, and those Scots in their interest, had been able to maintain their influence long and successfully in Scotland, ordered all the strengths he captured to be demolished, to render them useless to Edward of England.

Accordingly, as he had not soldiers to garrison it, the Castle was completely dismantled, and abandoned by Earl Randolph.[1]

[1] Kerr's Robert I.

CHAPTER IV.

A. D. 1335—1385.

THE REVENGE OF PRENDERGAST—THE BLACK KNIGHT OF LIDDESDALE.

From this time, for four-and-twenty years, the Castle remained a desolate ruin, abandoned to the owl and the gled.

In 1335, its shattered defences afforded shelter, for a single night, to Guy, Count of Namur, whose brigade of mercenary Flemings, when on their march to join Edward, were defeated in battle on the Boroughmuir by Randolph, Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, Sir David de Annan, and other brave chiefs, and driven through the streets of the city, headlong down the Candlemaker Row, and pell-mell up the Castle rock, where they slew their horses to make a rampart of their bodies. After maintaining a desperate but unavailing defence till next morning, they yielded themselves prisoners of war.[1]

On the 12th June in the preceding year, the Castle, with all the south of Scotland, had been assigned by Baliol to Edward III., who in 1336, on his route to Perth, visited Edinburgh, and gave orders for the refortification of the ruin; and on the 15th June, Sir John de Kingeston was again appointed its governor, and sheriff of Lothian; but in the course of a year, he appears to have been superseded in the first office by Sir John de Striveling, who continued the repairs.[2]

[1] Hollinshed, Chron. [2] Heron.

At this time Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie had mustered a brave band of homeless patriots, whose fastness was in the old caverns of the Ottadeni in the glen of Roslin, from whence, at unexpected times, they were wont to sally forth and assail the soldiers of Sir John de Striveling. Although Edward sent ample supplies to the fortress, they were constantly intercepted by Ramsay, who fully avenged on the English their destruction of his castle in the Dale.

He was one of the most distinguished warriors of the time, and so far had his fame spread, that to have served in his outlawed troop was deemed a sufficient claim to renown in arms.

The brave King Robert, the fiery Douglas, and skilful Randolph, had all now gone down to the silent grave, covered with glory and honour; but other heroes had succeeded them, and other deeds of heroism were done.

Sir Andrew Moray of Bothwell, having almost entirely driven the English out of Scotland, in 1337, in concert with the Lord of Liddesdale, Sir William de Keith, and other brave knights, laid siege to the castle of Edinburgh immediately on Edward's retiring across the Border.

Hearing of this, the Lords-Marchers sent a body of troops to relieve it. Near the ancient castle of Crichton, these were encountered in the narrow glen by the Lord of Liddesdale, who defeated them, but was run through by a spear.[1] So severe was the loss of the Scots in this victory, that Sir Andrew Moray was compelled to raise the blockade and retreat; upon which Sir Thomas Knyton the governor, and his soldiers, issued forth, and revenged themselves by plundering and massacring the adherents of David II.[2]

In one of these forays, the English had been conducted to a rich booty on Calder muir by Robert Prendergast, an adherent of the house of Baliol, who had taken service with them. Upon their return, instead of being rewarded as

[1] Fordun. [2] Froissart.

he imagined he merited, at dinner in the hall he was placed at the foot of the table among the servants, and below the salt. Though his heart swelled with passion at this indignity, he remained silent, while disdaining to taste of the cheer or join in the merriment of the English soldiers, who were compelled to

> "Carve at the meal with gloves of steel,
> And drink the red wine through the helmet barred;"

for the spearmen of Dalhousie kept them ever on the alert.

Thomas Knyton, the governor, observing his sullenness, jocularly inquired the reason; and, on receiving a haughty answer, passionately struck Prendergast on the head with a weapon that lay at hand; and so severe was the blow, that the blood gushed copiously from the wound on the pavement. Though stung to the soul, with singular fortitude the Scottish traitor bore this new insult, and, nursing his vengeance, embraced the first opportunity to retire from the scene of his double disgrace.

When the English governor next morning, with a few attendants, rode through the gate into the city, Prendergast rushed from a place of concealment, furiously drove his long sword through his heart, and hurled him on the causeway, where he expired. The slayer sprang on his horse, and spurred down the street to Holyrood, where he sought refuge and sanctuary in the chapel of St Augustine. There the English pursuers found him on his knees before the altar.[1]

Religious awe, and veneration for the sanctity of the place, repressed their rage, and they dared not violate the holy sanctuary; but, placing a guard upon the abbey, resolved by starvation to force him forth.

Fortunately for Prendergast, the monks of Holyrood were loyal to David II.; and, pitying the forlorn condition of their penitent, (and thinking, probably, an Englishman's

[1] Ecclesi. Biog. Scot. Hollinshed, &c.

death no great matter for regret), they conveyed him provisions every night unseen by the guard.

For twelve days and nights he remained continually by the altar of St Augustine, nor dared to leave it, until, disguised in a friar's cope and frock, he effected an escape; and, more than ever intent on vengeance, fled to Sir William Douglas, the Black Knight of Liddesdale, who, with a band of brave followers, lurked in the wilderness of Pentland muir.

Being well acquainted with all the approaches to the city, which was filled with the troops of both nations in the service of Baliol, one night he led the men of Liddesdale in a sudden attack, which left four hundred English soldiers dead in the streets.[1]

Knyton appears to have been succeeded by Sir Thomas Rokesby, who, on being furnished with five hundred and fifty men by five of the Northumbrian barons, undertook to keep the castles of Edinburgh and Stirling "untaken by force."[2]

Notwithstanding this vaunt, in the following year the Castle was gallantly captured by a stratagem of the Knight of Liddesdale, whose previous achievements had won for him the title of the *Flower of Chivalry*.

Sir Richard de Limoisin, a knight of distinction, was at this time governor.[3]

Having resolved upon the enterprise, the Knight of Liddesdale, Joachim of Kinbuck, William Bullock, Simeon Frazer of Oliver Castle, and Sir John Sandilands, with two hundred chosen soldiers, embarked at Dundee in a merchant vessel, which was laden with provisions, and belonged to two merchants, Fairlie and Walter Currie. On anchoring in the Forth, the latter, taking the precaution to shave his beard in the Anglo-Norman fashion, presented himself at the Castle gate, in the character of an English merchant, and inquired for Sir Richard de Limoisin the governor.

[1] Hollinshed. [2] Ridpath's Bord. Hist. [3] Froissart.

On being introduced, he informed him, that he "had for sale a cargo of wine, strong beer, and biscuit, all exquisitely spiced;" and two flasks, as a sample of the first-named commodity, were produced.

The Norman knight relished the ruddy beverage, and soon agreed for the price of several hogsheads of wine and tons of biscuits, which, for Edward's service, he requested might "be brought to the Castle at an early hour, lest they should be intercepted by Dalwolsie and other Scottish knaves."

That night Sir William Douglas placed twelve followers of trust, wearing mariners' habits over their chain armour and hoods of mail, in ambush among the wild whins and underwood that flourished in luxuriance close to the Castle gate.

When dawn broke on the 17th April 1341, Douglas and Sir Simeon Frazer advanced to the outer gate. It was composed of open palisadoes; and, between them, they could perceive the porter walking about, with the keys of the various gates and doors hanging at his broad leathern girdle. A rude carriage, laden with the pretended provisions, then came lumbering up the Castlehill; the gates were opened, and at the entrance it was overturned to prevent their being closed. Then, at a shrill blast from the bugle-horn of Liddesdale, his followers sprang from concealment and raised their war-cry of "A Douglas! a Douglas!"

The porter and guard were beaten down and slain in a moment, and Douglas, Kinbuck, Frazer, Sandilands, and Currie, with their soldiers, in lieu of mariners, appeared a strong band sheathed in ring-mail, and rushed in, sword in hand. Taken by surprise, and only half-armed, Sir Richard de Limoisin and his men fought like lions. He and six esquires alone were spared; all the rest, in the spirit of just reprisal, were put to the sword and hurled over the rocks; and never again, until the days of Cromwell, was the Castle possessed by the English.[1]

[1] Buch. Hollin. Tytler, Groso, de Fordun, &c.

Liddesdale made his brother, Archibald Douglas, governor; while Currie and Fairlie, the merchants, for their bravery and loyalty received each one hundred pounds (*then* no inconsiderable sum) from the parliament of Scone.

So often had the storm of war desolated its towers, that the Castle of Edinburgh was found to be in a very indifferent condition by David II., in 1357. He built on the cliff to the northward, *David's Tower*—so named from himself—an edifice of great strength and height; and therein he died on the 7th May 1370.

During his reign, by the military ingenuity of John of Carrick, and four other knights of acknowledged skill, the Castle was so well fortified that, with a competent garrison, the Duke of Rothesay was enabled with success to resist the efforts of Henry IV., when he besieged it for a week in 1400.

In 1385 the population of Edinburgh did not exceed 2000; and though Froissart pompously styled it the Paris of Scotland, its central street presented but a meagre line of thatched and "stone-sclated" houses, some about twenty feet high. The Castle had been conferred as a free gift on John, Earl of Carrick, by his father Robert III.; and in consequence of the suffering endured by the inhabitants, when the city was burned by the army of Richard II., on the 4th July, he by charter empowered the citizens to build houses within the fortress, with right of ingress and egress, free of fees to the Constable, on the simple understanding that they were persons of good fame.[1]

The aged King Robert III., when he came to Edinburgh with his queen, the beautiful Anabella Drummond, resided in the Castle and Abbey alternately; and there is still extant a charter of his, containing a confirmation to the *Capella de Sanctæ Margaritæ in Castro de Edinburg, de octo libris Sterlinen. de magnâ custumâ Burgi de Edinb°*, which his predecessor, Robert II., had formerly granted.[2]

[1] Invent. to City Chart.

[2] MSS. Cart. Mag. Sigilli.

It is related that on one occasion, when the Duke of Albany with several of his courtiers were conversing at night on the ramparts, a light was seen afar off at the horizon, and a bright red meteor flashed slowly across the starry sky, carrying a long train of sparks behind it.

"Mark, sirs!" said Albany; "yonder prodigy portends either the speedy ruin of a nation, or the downfal of some great prince;" and an old chronicler fails not to inform us that David, Duke of Rothesay, died soon after.[1]

[1] Heron.

CHAPTER V.

A. D. 1437—1455.

JAMES II. ESCAPES IN A TRUNK—MURDER OF EARL DOUGLAS.

"Edinburgh castell, toun and tour,
God grant ye sinke for sinne;
And yat even for the black dinour
Earl Douglas gat therein."—*Old Ballad.*

From the era of the assassination of James I. may be considered the time when Edinburgh became really the permanent and undisputed capital of Scotland: neither Perth, Dunfermline, Stirling, nor Scone, affording so much security to the royal person as its almost impregnable castle.

Uncertain of the ramifications of that terrible conspiracy which had destroyed her good and gallant husband, Queen Jane, anxious for the fate of the young prince her son, who, since his birth, had dwelt in the Castle of Edinburgh, fled thither from Perth and secured herself in the fortress.

It was then in the hands of William, Baron of Crichton, —a powerful, crafty, and ambitious statesman, who was Master of the late king's household.

On the Lords of Parliament assembling, their first care was the coronation of James II., who was conducted in procession from the Castle to the church of Holyrood, and there crowned with every solemnity on the 27th March 1437, at the age of seven years. The queen-mother was named guardian of the young king, and of the princesses his sisters, with an allowance of 4000 merks yearly; and Archi-

bald, the great Earl of Douglas and Angus, (Duke of Touraine,) was appointed lieutenant-general of the kingdom.[1]

Jane soon found that, by the vigilant jealousy of Crichton the chancellor, the strong castle where her son resided was rendered extremely difficult of access to herself and friends. In fact, it was no longer Queen Jane, but this bold and crafty baron, who had uncontrolled custody of the little king; and who, under pretence of superintending the expenses of the household, had seized upon all the royal revenues, and surrounded the youthful monarch with a host of minions, who permitted neither the queen nor the regent, Sir Alexander Livingstone of Callender, to have any share in the government.

A deadly feud was the consequence, and, as usual, Scotland was divided into two hostile factions. The queen joined the party of Livingstone, who resided at Stirling, while her son remained a passive prisoner among the vassals of Crichton; but she was resolved that his presence should add new lustre to her faction.

Visiting the Castle in 1438, under pretence of settling all differences with the chancellor, she artfully professed to attach herself to his party; and, overcome by her beauty and winning manner, he unwarily permitted her to have free access to her son at all times. The artful Jane failed not to take the utmost advantage of this indulgence; and, representing the chancellor's conduct in the most odious light to James, requested him to accompany her to the regent at Stirling; and the young king's natural affection for his mother induced him immediately to comply.

The better to conceal her project from Crichton, Jane announced that she was about to set forth on a pilgrimage to White Kirk, in East Lothian, where there was "a shrine of our Blessed Ladye, celebrated for miracles and pilgrimages," there to offer up prayers for the health of her son. Crichton, who, with all his wisdom and policy, appears

[1] Tytler.

never to have mistrusted her, or deemed that she would dare to trifle with him, had not the least suspicion of what was about to ensue, and permitted her household stuff to be openly transported from the Castle.

In one of the large trunks or arks which were strapped on the backs of sumpter horses, she had concealed the young king, who was thus conveyed to Leith by some of her faithful adherents. Jane followed with a small retinue, and all, embarking hastily, sailed with a fair breeze up the river to Stirling, where, with every demonstration of joy, they were received by the Regent Livingstone, who joined in the laugh against the chancellor, for permitting himself to be so easily outwitted by female artifice.

In the Castle, the king's attendants waited till the morning of the next day was far advanced, in expectation of his waking from a slumber that seemed to them interminable; and it was not until the chamber was searched that his flight was discovered.[1]

After having liberated her son, the queen appears to have placed the utmost confidence in Livingstone; meanwhile the haughty Earl of Douglas kept aloof from both factions, and, although lieutenant-general of the kingdom, took little interest in the intrigues which surrounded the sovereign.[2]

The regent held a parliament at Stirling, where the treasonable conduct of the keeper of Edinburgh Castle was the principal subject debated. Douglas, too proud to mingle his powerful name with the feuds of those whom he despised as petty barons, refused to aid the Regent Livingstone, who, on raising his vassals, marched to Edinburgh, with the royal banner displayed, and besieged the Castle. To aid this measure, the queen-dowager promised to send him a quantity of provisions from her granaries in Fifeshire.

When Crichton (who had refused to surrender) beheld

[1] Buchanan. Drum. [2] Tytler.

himself blockaded by the forces of one who was equally his political rival and feudal enemy, aware that he was unable to contend with a powerful antagonist, when aided by the queen, he secretly proposed a collusion with Douglas, who received his offers with undisguised contempt.

The house of this potent noble had now reached the zenith of its baronial pride and power. He possessed Annandale, Galloway, and other extensive domains in the southern counties, where all men bowed to him as a chieftain and patron. He had the dukedom of Touraine and the lordship of Longueville in France; he was allied to the royal family, and had at his nod a numerous train of devoted vassals, disciplined to war, led by brave knights, and at all times ripe for turbulence and revolt.

"The regent and chancellor are both alike to me," he replied with scorn, on a division of power with Crichton being proposed to him. "Both are alike false, covetous, and ambitious; they quarrel, not for the public good, but their own commoditie. 'Tis no matter which may overcome, and if both perish the country will be the better; and 'tis a pleasant sight for honest men to see a couple of *such fencers* yoked together."[1]

This reply produced in the minds of both a disposition to agree. The Chancellor Crichton craved and obtained a two days' truce,[2] on the expiry of which he appeared at the Castle gates, and delivered the keys to the regent, who accompanied the king. These symbols of surrender were graciously received, and again bestowed on him. After an apparently complete reconciliation, the young king, the regent, and Crichton supped together that night in the hall; and next day the two leaders amicably divided the power that had fallen into their hands.[3]

Soon after this, the potent Douglas, of whom they stood so much in awe, died of a malignant fever at Restalrig, on

[1] Godscroft. [2] Pitscottie's Chron. [3] Buchanan.

the 26th June 1479, and was succeeded by one whose tragic fate bears a prominent place in these Memorials.

After flourishing for a time upon forfeitures and outlawries, while the state of the country became every day more deplorable by their misgovernment, the old jealousies between the regent and chancellor were revived in full force and acrimony, and the latter once more installed himself in the Castle of Edinburgh, and maintained a watch on the movements of his enemy.

Posting himself with a few horsemen, before daybreak, in a wood near Stirling castle, he lay in wait to capture James, who usually came forth in the morning to hunt. Meanwhile, a strong body of his vassals were concealed within hail. On James appearing, his bridle was instantly seized, and his train dispersed by Crichton, a blast from whose horn brought four thousand men around them. Crichton saluted him respectfully, and desired him to "be of good cheer, and take courage."

Actuated either by inclination or fear, the king consented to accompany him, and they set off on the spur for the Castle of Edinburgh.

Livingstone was at first confounded with anger and astonishment, when he heard of this adventure; but, gathering courage, he followed the chancellor to the capital, and held a meeting with him in St Giles's church, where a second reconciliation was effected.

The late Earl of Douglas had been succeeded by his son William, who was then in his sixteenth year; and, encouraged by his extreme youth, the wily old chancellor imagined that the time had now come to achieve the wishes he had so long nursed in secret—the destruction of a family which he equally dreaded and detested. Animated by youth and pride, and fired by the flattery of his dependants, the young earl, in the splendour of his retinue, and the magnificence by which he was surrounded, surpassed King James. He never rode abroad with less than *two thousand* vassals in his train, lanced, horsed, and sheathed

in armour. He sent Sir Malcolm Fleming of Cumbernauld and Sir John Lauder as his ambassadors to the court of France, where they obtained for him a new patent of the valuable dukedom of Touraine, which had been first conferred on his grandfather by Charles VII.[1]

Alarmed by this unwonted arrogance and grandeur, Crichton and Livingstone consulted together how to humble, if not to destroy this young noble, whose rising name and growing power they had both so much cause to dread, especially if augmented by some noble alliance in marriage. Courteous invitations, fairly worded, were sent to him, to his brother Lord David Douglas, and to some of their nearest kinsmen, wherein it was held forth that they would be suitable friends and companions for a monarch so young in years.

At his stately castle of Crichton, (now a desolate ruin in a lonely glen eleven miles south of Edinburgh,) the chancellor, in the autumn of 1440, received his future victims by special invitation; and there, for two days, he entertained them with more than royal magnificence. From thence, by many fair insinuations and oily speeches, the earl was inveigled to the Castle of Edinburgh, where already the block was laid and the axe sharpened for his destruction. His followers, distrusting Crichton, in consequence of the numerous expresses observed to be flying to and fro between the Castle and Stirling, (where the regent resided,) muttered much among themselves; and one aged retainer told Earl William bluntly, "that if he was resolved to trust himself thus in the power of his foes, he ought to send back his young brother David, and (according to the advice he had received from his father on his deathbed) *not* thus lay his whole family open to one stroke of fortune."

Displeased that his friends should thus dictate to him, the fiery young lord made a proclamation, by sound of

[1] Buchanan.

trumpet, among his numerous followers, that all such murmurs should cease; and, setting spurs to his richly caparisoned horse, with his brother Lord David, Sir Malcolm Fleming, and others, he rode straight into the Castle gate. Almost at the same moment the regent entered with his train, that the whole odium of the intended assassination might not blot Crichton's shield alone. The gates were shut, the portcullis lowered, and Douglas's followers remained in the city, with hearts full of doubt and distrust.

By their deceiver, Crichton, the earl and his brother were treated with all that distinction which the courtiers of the olden time could so ably pay to those whom they had marked for destruction. "Venomous viper!" exclaims the old historian of the house of Douglas, "that could hide so deadly poyson under so faire showes!—unworthy tongue, unlesse to cut oute for example to all ages! A lion; a tiger for cruelty of heart,—a waspe, a spider for spight!"

They were conducted to a noble banquet, at which the king presided, supported by the regent and chancellor, whose well-armed dependants made up the number of guests.

Towards the close of "yat black dinour," a sable *bull's head* was placed upon the board—"in those days a token of death."[1] On beholding this terrible symbol, the betrayed youths sprang from the table in dismay, and laid hands on their swords; but a band of Crichton's villanous vassals, sheathed in complete armour, rushed from an antechamber called the Tiring-house,[2] and dragged them away, despite the entreaties of the young king, who, filled with boyish terror, wrung his hands and wept piteously on beholding them roughly manacled with cords by the ferocious men-at-arms; and he implored Crichton and Livingstone, by turns, to show them mercy, but in vain. The latter remained silent, and the former rebuked him sternly

[1] Godscroft.

[2] Hist. of the Jameses.

for his unreasonable lamentations at the death of an enemy.

After undergoing a mock trial, at which the little king was forced to appear as president, they were condemned to death; and thus, in his sixteenth year, William Douglas, Duke of Touraine, and his brother David, a boy still younger, were hastily beheaded in a court of the Castle lying to the westward, on the evening of the 23d November, the vigil of St Catherine the Virgin.[1]

Three days afterwards their friend and follower, Sir Malcolm Fleming of Cumbernauld, (ancestor of the Earls of Wigton,) was tried and beheaded in the same summary manner, on the ground which was yet stained with the blood of his chief. They are supposed to have been interred where they were slain.

In the year 1753, when the foundations of a storehouse were being dug on the north-west face of the rock, there were discovered several coffin handles and plates of gold, supposed to have been those of Crichton's unfortunate victims.[2]

Intent on avenging the slaughter of his kinsmen, James, fourth Duke of Touraine and seventh Earl of Douglas, an ambitious and vindictive, yet popular noble, left no means untried to ingratiate himself with James II., when the latter began to approach the estate of manhood. This he fully accomplished, and persuaded him to call the regent and chancellor to a strict account for their mal-administration during his minority. They refused to comply while he was under the influence of their avowed enemy, and were immediately declared traitors, and had their castles stormed, their baronies seized, and their honours attainted. This sentence, instead of pacifying the country, filled it with ruin and civil war; and for many years the city and neighbourhood of Edinburgh were made objects of contest and ravage by the opposite factions. The chancellor, who had again

[1] Godscroft. Buch. [2] Arnot's Hist.

secured himself in the Castle, to be revenged on Sir John Forrester, (who had spoiled his lands of Crichton,) in 1445 issued forth with his troopers, and destroyed with fire and sword all the estates of the Forresters and Douglases to the westward of the city—Corstorphine, Strathbrock, Blackness, and Abercorn; and, carrying off a famous breed of Flanders mares, returned in safety, and laden with plunder, to his stronghold.

Douglas, who, to strengthen his power, had espoused his cousin Beatrice, the fair maid of Galloway, adding her splendid dowry to his already vast estates, as lieutenant-general of the kingdom assembled the crown vassals, and, joining to them his own feudatory bands, advanced to Edinburgh to besiege the obnoxious chancellor; who, in anticipation of such movements, had prepared to defend himself to the last.

The siege or blockade lasted for the protracted term of *nine* months; for Crichton refused to surrender even to the young king, whose threats and entreaties proved alike unavailing. To render the investment more secure, the assembly of the Estates, which had begun to sit at Perth, was removed to Edinburgh on the 15th July 1446.

The particulars of this long siege are unknown, but both parties grew equally weary of it; and Douglas was aware that it was impossible to storm the walls without the loss of many brave men. In February, Crichton surrendered on honourable terms, and entered into a treaty with the king, the regent, and Douglas, by which he regained all his rank, power, and influence—an able stroke of politics.

After this he repaired the Castle, and made it stronger than it had ever been before,[1] for which he received from James, in 1450, the lands of Castlelaw, to repay the sum of £1800 he had expended on the fortress, and £400 more "lent to the king."[2]

During this long siege, Queen Jane, who, after her

[1] Lindesay's Chron. [2] Caledonia.

marriage with the Black Knight of Lorn, had sunk into undeserved obscurity and neglect, expired at the ancient castle of Dunbar, in East-Lothian.

Douglas, who had exasperated rather than overcome Crichton, now turned his whole fury upon the Livingstones of Callender. Sir Alexander, the late regent, and many of his friends, were seized and committed prisoners to the castles of Edinburgh and Dumbarton, charged with mal-administration and robbing the revenue; while Alexander his son and heir, and his near kinsman Robert Livingstone the comptroller, were charged with treasonably detaining the fortress of Stirling, and the person of the late Queen Jane, and were brought out to the Castle-hill of Edinburgh, and there beheaded in presence of the citizens, who pitied their downfall, admired their fortitude, and deplored their fate.

After this had been accomplished, Earl Douglas visited Italy,[1] and Crichton failed not, in his absence, to regain the whole favour of the facile James, who, having now the government in his own hands, beheld with secret dread the vast feudal power possessed by the nobles of the house of Touraine.

The earl and his knightly companions, while enjoying the festivities at Rome in 1450, the year of the Jubilee, was highly exasperated on learning, by letters, how the tide of court favour had been turned against them; and, determined on cutting off their rival by the strong hand, they returned with all speed and secrecy to Scotland.

It chanced one morning, as the old baron of Crichton, with a few attendants, left his usual residence, (the Castle of Edinburgh,) he was surrounded by a band of his enemies, and assailed with drawn swords and levelled spears, amid shouts of "A Douglas! a Douglas!" Although an aged man, and bleeding profusely from a severe wound, Sir William Crichton defended himself with great valour.

[1] Fordun.

Slaying the first assailant, he thrust his sword through the second, and, breaking through the press, escaped by the speed of his horse, and, after a pursuit of eleven miles, reached his own Castle of Crichton.[1]

After his scars were healed, he gathered a stronger band of retainers, and, returning secretly to Edinburgh, once more ensconced himself within the towers of the ancient stronghold.

But the reign of the potent Douglas was nearly over. Two years after this, he fell beneath the poniard of the king in Stirling; and his successor and friends, being proclaimed enemies to their country, fled to England, where they pined long in obscurity and exile.

His enemy, Sir William Crichton, lived to a good old age, and, dying in 1455, was interred among his ancestors at Crichton, where he founded a noble church, of which a fragment is yet remaining.

[1] Ecclesi. Biog., Scott, Buch., &c.

CHAPTER VI.

A. D. 1482—1488.

ALBANY'S ESCAPE—JAMES III.'S CAPTIVITY.

King James III., after his marriage with Margaret, Princess of Denmark, having disgusted his proud nobility by patronising and receiving into favour many persons of inferior rank, deep and dangerous intrigues were formed against him. By these minions and upstart councillors he was speedily made aware that his brothers—Alexander, Duke of Albany, and John, Earl of Mar—were forming conspiracies against him, and that the former aimed at nothing less than wresting the sceptre from his hand—a fact which has since been proved by authentic documents.

Albany, instead of employing his high authority as warden in reforming and curbing the excesses of the Borderers, had broken a truce, and invaded England with continual raids and forays. He assaulted and slew John of Scougal, surrounded himself with a band of desperate retainers, and by their hands procured the execution of the most lawless commissions.[1] Roused at length by his outrages, and the dark suspicions under which he lay, the king ordered the arrest of both him and Mar. He was soon rid of the latter, over whose death there hangs a veil of mystery. One historian declares him to have died of fever in the Canongate of Edinburgh; another asserts that he was bled to death in the castle of

[1] Tytler.

Craigmillar; and the discovery of a skeleton, which, in 1818, was found built into the massive wall of one of the lower vaults of that ancient ruin, would almost warrant the adoption of the last account.

In 1482, Albany was committed to the Castle of Edinburgh, where he was kept a close prisoner, by those who knew that his accession to power would assuredly be their destruction.[1] He had not been long in durance until he formed and matured a plan of escape, which, with desperate courage, he executed in the following manner :—

Terrified by the mysterious fate of Mar, and aware that his day of trial was approaching, some of Albany's numerous friends in France or Scotland contrived means to acquaint him that a small vessel, laden with Gascon wine, lay in the roadstead of Leith, by which he might escape, if he made an effort. The tower in which he was confined was probably *David's*, for we are informed that it "arose from the *northern* verge of the rock on which the Castle is founded, where the height of the precipice seemed to bar all possibility of escape."[2] He had but one attendant (styled his chamber-chield) left to wait upon him, and to this trusty follower alone he revealed his intention.

From the French vessel he received two small runlets or barrels of wine, which luckily the castle-guard permitted to be carried into his apartment untasted and unexamined. On opening them in private, the duke found that they contained Malvoisie, and, what was of more importance, a strong rope and a waxen roll enclosing an anonymous letter, urging him to lose no time in attempting to escape, as the king's minions had determined he should die *ere the morrow's sunset;* and the billet ended by an assurance that the boats of the French vessel would await him at the shore of Leith.

The first point to be gained was to lull the suspicions of the captain of the guard; for which purpose the duke

[1] Buchanan. [2] Prov. Antiq.

invited him to supper, and, by pressing him and three of his soldiers to drink freely of the Malvoisie, succeeded in partially intoxicating them.

After gaming and drinking until the hour grew late, Albany found the moment for action had come!

Rushing upon the captain, he snatched a long dagger from his baldrick, and buried it repeatedly in his heart; then, quick as thought, he despatched the intoxicated soldiers in the same manner, and, in token of his hostility and contempt, (with the assistance of his chamber-chield,) he savagely threw the bodies on the great fire that blazed in the stone fireplace of the tower; and there, in their armour, they broiled and sweltered like tortoises in iron shells. Having secured the keys of the doors, they locked them as they retired, and stealthily hurried to the wall, which they prepared to descend at the most retired part.

The chamber-chield lowered himself first over the beetling crag, which is two hundred feet in height; but the cord proving too short, it slipped suddenly through his hands: he fell to the bottom, and there lay senseless.

We may imagine how the heart of the blood-stained Albany must have beat at this terrible crisis! Every moment was fraught with danger, and his death or life were hanging by a hair. Rushing back to his apartment in the tower, he tore the sheets from his bed, twisted them into a rope, lengthened the cord, looped it round an embrasure, and, lowering himself over the rampart, and the rugged rocks it overlooked, reached the bottom in safety. There he found his attendant stretched on the ground, with his thigh-bone broken. Unwilling to leave behind him, to the mercy of his enemies, one who had been so faithful, Albany, with a sentiment of gratitude which seems almost incompatible with his previous ferocity, lifted him on his shoulders, and, being a man of gigantic stature and uncommon strength, carried him thus with ease to Leith, where they embarked without delay; and, setting sail long before the rising sun brightened the

German Sea, cast anchor under the towers of Dunbar, the patrimonial castle of Albany.

During the whole night nothing was known of his escape; but daylight revealed the rope and twisted sheets hanging over the northern ramparts: there was immediately given an alarm, which the dreadful stench in David's Tower must have increased. His flight was discovered, and the half-consumed corpses were found in the fireplace of his chamber. Enraged and confounded, James III. refused to credit the intelligence until he had examined the place in person.[1]

Albany garrisoned Dunbar with Border outlaws, and, after an unavailing attempt to resist Evandale the chancellor, who displayed the royal standard before it, fled to France.

From thence he went to England, where the king protected and refused to deliver him up. War was declared in consequence, and in August the whole array of the kingdom mustered on the Burghmuir of Edinburgh. After much delay, the army, which amounted to fifty thousand men, marched south as far as Lauder. James took with him, from the Castle, his train of cannon, commanded by his master of the ordnance, Cochrane, a mason or architect, whom, for his valour in a single combat, he had very impolitically created *Earl of Mar*.

The intended invasion ended in nothing.

At Lauder, the unscrupulous nobles hanged over the bridge all the favourites and minions of the king, and, disbanding the army, returned to Edinburgh, where they shut him up in the Castle, leaving the country open to the advance of the Dukes of Albany and Gloster, (afterwards Richard III.,) who were on their march for Scotland at the head of twenty-two thousand five hundred English soldiers.

John, Earl of Athole, and James, Earl of Buchan, at

[1] Lindesay's Chron.; Drum. Hist.; Scott's Hist.; Buchanan, &c. &c.

this time commanded the fortress. These nobles were sons of the Knight of Lorn by the late queen, and they maintained a jealous watch over the humbled and unfortunate king, whom, on some occasions, it is said, they would have murdered openly or secretly, but for the protection afforded him by Lord Darnley and other loyal barons, who never left his chamber unguarded either by day or night. And for this good service, on the 19th October, James granted a *Remission* to Darnley and sixty-six of his vassals.[1]

In an adjoining tower was imprisoned James, Earl of Douglas, now an aged noble, who had been taken on the Borders in a treasonable and futile attempt to avenge, in arms against the king, the downfall of his house. The friends of James entreated him to take the earl into his favour, saying that "he alone could free and defend him from the overweening tyranny of those nobles, who kept him a captive in one of his own royal castles."

The venerable Douglas was brought before James, at sight of whom all that rebellious but inborn hostility which his race bore that of Stuart swelled up in his breast, and he turned his back upon the king. Both were alike captives; but the bearing of Douglas was so fierce, presumptuous, and haughty, that James indignantly vowed he should never be released from the place of his imprisonment.

"Away with him!" he exclaimed; "for by his proud speaking he is mair likely to be ane king than I."[2]

On the 20th August, the English army invaded Scotland, and encamped at Restalrig, one mile distant from the capital, which Gloster entered, but spared at the request of Albany, and on receiving many rich presents from the citizens. James was still a captive, but, notwithstanding, the English garter king-at-arms ascended the

[1] Caledonia. [2] Pitscottie.

city cross, and from its battlements summoned him, by sound of trumpet, to perform certain engagements he had made with King Edward, and to pardon, and restore to favour, Alexander, Duke of Albany.

The unfortunate king, still immured in David's Tower, abandoned by his people, and completely at the mercy of the nobles, could make no reply to the English duke, who had seized upon Berwick, and seemed disposed to prosecute his advantages still further. A hastily collected army, led by some of the Scottish nobles, advanced to Haddington, and between them and Gloster a peace was concluded by the mediation of Albany, who had soon seen the vanity of the hopes the English government had given him of wearing the crown of Scotland, and became sincerely desirous of restoring peace to his distracted country.

On the 26th August, a meeting took place at Edinburgh between the English leader and the Lords of the Scottish Council, who managed public affairs during the imprisonment of James. To the Duke of Albany these nobles, though fierce, proud, and stubborn, paid all the respect that was due to his exalted rank; but to the crafty Gloster they paid none, for, as an Englishman, they considered that he had no title to interfere in Scottish affairs. At this interview a truce was concluded between the two countries, and the administration was vested in the hands of Albany, who was restored to his former offices of Lord High Admiral, and Warden of the Eastern and Western Marches.

Immediately on the English commencing their homeward retreat from Restalrig, he collected troops, and laid siege to the Castle of Edinburgh. The Earls of Athole and Buchan defended themselves resolutely, and the king's captivity, which had now continued for three weary months, had every appearance of being further protracted, when his prison was surprised by force. He had been treated with every courtesy due to royalty, save being allowed liberty.

None were permitted to speak with him but in presence of his keepers or their minions; and, to preclude escape, every evening at sunset his chamber door was secured on the outside.

Led by William Bertram, their provost, the brave burghers of Edinburgh rose in arms, and, taking the Castle by storm, slew several adherents of the Knight of Lorn, and thus ended at once their king's captivity and Albany's tardy siege. "James," says an old chronicler, "was halden in the Castell frae Magdalene-day till Michaelmass."[1] Though he was thus restored to liberty, the complete direction of the government lay in the more able hands of Albany, with whom, to all appearance, he became quite reconciled.

The brothers showed their concord by demonstrations which seem strange at the present day. They often slept in the same bed, and, on one occasion, rode on one horse from the Castle down the principal street to the Abbey of Holyrood, amid the joyous acclamations and admiration of all good and loyal subjects.

But James no sooner found himself perfectly at liberty than he resolved to revenge himself on those nobles who had so long oppressed him, and formed the council during his captivity. Accordingly, the Lords Bothwell, Home, Gray, Drummond, Montgomery, Fleming, Seaton, Maxwell, Evandale the chancellor, and others, were charged with treason and committed to the Castle; but, in a short time afterwards, were released at Albany's earnest solicitation.[2]

James, about this time, became noted for his avarice; and his treasure, armour, and cannon were stored and hoarded in the Castle of Edinburgh, his favourite place of residence. His famous *black kist*, which stood in David's Tower, was filled with rare and costly gems, massive plate, gold and silver coins, and glittering jewels of every kind.

[1] Pitscottie. [2] Ibid.

In the *Inventory* are mentioned five relics of Robert Bruce, which appear to have been long after preserved in the Royal Jewel-House—viz., four silver goblets and a shirt of mail—"King Robert's *serk*," as it is named.[1] Among his cannon were two great curtaldis, which had been forged in France, ten falcons, thirty-six other pieces of various calibre, sixteen field-waggons for stone bullets and powder, and a vast quantity of armour and warlike stores.[2]

Albany did not long enjoy the power he had acquired. The natural ambition of his mind having again begun to display itself, and the nation becoming jealous of his intriguing with England, he was once more obliged to seek shelter in France, where he died in obscurity and exile.

His brother, now freed from the trammels in which Albany had held him so long, again relapsed into his old love of favourites, and, abandoning the nation to itself, consumed his time in the studies of architecture, music, and painting, instead of those of diplomacy and war. Ramsay, Lord Bothwell, whose gentle blood had saved him when other favourites perished in the Raid of Lauder, had been appointed captain of his guard, which, by royal edict, were alone permitted to bear arms. This exclusive privilege roused all the scorn and indignation of the nation at large, for in that age it was dangerous, as it was deemed dishonourable, to appear unarmed.

At court, places, power, and favour were still, as before, heaped upon a few favourites of inferior birth; and, by their advice, James is said to have formed the extraordinary plan of extirpating the majority of the nobility, the downfall of whose pride and arrogance had long been his darling object.

It was proposed to invite them all to a great banquet in the Castle, and there cut them off, root and branch![3] But Archibald, the great Earl of Angus, having received notice

[1] Invent. of Jewel-House. [2] Caledonia. [3] Godscroft.

of this bold and terrible design, informed others of the danger, and, under the standard of rebellion, they mustered an army, whose sole object was the dethronement of the king, and the extirpation of his new favourites.

His tragic fall at Sauchieburn, and the accession of his son James IV., soon followed.

CHAPTER VII.

A. D. 1488—1513.

COCHBEVIS—MARGARET DRUMMOND.

To the summons of a herald, sent by James IV. from Leith, the fortress was immediately surrendered by the governor ;[1] and, on the 27th June 1488, a deputation, consisting of the Earls of Angus, the Lords Hailes and Home, the Bishop of Glasgow, and Sir William Knowles, Knight of St John of Jerusalem, and Lord High Treasurer, (afterwards slain at Flodden,) repaired to David's Tower, commissioned to examine and place in proper hands the treasure, jewels, precious stones, apparel, plate, and costly stuffs, which had belonged to the late king. The *Inventory* taken on this occasion is still preserved, and affords us a pleasing and favourable idea of the splendour of the Scottish court in those days.[2]

Patrick Hepburne, Lord of Hailes, who led the van of the insurgents at Sauchieburn, was appointed governor, with three hundred merks yearly from the customs of the city. On the 17th October, he was created Earl of Bothwell; and it was declared in parliament, that, as Master of the Household, and Governor of Edinburgh Castle, "he should have charge of the Duke of Ross, the king's brother."[3]

During his reign, the gallant and chivalric James IV. frequently resided in the Castle, and on the tournament ground to the southward held many a brilliant passage of arms. One of a stirring nature occurred in 1503.

[1] Buch. [2] Tytler. [3] Wood's Peerage.

Hearing of the noble feats of chivalry performed by the knights of King James, who had established a *Round Table* and other knightly games, a famous cavalier of the Low Countries, whom Pitscottie names Sir John Cochbevis, came to Edinburgh, and challenged the best knight in Scotland to break a spear, or meet him in battle *à l'outrance*—to fight to the death.

Sir Patrick Hamilton, brother of the Earl of Arran, immediately accepted his gage; and on the appointed day they met on the tournament ground, between the chapel of the Virgin and the southern base of the Castle rock. From the battlements above, James was a spectator of the contest.

Both were sheathed in polished armour of tempered steel; both were lanced, horsed, and carried their emblazoned shields hung round their necks.

At sound of trumpet, they spurred their horses to full speed, and, after fairly splintering their sharp spears on each other's armour, received fresh weapons; and again the heralds cried, and the trumpets sounded to the charge.

Hamilton's steed having failed in the second course, they leaped from their saddles, drew their swords, and encountered on foot. Long and desperate was the combat that ensued, and their tempered casques and gilded shields were dinted and cloven beneath their two-handed swords, on which they often leaned breathlessly for a time. But the active Sir Patrick succeeded in beating down the gigantic stranger, who was forced to continue the combat on his knees. On this, James, anxious to save the life of so brave a cavalier, threw his plumed bonnet over the Castle wall, in sign to the marshals of the lists, and they were separated; while the blare of the trumpets, and the acclamations of the courtiers and citizens, proclaimed the Scottish knight victorious.[1]

Shortly afterwards, James celebrated his marriage with

[1] Lindesay, Chron. Scot., &c.

Margaret, daughter of Henry VII.; and the young queen was infeft in her dowry by the singular ceremony of two parties of Scottish and English soldiers marching alternately in and out of the Castle of Edinburgh.

On the 14th August 1508, her son, the young Prince Arthur, died in the royal lodging there, and was interred in the abbey of Holyrood.[1]

At this period, and for some time previous to the marriage of James IV., the Castle was the residence of the Lady Margaret Stuart, his daughter by Lady Margaret Drummond, whose father was first Lord Drummond of that ilk. The king had become greatly enamoured of her mother at an early period of his life, and in the rashness of youth and love, and contrary to the advice of his councillors, concluded with her a solemn but clandestine marriage.

On receiving a dispensation from the Pope, in consequence of being connected with her by blood, he was preparing to celebrate his nuptials with more publicity, and with a splendour that suited the ardour of his love and chivalry; "but now the great men of the state interposed, and *had her taken away*, to make room for a daughter of England."[2]

And so this fair and unfortunate lady died soon after the birth of her daughter.

One morning after breakfast, she and her sisters, Euphemia and Sybella, became suddenly and alarmingly ill, and expired in great agony. They were hastily interred, for it was the age of the poisoners, and dark rumours were soon afloat concerning their sudden death and hurried burial.

Side by side the three unfortunate sisters were committed to the dust in the venerable aisles of Dunblane, where, amid the ruins of that great cathedral, the three gray marble slabs that marked their graves were to be seen so lately as 1817.[3]

[1] Balfour's Annals. [2] Douglas. [3] Tytler, &c.

Margaret, the child of this ill-fated mother, was brought to the Castle of Edinburgh, where she resided until she became an accomplished and beautiful woman. No expense was spared upon her household and education, as the numerous entries in the name of *ye Lady Mergarete* in the treasurer's accounts evince; and ultimately she was married, with great splendour, to John, Lord Gordon of Badenoch and Ruthven, son of the Earl of Huntly.[1]

In 1509, James employed Robert Borthwick, his master gunner, to cast a set of brass ordnance for the Castle, all of which had this inscription :—

Machina sum, Scoto Borthwick fabricata Roberto.

Seven of these cannon were named by the king the *Sisters* of Borthwick, being remarkable for their beauty and size.[2]

When preparing for his fatal invasion in 1513, James went daily to the Castle, for the purpose of proving and inspecting his artillery;[3] and it is related that, on one of these occasions, he narrowly escaped death from the fragments of a culverin that burst by his side.

The Seven Sisters of Borthwick were captured at Flodden, with ten other brass field-pieces, and sent to Berwick; where the Earl of Surrey saw them, and boasted that they were more beautiful than any cannon in the arsenal of King Henry.

[1] Stewart's Hist. Roy. Fam. [2] Balfour. [3] Caledonia.

CHAPTER VIII.

A. D. 1513—1528.

MEMORIALS OF JAMES V. AND HIS MOTHER.

The Castle of Edinburgh, at this period, presented an aspect very different from that it bears at the present day. Its fortifications had been strengthened by James III. before Sauchieburn was fought; and afterwards, James V., having received a quantity of cannon from Flanders, made it still more defensible;[1] while he decorated the royal lodging with all the taste and skill of his favourite architect, Sir James Hamilton of Finnart.

A strong wall crowned the entire summit of the stupendous rock, connecting a series of round and square towers, which were bartizaned with stone, and defended by about thirty pieces of cannon, including the famous Mons Meg. The summit of the great pile on the north was furnished with thirty pieces of cannon, called *chambers*. These were removed in 1540.[2] Cut-throats, iron slangs, and arquebuses defended the parapets.

Two edifices, the Peel and the Constable's Tower, connected by a curtain, defended by brass culverins, faced the city, overlooking the gate and Spur—a great triangular ravelin, which, like a second or lower castle, covered the whole hill. Its walls were twenty feet high, battlemented, turreted at the angles, and furnished with cannon. The Constable's Tower was fifty feet high; Wallace's Tower, a

[1] Pitscottie. [2] Treasurer's Accounts.

little below it, defended the portcullis, to which a broad flight of forty steps ascended.[1]

St Margaret's Tower, the entrance to which was closed by a small portcullis, was on the westward, where a guard-house, named the *Queen's post*, still remains. The other ancient towers, which crowned the juttings of the rock, were variously named—the Low Ammunition House, the Forge and Gun Houses, the Register and Jewel Houses, the Kitchen Tower and Royal Lodgings—the Great Hall—the Church, and St Margaret's Chapel. The latter occupied the highest point of the rock ; it had a beautiful font of stone, and a rich Gothic window facing the east.

The font was destroyed by a *pious* mason, when the present chapel was built.

In 1543, on the altar of the oratory stood "ane croce of silver, with our Lady and Sanct John ; twa chandeleris of silver ; ane chalice and ane patine ; twa crouattis, and ane grit clameschell ; ane halie water fat of siluer ouregilt ; ane caice of silver for the mass bread, with the couer," and as much more "chapel gier ungilt." [2]

On the westward were the Butts, where archery was practised. There were several deep wells : one at the base of the rock, to the northward, in a vault of the Well-House Tower ; between the west angle of which and the rock there ran a strong wall, where an iron gate, defended by arrow-holes, closed the narrow arch and path that led to St Cuthbert's Kirk. A massive rampart and two circular bastions, washed by the waters of the loch to the north, defended the keep of the ravelin on that side.[3]

Here Sir Patrick Blackadder was cruelly slain by the Douglases in 1526, when attempting to swim his charger across the water, to escape their spears and calivers.

"Ane baile," or iron basket for fire, communicating with Dunpender-law and Soltra to the eastward, and with

[1] Survey of Edinburgh, Bannat. Miscel. [2] Invent. Jewell Office.
[3] See the Memoirs of Kirkaldy of Grange, and its authorities.

Stirling on the west, was affixed to the highest tower, by order of the Parliament, in 1455.[1] The Treasurer's Accounts show the strength of the garrison in 1527, when the comptroller (Sir James Colville of Ochiltree) was ordered to provide victual for 400 soldiers in "Ed^{r} castell, for keeping the samyn frae *Inglismen*."

On the fall of his father at Flodden, James V., then a child only two years old, succeeded to the throne.

By the will of James IV. Queen Margaret had been appointed regent during their son's minority, although such a measure was contrary to the law of Scotland; but she soon lost authority by her impolitic marriage with Archibald Earl of Angus, when John Duke of Albany, was appointed to succeed her, and, arriving from France on the 20th May, landed at Dumbarton.

A wise, brave, and virtuous prince, the new regent was the son of the exiled Alexander, (whose escape from the fortress has already been detailed;) and he had great interest at the court of France, where he had espoused Anne de la Tour, of the illustrious house of Vendôme.[2]

When the Estates met at Edinburgh, eight lords were nominated by them; and out of these, four were to be chosen by the Queen, as preceptors or guardians of the young King and his infant brother. On this being arranged, the Duke of Albany and three of these peers, in their robes of state, accompanied by their esquires and pages, proceeded with great solemnity to the Castle, where the royal family resided. But submission to the commands of the Parliament was very far from the mind of Queen Margaret.

On the deputation approaching the gate tower of the fortress, its barriers were thrown open by the warders, and disclosed to the assembled citizens a singular and imposing group.

At the entrance, on the summit of the flight of steps

[1] Skene's Lawes and Actes. [2] Hist. of Royal Fam.

stood the beautiful queen of their gallant and idolised James IV., sad, pale, and in the first months of her widowhood, holding by the hand the little King James V.; while a noble lady, a few paces behind, supported in her arms his infant brother.

The effect of this impressive and touching sight was not lessened, when, with much sweetness and calmness, she required their errand.

"Madam," replied Albany, "by authority of the Parliament of Scotland, we come to receive at your hands our sovereign and his brother."

The Queen stepped back a pace, and desired the warders to lower the portcullis; and while the massive iron grate, jarring in its stony grooves, descended slowly between her and the astonished nobles, she thus replied to them:—

"I hold this castle, in which I was solemnly infeft by the gift of my late husband, your sovereign; nor shall I yield it to any power whatever. But I respect the Parliament, and require six days to consider its mandate; for most important is my charge," she added, bursting into tears as she thought of the slaughter of Flodden, "and my councillors, alas, are now *few!*"[1]

Angus, her husband, became alarmed at the probable issue of a refusal so daring, and, approaching, intreated her to obey Albany and the Estates, but in vain; upon which he immediately took an instrument before witnesses, that he had no share in her refusal to surrender the royal children to their appointed guardians. Margaret remained inexorable, and the mortified delegates reluctantly left the Castle gate, and returned to acquaint the Lords with the unsuccessful issue of their mission.

Aware that she was totally unable to maintain the Castle against the power of the Parliament, she secretly retired with her sons to Stirling; and, after committing

[1] Tytler; Caledonia, &c.

them to the care of Lords Fleming and Borthwick, returned to her former abode—for she considered the Castle of Edinburgh as exclusively her own, although she had no right of dowry therein.[1] Though treated with every respect and attention, distrusting and distrusted, and mortified at the separation from her children and her accession to the will of the Parliament, she remained aloof from all, until one day, escorted by Lord Home and fifty lances, she suddenly retired to the strong castle of Blackadder, five miles from Berwick. From thence she corresponded with her brother, Henry VIII., and endeavoured to enlist his sympathies, by complaining that she had found herself little else than a prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh.[2]

Many knights and nobles of the first rank were there committed to ward, during the regency of Albany. Among these were Sir Lewis Stirling and the Homes of Home.

Sir Lewis had been paying his addresses to a lady possessed of great attractions, (daughter of Richard Lawson, of the Highriggs, who was Provost of Edinburgh in 1504.) But, proving less successful than Squire Meldrum of the Binns, whose feats of chivalry have been so celebrated by Sir David Lindesay of the Mount, he vowed vengeance, and set forth at the head of fifty horse to accomplish it.

Meeting his rival with only eight followers, near the Red Chapel, in Leith Loan, he fell upon him, and a desperate conflict ensued with two-handed swords and Jeddart staves. Meldrum, strong, active, and brave, unhorsed Sir Lewis, and would have slain him, had not his faithful henchman, Thomas Gifford, interposed, and received the sword-thrust in his own breast. Twenty-six men were slain, which tells well for the prowess of Squire Meldrum and his troopers; but the former was left for dead, "with his hochis cuttit, the knoppis of his elbowis stricken off, and there was no signe of lyff in him, yett be the mychtie

[1] Chalmers. [2] Tytler.

power of God he escaped the death, and leived fiftye yeirs thairafteir." [1]

The Chevalier de la Beauté, the detested Lieutenant-governor under Albany, sounded to horse, and, issuing from the old castle of Dunbar, with a glittering train of French gendarmerie, pursued Sir Lewis Stirling to the peel of Linlithgow, which he stormed, and sent this desperate lover to the Castle of Edinburgh, where he was condemned to death, but from which he was ultimately released, free of scaith.

The Homes were charged with plotting against the Regent.

Owing to the calumnies uttered against them by Hepburn, the Prior of St Andrews, Albany, from the time of his arrival in Scotland, had treated the Earl of Angus and Lord Home with a coldness so marked that their wrath and pride were soon roused, and they held frequent meetings for the purpose of overturning his government. On 12th June 1515, Alexander Home, failing to appear when summoned before an Assembly of the Estates, to answer various charges of treason, was declared a traitor. Intent on avenging this insult, he broke out in arms at the head of his mosstroopers; but being captured by Albany, who marched ten thousand horse and foot against him, he was imprisoned in the Castle, where his brother-in-law, James Earl of Arran, was governor.

The latter, who was to be held guilty of treason if he permitted him to escape, boldly set him free;[2] and they fled together to the western counties, where they formed measures to overthrow Albany, the Chevalier de la Beauté, and others in the French interest. But, on the 9th October, Home and his brother William were retaken, and beheaded at the cross of Edinburgh. Their heads were affixed to the east gable of the Tolbooth, where they remained until they became bare and ghastly skulls, when their younger

[1] Lindesay's Chron. [2] Buchanan.

brother George procured permission to inter them in the Blackfriars' Church, in 1520.

On the departure of the Regent to France, Queen Margaret returned to Edinburgh, escorted by her husband Angus, though mutual jealousies had caused great coldness between them. Angus was haughty and indifferent, while the Queen disdained and disliked him, and only sought an opportunity for a divorce, that she might marry another.

On approaching the Castle to visit her son, regardless of her maternal love and anxiety, the gates were closed, and all access was denied her by the lords his guardians.[1] Dread of a pestilence, which broke out among the soldiers, caused the little King's removal to Craigmillar,[2] where, by the courtesy of Lord Erskine, the Queen was sometimes permitted to visit him; but the other guardians, suspicious of her power, and hostile to English influence, again removed him to his former residence.

In September, dread of a terrible plague that was desolating the city caused a temporary visit to the Castle of Dalkeith, from which he returned on the 6th October 1517, to pursue his studies in the Castle of Edinburgh, under the tuition of the captive Gavin Dunbar, and in care of the Lords Marischal, Erskine, Borthwick, and Ruthven.

We are told that the suite of apartments appropriated to his use was old, ruinous, and very indifferently furnished; and so regardless was his uncle, the Regent, of his comfort, that, when they required repair, it was done at the private expense of his tutor Dunbar, who, however, was afterwards amply repaid. Even his wearing apparel was supplied by his sister Catherine, the Countess of Morton.

Though placed in this fortress for security, the indulgence of going abroad was not denied him; and there was kept for his use a little mule, on which, between the hours of study, he visited the city and surrounding country, accompanied by a strong band of Albany's guards, clad in

[1] Hawthorn. [2] Hollinshed.

their scarlet doublets slashed with black, and armed with partizan and dagger.

James, whose frolics and disposition to merriment usually kept the Castle in an uproar, is said to have delighted in conversing with the soldiers, and, when handling their weapons, his cheek was seen to flush, and his eye to sparkle, with the ardour a brave boy always evinces when contemplating military objects.[1]

Albany, on his return from France, in 1521, took up his residence in the small palace then adjoining the abbey of Holyrood; and there the nobles of the realm crowded to welcome him.

The Queen-dowager, Beaton the chancellor, and so many of their followers, came in his train to Edinburgh, that the Earl of Angus, who was the sworn foe of them all, quitted the city in a precipitate manner, and was consequently sentenced to be exiled for commotions he had raised in the Regent's absence.

Accompanied by Queen Margaret, the latter, soon after his arrival, paid a visit in state to the young King his nephew, whose interests he had neglected so much. On that occasion the governor of the Castle received him at the outer gates, and delivered into his hands the keys. These he courteously laid at the feet of Margaret, who returned them again, saying,—

"You are the person most worthy to be intrusted with them, and the guardianship of my son."

After this, with the permission of the Earl Marischal and the other lords, she continued to reside with the young King; but Albany removed him to Stirling in the ensuing spring, and, desiring the nobles to make no alteration in the existing order of government, embarked again for France, impatient for the society of his beautiful Anne of Vendôme, and the gaieties of Paris; for, by birth, blood, and sentiment, Albany was more than half a Frenchman.

[1] Scot. Biog.

Scarcely had the caravel that bore him left the Scottish shores, when his commands were set at naught, and that inherent spirit of turbulence, which his presence had only subdued for a time, broke out as of old. Tired of long misrule, the nobles, especially Arran, Lennox, and Crawford, and the Queen-dowager, requested the young King, then in his twefth year, to assume the reins of government. Coming to the Castle of Edinburgh on the 26th July 1524, he assembled the peers, and received their oath of allegiance.

His power, however, was merely nominal; he was to be assisted by the ambitious Queen, who soon afterwards, by the advice of the council, co-operated with Arran, and obtained, at last, the summit of her ambition—the sole direction of public affairs.[1]

The royal family occupied the Castle during the ensuing winter.

The Queen and the Earl of Arran, finding a party forming in opposition to them, kept close within the Castle for security; and rumour, with its hundred tongues, soon spread abroad, what was really the fact, that James was kept a prisoner by those who used his name and authority to serve their own private ends.

On this the Parliament chose the Earls of Lennox, Argyle, and Angus—that husband whom Margaret secretly detested and openly reviled—as guardians of the young King. whom his mother and the Earl of Arran were commanded to place in their hands.

Matters stood thus, when, on the night of the 23d November 1524, during the second week of the sitting of Parliament, an alarm was raised in the city by the lords of the new faction. Four hundred men-at-arms, led by the Earls of Angus and Lennox, Sir Walter Scott of Buccleugh, and the Master of Kilmaurs, scaled the Flodden or outer wall by means of ladders, threw open the ports; and

[1] Hollinshed, &c.

then their wild mosstroopers, clad in their scaly-jacks and steel caps, spurred through the dark and narrow streets, brandishing their spears, firing their calivers, and shouting—

"Avant, Dernlie! Over, fork over! Douglas and Buccleugh!"

Proceeding to the cross in the High Street, they proclaimed that they came, as good subjects, to free the young King from the thraldom of his English mother. During this proclamation, her garrison, from the culverins on the eastern platform, opened a brisk and indiscriminate fire, by which three citizens and a friar were killed in the streets, and several were wounded. Upon this, amid the boom of the artillery, the crash of the falling shot, the tumultuous cries and execrations of the startled citizens, and the fierce slogans of the mail-clad Borderers, a deputation hurried to Holyrood, where the Queen chanced to be, and where, with the lords of her faction, they found her denouncing vengeance against her husband Angus, and mustering five hundred men to oppose him.

The deputation entreated her to direct that the fire of the fortress might cease; but, in the mean time, Angus and his party retired as abruptly as they had entered, leaving the city full of consternation and confusion. He took up his quarters in the castle of Dalkeith—and so ended this brawl, in consequence of which the Lords of Council, for their own safety, ordained that "the captain of the castell shall suffer na gunis to be schot furth to the hurt or damage of our lords lieges; and yat na gunaris should pas to ye castell w^t^out 'omand and charge of ye saidis lords, und^r^ ye pane of deid."[1]

Next night, after dusk, Margaret returned by torchlight to the Castle, where, dismissing all the lords of her faction, save James Stuart, Earl of Moray, (who died in 1544,) she shut herself up in solitude, and meditated how to crush

[1] Acta Parliamentorum, Jacobi V.

her enemies, but chiefly her husband, whom she now capriciously "detested and abhorred."[1]

While she was maturing her plans, Angus and the Chancellor Beaton acquired an equal if not superior authority, and succeeded in attaching to their party nearly all the nobles and the influential citizens of Edinburgh, until the proud Margaret became at length aware that, to repair the wreck of her ruined fortune, a reconciliation with her powerful husband became absolutely necessary.

About this time she narrowly escaped death, for upon All-Saints' Day there arose a tremendous storm of wind, rain, and lightning, by which many old houses in Edinburgh were thrown down. A thunderbolt struck a lofty pinnacle of David's Tower, and sent the shattered fragments flying through the air; while the electric fluid set fire to the apartments of Margaret, which were almost entirely consumed.[2]

In a meeting held at Stirling, Angus and Beaton drew up a document inviting all who were interested in the welfare of their country to join in procuring the liberation of James V., whom they described as the captive of a traitorous faction in the gloomy Castle of Edinburgh, exposed to the unhealthy exhalations of a marshy lake, and in continual danger from the pestilence, feuds, and brawls, that were daily breaking forth in the city. They summoned the Parliament to meet on the 6th February at Stirling,[3] where Angus, John Earl of Lennox, and Colin Earl of Argyle, were appointed legal guardians of the kingdom and its young sovereign, whom they were empowered to tear from his mother *by force of arms*.

Assembling their vassals, they marched straight to Edinburgh, where the Queen, who resolved to resist, assembled in the Castle the few peers who adhered to her, and, addressing them on the "rebellious insolence of their foemen," implored them to muster their vassals and kin-

[1] Buchanan. [2] Scot. Chron., &c. [3] Tytler, &c.

dred to meet the present emergency. But how deep was her mortification to find that her eloquence was in vain! for neither the lords of her faction, nor her brother Henry of England, were disposed to assist her.

Meanwhile the exulting Angus, with his troops, entered Edinburgh unopposed, and closely invested the stronghold, against which a small battery of culverins was erected; and slowly and laboriously their bullets of black whin, and pebbles lapped in lead, were discharged at the lofty towers.

The garrison had no provisions, and was totally unprepared for a siege; Angus, declaring himself the King's loyal subject, but the foe of his keepers, daily permitted a small allowance of food to be carried into the fortress for the King's immediate use alone.[1] His troops consisted of two thousand men only. The garrison, having no hope of defending themselves successfully, turned their cannon on the city, and battered down several houses in their vicinity.[2]

The bishops at last interposed as mediators, and Margaret, for the present, was compelled to submit to a reconciliation with her husband; but so deeply rooted was her rancour towards him, that she stipulated he should assume no matrimonial rights over either her person or estate; and she consented that her son should be removed to the palace of Holyrood, whither he was conveyed in a solemn procession, displaying much pomp and magnificence, and placed in the hands of those guardians whom the Parliament had named.

These the Earl of Angus soon disgusted, by endeavouring to usurp the supreme power into his own hands, and they left him to act alone. Margaret, in the mean time, had divorced him, giving as a reason, that, previous to their marriage, he had been *betrothed* to a daughter of the knight of Traquair; and, immediately afterwards, she married Henry Stuart, son of Lord Evandale, whom she prevailed upon James to create Lord Methven, and general of the artillery.

[1] Balf. Annales; Buch. [2] Hawthorn.

Under the tyrannical guardianship of the proud and austere Angus, James V. (now verging on manhood) was more than ever a captive, while the nobles were more than ever humbled and degraded; and, contrary to the principal article of the late pacification, Angus attempted to appropriate the dower-lands of Margaret to his own use, which so greatly alarmed her, that, with her third husband, Lord Methven, his brother, Sir James Stuart, and their vassals, she again fled to that never-failing refuge the Castle of Edinburgh, where, despairingly, she prepared for resistance to the last.

Glad of an opportunity to humble her, Earl Archibald promptly buckled on his armour, displayed his banner, mustered, marched at the head of the crown vassals, and once more besieged the fortress. In the name of James V. it was formally summoned to surrender; and the poor Queen, although she knew that her son was far from being her enemy, dared not to disobey, and her soldiers capitulated.

Falling on her knees at the outer gate, humbled, and bathed in tears, Margaret Tudor, quailing under the stern eye of Archibald the Grim, placed the keys of the Castle in the hands of her son, then a tall and handsome youth, imploring forgiveness for her husband, for his brother, Sir James Stuart, and lastly for herself. Angus smiled scornfully beneath his barred helmet at her constrained submission, and haughtily directed the Lord Methven and others to be imprisoned in the towers, from which they had so lately defied him.[1]

In 1528, James at last, by a midnight flight, escaped from the thraldom of Angus, and summoned the nobles to meet him at Stirling, where, in the ensuing Parliament, the Douglases were again, as of old, deprived of their places, titles, and estates, and declared outlaws and traitors; upon which Angus and all the barons of his surname fled to England.

[1] Tytler, Drummond, &c.

CHAPTER IX.

A. D. 1531—1554.

THE MIRACLE OF JOHN SCOTT—LADY GLAMMIS, ETC.

In 1531 there was imprisoned in David's Tower a man who was supposed to be gifted with powers so miraculous, that the superstitious of those days were filled with wonder and holy awe.

John Scott, a citizen of Edinburgh, being obliged to seek refuge from his creditors within the sanctuary of Holyrood, subsisted there for forty days without food or sustenance of any kind. Struck with this circumstance, of which an exaggerated account was conveyed him, King James commanded that his apparel should be changed and closely searched, after which he was placed in a vaulted chamber of David's Tower, "whereunto no man had access," and there he was kept under a strict guard.

Every day a small allowance of bread and water was set before him, but he voluntarily abstained from them for the space of thirty-two days.[1] After this he was brought forth naked into the view of the people, to whom, as they flocked in fear and wonder around him, he made a long and strange oration, in which he affirmed, that, "by aid of the blessed Virgin, he was enabled to fast as long as he pleased."[2]

As there appeared to be more simplicity than guile in his behaviour, he was released, and afterwards went to

[1] Hollins. [2] Spots.

Rome, where he fasted long enough to convince Pope Clement of the miracle. From Rome he went to Venice, where he received fifty ducats of gold, to convey him to Jerusalem in performance of a vow he had made. He returned to Scotland in the garb of a pilgrim, wearing palm-leaves, and bearing a bag filled with large stones, which, he said, were taken out of the pillar to which the Saviour was bound when he was scourged. He became a preacher; and, in an obscure garret in a suburb of the city, performed mass before an altar, on which his daughter, a girl of great beauty, stood, with wax tapers around her, to represent the Virgin—a double impiety, which soon brought him under the ridicule and contempt he deserved.[1]

In 1536, William Lord Forbes, and his son John the Master, were imprisoned in the Castle under very serious charges.

By George Earl of Huntly, who bore an inextinguishable hatred to the house of Forbes, on the 12th June, the Master was accused of treason before James V. and the Lords of Council, inasmuch as he had conspired against the King's life when in the city of Aberdeen, by lying in wait to shoot him with a hand-culverin; also, that he was principal instigator of the rebellion and mutiny which arose among the Scottish forces at Jedburgh, when on the march for England.

The Master protested his innocence, and, with a dauntless spirit, offered to maintain it in single combat, body to body, against his accuser, who gave his bond for thirty thousand merks that he would make good his charge before the 31st July 1537. A herald then required the Master of Forbes "to enter his person in ward within the Castle of Edinburgh by eleven o'clock on the next forenoon, under pain of high treason."

Until the 8th December, no further proceedings were

[1] Buchanan.

taken in this matter, till James V. sent a warrant to the Lords of Council, requiring them to give the Justice-Clerk orders to receive surety from the Lord Forbes and his son, that they would remain peaceably within the Castle till they found bail to the extent of ten thousand merks.

On the 11th July, the Master was brought to trial before Argyle, the Lord Justice-General; for Huntly failed not to make good his vaunt, and take up his bond. The Commissioners of Justiciary, and fifteen other men of distinguished rank, found him guilty of all the charges. Although they were not sufficiently proven, and the witnesses were very exceptionable, the unfortunate heir of Forbes was sentenced to be hanged, beheaded, and dismembered, as a traitor.

His judges are supposed to have been bribed by Huntly, and, though of noble birth, many of the jury were his avowed and bitterest enemies. His quarters were placed over the city gates. His father, after enduring a long and tedious confinement, was, after a minute investigation, exculpated from every charge of treason, and released from the Castle.[1]

Ere this, its dungeons received fresh victims on similar charges, which were supposed to have emanated from that avowed and implacable hatred which James V. bore to the house of Angus, for the tyranny formerly exercised over him by the exiled earl.

Lady Jane Douglas, the young and beautiful widow of John Lord Glammis, and sister of Archibald Earl of Angus, together with her second husband, Archibald Campbell of Skipness, (a second son of Argyle,) her son, the little Lord Glammis, and his kinsman John Lyon, an aged priest, were all committed prisoners of state, charged with intending to destroy the King by poison and sorcery.

Their accuser was William Lyon, a kinsman of the young Lord Glammis.

[1] Crim. Trials, Lesly, Arnot.

"Jane Douglas," says an old writer, "was the most renowned beauty in Britain at that time. She was of ordinary stature, but her mien was majestic; her eyes full, her face oval, her complexion delicate and extremely fair: heaven designed that her mind should want none of those perfections a mortal creature can be capable of; her modesty was admirable, her courage above what could be expected from her sex, her judgment solid, and her carriage winning and affable to inferiors."[1] Many had aspired to her hand on the death of Lord Glammis, and, among others, William Lyon, who became the most constant and ardent of her suitors. But, slighting his addresses, she preferred Archibald Campbell of Skipness; upon which, he became so much inflamed by passion, rage, and disappointment, that he grew frantic, and vowed deeply, by some terrible oath, to dedicate his whole life to revenge.

Accordingly he charged Lady Jane, her more favoured lover, her little son, and his kinsman the friar, with the double crime for which they were arrested. Their friends were disposed to scoff at the charge of treason, deeming them most unlikely persons to frame such a plot, dwelling, as they did, in the remote West Highlands, far distant from the King and court; but the addition of sorcery suited the superstition of the age, and steeled the hearts of many against them.

In the month of July, they were all brought to trial before the newly-formed Court of Justiciary, which sat in the Exchequer, and were examined by the King's Advocate *on the rack*. Even the little Lord Glammis was not exempted from that terrible ordeal; and they were all, by the mere extremity of agony, forced to confess whatever they were accused of, and whatever was asked of them. Condemned by their *own* lips, they were soon found guilty!

The court had received instructions from the Council to despatch the matter, and Lady Jane was sentenced to be

[1] Miscellanea Scotica.

burned to death on the Castlehill; while her son was carried again to David's Tower, where he remained while James V. lived. Her unfortunate and equally innocent husband, and the venerable friar, were both remanded to their former dungeons.

In vain was mercy implored. Even her beauty could not save her from the wrath of James, who all his life had been the slave of beauty; for, in his passion, when repulsed by Angus at the attack on Tantallon, he had solemnly sworn *never to forgive* a Douglas.

On the 17th July, three days after the execution of the Master of Forbes, this beautiful and unhappy woman was led forth from the Castle gates to the hill or esplanade before them, and there chained to a stake in the view of assembled thousands. Barrels tarred, and faggots oiled, were piled around her, and she was burned to ashes within view of her son and husband, who beheld the terrible scene from their prisons in the towers that overlooked it. She neither wept nor made any outcry, but suffered the torments of the fire that consumed her "fair body," with a courage and magnanimity that won the pity and excited the admiration of the murmuring thousands who assembled to behold her horrible fate, but were overawed by the Castle guns, and pikes of the Royal Guard, from attempting her rescue.

In the alterations and trenching which took place on the Castlehill a few years ago, for making the new approach to the city from the west, there were discovered the ashes of many who had perished, like Lady Glammis, for the imaginary crime of witchcraft; for, on that arena, thousands were thus consumed in the barbarous and superstitious age that succeeded the Reformation.

On the night of the 18th July, Archibald Campbell of Skipness, rendered desperate, and frenzied by grief, rashly attempted to escape from the scene of his wrongs. He lowered himself over the walls by a cord, which either broke or proved too short, as he fell, and was found next

morning, "dashed out of the semblance of humanity," by the margin of the loch, two hundred feet below.

James V., who was naturally a merciful prince, almost immediately repented his having permitted this sad tragedy to ensue. Struck with remorse on hearing of Campbell's death, he ordered the poor old friar to be set at liberty, while, singular to say, William Lyon, the author of so much mischief, was merely banished the realm; and a man named Makke, by whom the pretended poison was prepared, escaped with the loss of his ears.[1]

In this year plot appeared to succeed plot; for, while the people were still impressed with the horror of these events, Charteris of Amisfield and Sir James Douglas of Drumlanrig challenged each other on the same suspicions, and had permission granted them to decide the matter in the King's presence, on the listed space beneath the Castle wall.

On the appointed day, each champion, after having confessed and heard mass, entered the barriers on foot, sheathed in complete armour; and James V., who was a spectator from the ramparts above, gave the signal to engage. They encountered with two-handed swords, and, after exchanging many hard blows, to the disadvantage of their helmets, corslets, and cuisses, Sir James Douglas became quite breathless from the weight of his panoply; while Amisfield, who was short-sighted, had laid about him with such fury that his ponderous sword was shivered to pieces. King James, amid much laughter, desired the heralds to separate these "ancient paladines," declaring "that neither had the disadvantage, and both were good men and true, having dared to do battle in close arms."

On the King's death in 1542, the Regent Arran thoroughly repaired the various towers of the Castle, mounted the cannon anew, and appointed as governor Sir James Hamilton of Stainehouse,[2] a brave soldier, who ably fulfilled

[1] Life of James V.; Pinkerton; Crim. Trials; Tytler, &c. [2] Heron.

his trust, when the English King, exasperated at the Scots for neglecting to fulfil their treaty, which had affianced their young Queen, Mary, to his only son Edward, sent the Earl of Hereford to invade them, with instructions so characteristic of his ferocious and despotic spirit—"to put all to fire and sword—to burn Edinburgh—to raze, deface, and sack it; to beat down and overthrow the Castle; to sack Holyrood, and as many towns and villages as he could—sack Leith and burn and subvert it, and all the rest, *putting man, woman, and child to fire and sword, without exception.*"[1]

In obedience to these pious commands from the first Defender of the Faith, the English earl entered the Firth of Forth, and suddenly landed ten thousand men at Granton, or West Leith, near an old fortalice, called the Castle of Wardie, which then overlooked a dreary and extensive muir of that name, bordered by the beach.

Cardinal Beaton and the Regent Arran lay in the vicinity with an army. The former bravely proposed to give the English battle between Leith and Edinburgh; but the latter, a timid and irresolute man, unable to place confidence in his hastily levied troops, declined, and retreated suddenly to Linlithgow, abandoning the capital in the night.

By the time that the English had their artillery landed, Lord Evers, with four thousand horse, had joined them from Berwick. After remaining three days at Leith, on the 7th May Hereford marched towards Edinburgh; but, midway between the towns, was met by the provost, Sir Adam Otterburn of Auldhame, with an offer in the name of the citizens (who were disheartened by the Regent's desertion) to abandon the city and deliver its keys, provided they were permitted to save their families and effects, and their houses should not be fired.

By the arrogant Hereford, these terms were scornfully

[1] Tytler.

rejected; and the brave provost, laying hand on his sword, replied—"Then the city will stand on its defence!" and galloped back to put himself at the head of the stout craftsmen and bold burgesses, who were all arrayed beneath the ancient Blue Blanket—the long-boasted banner of the Holy Ghost.

Advancing by Leith Loan and the monastery of Greenside, the English passed through the Low Calton, and attempted to storm the Leith Wynd Port, or Craigend Gate, near the Trinity Hospital, but were repulsed by the sturdy valour of the inhabitants.

They returned next day with a battering train of heavy culverins, by the stone bullets of which the Netherbow gates were soon blown open; they then spread through the city like a flood, and Otterburn and his burghers retired before them.

The High Street was then encumbered with heavy fronts of ornamented timber, rising from arcades and columns of oak, that had flourished of old in the wood of Drumselch: the city was fired in eight places; and the smoke of these and its wainscoted mansions, together with the heat of such a prodigious conflagration, drove the plundering English forth into the open country, to spread their ravages farther. But, amid the scorching blaze and clouds of smoke, that filled the steep wynds and rolled in volumes from the narrow closes, Hereford proceeded to assail the Castle, where Stainehouse, with ramparts manned and banner displayed, awaited his approach.

Four days he besieged, and lost five hundred men by the culverins and arquebuses of Hamilton's soldiers, who ultimately compelled him to desist from the attack.

The English cannon were dismounted, and their batteries demolished, by the Scottish artillerists; and, to complete their discomfiture, the garrison, led by the Knight of Stainehouse, made a sudden sortie on the trenches. A furious conflict ensued, and the besiegers were driven pell-mell to Leith, leaving behind a part of their artillery, which

were long after shown in the Castle of Edinburgh, as trophies of the invasion of 1544.

At Leith, the English, in revenge, broke open the warehouses, and threw their contents into the river. On the 13th they set fire to the town, and carried off or burned all the shipping—among which were two frigates, the Salamander and Unicorn, famous for their size and beauty; and, after laying the whole country waste and desolate for seven miles round the city, retired, leaving Edinburgh a wilderness of blackened ruins![1]

Three years afterwards, when the same unscrupulous leader, as Duke of Somerset, gained the disastrous battle of Pinkie—a field which made three hundred and sixty women of Edinburgh widows—Stainehouse was again summoned by the English heralds to surrender, but firmly refused; and, though environed by twenty-six thousand of the enemy, maintained his charge until the retreat of Somerset, who, remembering the former repulse, cared not to molest him a second time.

This bloody defeat, instead of reconciling the Scots to the alliance with England—a measure at all times unpalatable and unsafe, caused them to make an offer of their young Queen to the Dauphin of France—an offer which his father at once accepted; and sent to Scotland six thousand auxiliaries, to enforce the authority of Mary of Guise and Lorraine, the dowager of James V., who had been appointed regent during the minority of her infant daughter.

A thousand of these were gendarmerie and *hommes d'armes;* two thousand were the regular infantry of France, or *Compagnies Franches*, (free companies;) and three thousand were foreign mercenaries—but all veterans, led by brave and experienced officers. D'Essé was general of the whole; d'Andelot commanded the French; Gaspare di

[1] Stowe; Balf. Annales; Lindesay and Hollinshed Chronicles; History of Edinburgh, &c.

Strozzio, a Florentine cavalier, (exiled by Alessandro I., Grand-duke of Tuscany,) was colonel of the Italians; the Rhingrave led the Germans; and Dunois was captain of the *Compagnies d'ordonnance*.[1] Di Strozzio was afterwards slain in the assault on the isle and castle of Inchkeith. A thousand of the arquebusiers were commanded by Octavian, an old cavalier of Milan. Another noble armament, under the Marquis d'Elbœuff, was cast away on the coast of Holland, and only nine hundred of its soldiers, under the Compte de Martigues, ever reached Scotland.[2]

Mary of Guise did not behave with that prudence and moderation which might have been expected from a foreigner and a woman, appointed to govern a nation so martial and intractable as the Scots; but disgusted their haughty nobles by bestowing upon Frenchmen all places of trust and profit, and proposing to levy a tax for the maintenance of a standing army, without which she saw that a government, however well ordered, could never exist with permanence or power.

The insolence of her foreign auxiliaries soon raised the ire of the people, who were at all times impatient of restraint, and daily dangerous brawls ensued between them. Of these, the most serious was one that, in 1554, occurred at Edinburgh.

A quarrel having arisen between a French soldier and an armourer in the city, concerning the payment of certain repairs on the wheel lock of his arquebuss, the soldier passionately drew his dagger, and struck the artisan to the heart in his own booth.

The murderer was assailed by the craftsmen, who flew to arms; and the soldier being joined and rescued by his countrymen, a desperate conflict ensued, with whingers and Jedwood axes. The brave Stainehouse, who to his military office of governor joined that of provost of the

[1] Balfour, &c. [2] See Sadler's State Papers.

city, girt on his armour, and at the head of his soldiers sallied down from the Castle to aid the citizens. He was slain in the *mêlée*, and left dead on the causeway, with James Hamilton, his son, who nobly fell in an attempt to save him, David Kirk, David Barbour, William Stewart, and William Purves, his friends and followers.

A woman named Elizabeth Stuart was also slain accidentally. But the French were ultimately driven, sword in hand, out of the city, and had the ports closed upon them.[1]

[1] Hollinshed, &c.

CHAPTER X.

A. D. 1559—1560.

DEATH OF MARY OF GUISE.

In the office of governor, Stainehouse was succeeded by John Lord Erskine, (afterwards Earl of Mar and regent of Scotland,) who was ordained by the Parliament to surrender the fortress to none, but with their consent.[1]

In the protracted civil war that ensued between the Reformers and the Queen-regent, Lord Erskine, though a Protestant, maintained a steady neutrality, and was determined to fulfil his trust with the fidelity of a man of honour, and as such he was highly valued by both parties. On one hand the Reformers, on their retreat from Edinburgh to Linlithgow, placed (on the 6th November 1559) all their heavy ordnance in his hands, and he gave a bond for their delivery when again required;[2] on the other, the citizens intrusted him with all their most valuable effects, to save them from the foreign mercenaries of the Queen-regent, who on the forenoon of the 7th entered the city, and found it desolate—for nearly all the inhabitants had fled.

Unsatisfied with the neutrality of Erskine, who frequently cannonaded the French when they approached too near, the Reformers made a decided effort to gain him to their party; but, finding his honour immovable, they bitterly denounced vengeance against him if he should dare, at any time, to molest or oppose them.[3]

[1] Buchanan. [2] Tytler's App. [3] Caledonia.

In 1559 the French made two hostile attempts upon the Castle: Erskine sallied from the Spur, and drove them at the point of the sword to the Butter Tron; they were also repulsed in the second attempt, and had one soldier slain and three wounded.[1] Knox says they made gabions and other preparations for a siege, but did not attempt it.

In the autumn of that year, the Congregation concluded a treaty at Berwick with the commissioners of Elizabeth, promising never to suffer a closer alliance of Scotland with France; while the English queen, in the old spirit of Southron policy, rejoicing in an opportunity to embroil still more the unhappy Scots, in the spring of the following year, 1560, sent six thousand troops, under Lord Grey of Wilton, to assist the insurgents, with whom she was in open alliance; and whose army, twelve thousand strong, had already invested Leith, where the French under d'Oisell were defending themselves with great valour and resolution.

Mary of Guise, who to enjoy the society of the French chevaliers and officers had usually resided at Leith, feeling an illness under which she laboured increasing, and to avoid the fatigues and danger incident to a siege, on the arrival of the English, retired with her diminished court into the Castle of Edinburgh on the 28th March.[2] She was received with every mark of respect by Lord Erskine and his garrison; her retinue being so slender, that no danger was to be apprehended from their attempting to seize the fortress. Erskine's conduct in welcoming Mary, after having repulsed both Scots and French from the gates, has been considered very noble and chivalric.

Before he invested Leith, Lord Grey sent two of his knights, Sir George Howard and Sir James Crofts, as envoys to Mary of Guise, who held a long conference with them on the ramparts of the Spur, at a gate near to where the reservoir now stands. They strenuously advised that the

[1] Sadler's State Papers. [2] Ibid.

French should leave Scotland, but she declined, or evaded the recommendation. In the mean time a skirmish had ensued; and next day Drummond, a Scottish trumpeter, once more summoned the Queen to the lower ramparts, where he boldly and rudely assured her that "there would be no more parleying, as sure vengeance would be taken on the Frenchmen for the slaughter they had made."[1]

Mary had with her at this time the Earl Marischal, the Bishops of St Andrews and Dunkeld, James Macgill the Clerk-register, Abraham Crichton the Provost of Dunglass, Friar Black her confessor, and other faithful adherents.

Her countrymen in Leith, being closely besieged, were reduced to great straits by the poverty of their commissariat. Many attempts at reconciliation were made, but in vain. The Reformers, exasperated at the successful resistance made by those who had so long oppressed them, rejecting treaty and truce, pressed the siege with an ardour that was fully met by the spirit of the French, whose scarcity of *vivres* at last reduced them to the sad necessity of eating the horses of their gendarmerie, dressed with the weeds that grew on the ramparts.

On the 21st April, Jean de Monluc, the erudite Bishop of Valence, in Savoy, came as ambassador from the court of the Tournelles. He was conveyed first to the English camp, and from thence to the Castle of Edinburgh, where for two days he held a conference with the Regent, and retired without effecting the object of his mission—a peaceful reconciliation, with the dismissal of the French troops.[2]

Meanwhile Mary of Guise (though labouring under a mortal illness, which the cares of state had aggravated) watched daily from the summit of David's Tower the operations of the Protestants against Leith.

Knox, whose animosity made him relate many a ridiculous falsehood concerning his enemies, records that she

[1] Hollinshed. [2] Buchanan.

was wont to exult when she saw the frequent repulses of the English from the walls of Leith. We are also told (what was likely enough to happen) that the French stripped the corpses of the English, and for several days displayed them in rows on the sloping faces of the glacis, where they were pointed out to Mary from the windows of the Castle. Upon beholding them, she exclaimed—

"Ah! yonder is the prettiest tapestry I ever saw! Would that all the fields between me and Leith were covered with the same stuff!"

Her visual powers must have been acute indeed, as Leith is two miles distant, and telescopes were not invented until 1609.

Once, on beholding the English furiously repulsed with great slaughter, she rapturously exclaimed—

"Now will I go to mass, and praise God for what mine eyes have seen!"

Full of pious ardour, she hurried to the oratory of St Margaret to offer up her orisons; but (as Knox elegantly records it) "whoredome and idolatarie agree weel together, and that our court can bear witness *this day*, the 16th May 1560;"[1] and there she found her Dominican confessor, whose reputation for gallantry was pretty extensive, ready *to assist her* at devotion.

There is a vile innuendo concealed under the words of Knox; for we are told that, not long before, Mary, to her dismay, had detected the father confessor in the same holy place, in a very unbecoming situation, with a lady of the household. His fame is preserved in the following witty doggerel:—

> "There was a certain Black friar always called Black,
> And this is no nickname, for *black* was his wark;
> Of all the Black friars he was blackest clark,
> Born in the Blackfriars to be a black wark."

But, in reality, this Dominican was a subtle doctor, and

[1] Knox's Historie, 1st Edit. 1566.

a man of deep theological research, who in 1561 maintained against John Willox, the Reformer, a defence of the Catholic doctrine for two successive days, and gave him more than ordinary trouble to meet his arguments.

The anecdotes of Knox, when relating to his enemies, are utterly unworthy of belief.

The illness of Mary, a virulent dropsical affection, increased—"*yea, her belly and loathsum legs continued to swell, till that God did execute his judgments upon her*," as Knox atrociously has it; but her deathbed was peaceful and affecting. At her own desire, she was attended by John Willox, one of the most active of the reformed preachers, and Knox's particular friend. He was originally a Dominican.

She requested an interview with the general, d'Oisell, her steadfast friend and countryman; but this was denied her. She wrote to him, telling how heavily the hand of death now pressed upon her, and begging some medicines; but the letter was intercepted by Lord Grey of Wilton.

"Here lurketh some mystery," said the wary old soldier, as he viewed the letter in various ways; "for medicines are more abundant and fresh in Edinburgh than in Leith."

On holding it before a fire, some secret writing appeared; and he threw it into the flames, saying—

"Albeit I have been her secretary, I will keep her counsell—yet say unto her, such wares will not sell until there be a *new market*."

She did not live to witness the fall of Leith. On the 10th June, being utterly worn out by sickness and grief, she became much worse, and called around her bed the leaders of the Congregation; and there came the crafty Prior of St Andrews (afterwards Regent Moray), the Earl of Argyle, the brutal Glencairn, the Earl Marischal and others, who gazed coldly and hostilely on her wasted frame and dying energies, while in moving accents she conjured them to be loyal men and true to her young daughter

Mary, the Queen of France and Scotland. To them she condescended to lament the fatal issue of her mal-administration, and, with all the candour of a gentle and generous heart, implored their forgiveness.

And all forgave her save Knox, whose writings evince his exultation that *God did execute his judgments upon her loathsum legs.*

Assembling some of the nobles and French chevaliers around her pillow, she severally bade them an eternal adieu; requested Sebastian de Luxembourg, Seigneur de Martigues, the Sieur de la Brosse, Jean de Monluc, and others, to convey her last words and dearest regards to her daughter—and expired.

Thus died Mary of Guise and Lorraine, sister of Francis Duke of Guise, widow of Louis of Orleans, Duke de Longueville, and dowager of James V., a princess of great discernment and address, and intrepid but imprudent in some matters, gentle and humane. Her greatest, if not her only error, in the eyes of the Reformers, was a departure from the laws of good government to evince her devotion to the religion of her fathers. A portrait of her is in possession of the Duke of Devonshire. It represents her with a fair complexion, a high forehead, expressive of intelligence and candour, an oval face with regular features, clear hazel eyes, and rich auburn hair. She appears with a lace cap, a high ruff, and a gold crucifix suspended upon her breast; and from this old picture we can trace how many of her charms our own unfortunate Mary inherited from her beautiful mother, whom she appears to have strongly resembled.

The apartment in which she expired still exists, and is one of those in the large square turreted pile of buildings on the north-east angle of the Castle rock. So intolerant were the reformed preachers, that the rites of burial were denied her body; and it lay lapped in lead, and unburied, from the 10th June until the 19th October, when it was conveyed from the Castle by a party of soldiers,

placed on board a vessel at Leith, and conveyed to France, where she "was interred in the monastery of St Peiter at Rheimis in Champaigne, quherof her sister was Prioresse."[1]

[1] Balfour's Annales.

CHAPTER XI.

A. D. 1560—1566.

BIRTH OF JAMES VI.—SORCERY OF LADY ATHOLE.

The reign and residence of Mary imparted a splendour to the ancient Castrum Puellarum which hitherto it had not known.

On her return and landing at Leith, she was received by her factious and turbulent people with every demonstration of joy, and soon after was conducted, in a triumphal procession, from the Palace of Holyrood to the Castle.[1]

It was on a beautiful day in the August of 1560, and the magistrates had spared no expense to make the fête a splendid one. The fountains flowed with wine, the streets were decorated and strewn with flowers, tapestry hung from every window, and the cannon thundered from the castle-wall. Five black slaves, turbaned and clad in an Oriental garb, received her at the eastern gate of the city—a lofty arch between two embattled towers—and twelve of the most opulent citizens, attired in doublets of the richest velvet, and wearing chains of gold, and swords hung in embroidered baldricks, bore above her head a gorgeous canopy, fringed with glittering bullion, beneath which she rode in state, upon a palfrey of spotless white, with a footcloth sweeping the ground.

[1] Tytler.

"Slowly she ambled on her way,
Amid her lords and ladies gay;
Priest, abbot, layman, all were there,
And presbyter with look severe;
There rode the lords of France and Spain,
Of England, Flanders, and Lorraine;
While serried thousands round them stood."

The grace with which she managed her bridle, the lustre of her beauty, and the sweetness of her smile, filled her subjects with enthusiasm; and as she proceeded up the stately old street between the serried files of the steel-clad craftsmen, shouts of applause, loud and long, rent the summer air.

At the barrier of the fortress, "it was contrived that a boy six years of age should be let down to present her with a Bible, a Psalter, and the keys of the Castle."[1]

The stern Reformers alone, amid all this festivity, looked on with lowering brows.

When descending again to the city, after having partaken of a magnificent banquet in the ancient Hall, it required all the intervention of the Earl of Huntly to prevent the scandalous and insulting exhibition of an effigy, attired in the vestments of a priest, which, amid yells and anathemas, they were preparing to consign to the flames of a great bonfire, under her very eyes, on the Castlehill. Next Sunday the chapel of Holyrood was assailed; and thus it was that Mary was rewarded for that spirit of toleration which had *caused her* to have proclaimed, at the crosses of every city in Scotland, that *any attempt* to alter or subvert the Protestant religion was punishable *by death;* while to her brother James Stuart, Lethington, and other Protestants, she committed the administration of affairs.

Mary and Lord Darnley resided frequently in the Castle, and the inventories of her *geir*, in the Records of the Scottish Jewel House, evince the splendour with which her

[1] Hume.

apartments had been furnished. The chambers of the ancient royal lodging, situated on the highest part of the rock, richly embattled, turreted, and having two handsome octagon towers, were then covered with the richest arras, which probably Mary had brought from France. Among these we find eleven tapestries of gilded leather; eight of the Judgment of Paris; five of the Triumph of Virtue; eight of green velvet brocaded with great trees, bearing armorial shields and holly branches; ten of cloth of gold and brocaded taffety; thirty more of massive cloth of gold—one bearing the story of the Count de Foix; eight bearing the ducal arms of Longueville; five having the history of King Rehoboam; four the "huntis of the Vnicorne;" as many more of the story of Æneas; and one of the tale of Tobit.

The floors of polished oak were covered with "saxteen turkie carpets;" the tables were of massive oak, elaborately carved; the chairs of gilded leather, with cushions of brocade and damask, the high backs being carved with the royal crown and cypher; while the quantity of cloth of gold in the hangings of beds and decorations of other apartments, is truly amazing.[1]

Here, too, Mary kept her little library. It consisted of one hundred and fifty-three volumes, some of them vellum MSS., and contained Lucan, Sallust, Titus Livius, the tomes of St Augustine, Valerius Maximus, Vita Christi, Virgil, Esaias in Greek and Hebrew, Ronsard, Amadis de Gaul, Sir Lancelot du Lake, Orlando Furioso, and many volumes of romance and poetry. The contents of its shelves, however heterogeneous, evince how superior were the mind and attainments of Mary to those of the preachers and nobles who surrounded her. She had several volumes of theology, one of music, and "ane buik of *devilry*," a mysterious title, on which there is no comment in the Inventory.

[1] Invent. of Jewell Office, &c.

After the murder of her Italian secretary, Mary, in the first burst of her horror and indignation at Darnley, fled from the city to the royal castle of Dunbar, but soon after returned to that of Edinburgh, where she solemnised the feast of Easter, and where she resolved to remain for security during the apprehension and execution of some of the minor and more ignoble actors in the vile outrage that stained the floors of Holyrood on the 9th March 1566.[1]

The Queen was advised by the Lords of Council to remain within the Castle, and there await the time of her delivery, which was now drawing nigh. A former admirer, the young Earl of Arran, captain of the Archer Guard, whose love for Mary is said to have turned his brain, and who was confined in David's Tower for his extravagance, was removed to his patrimonial castle of Hamilton, the Earls of Moray and Glencairn becoming surety that he would not pass beyond two miles around it.[2]

Darnley had apartments near those of Mary, but she had little or no communication with him; and his sullen temper prevented him making any effort to conciliate her.

In April she had sent for her brother, whom, two years before, she had exiled for his wanton rebellion on her marriage with Darnley, but for whom she still entertained a sisterly affection. He arrived at the Castle, accompanied by his friends the Earls of Rothes, Argyle, and their followers, who were all kindly and graciously received by the Queen, with whom they remained during the ensuing summer.[3]

On the 19th June 1566, a little after nine o'clock at night, heralded by the thunder of the ordnance on tower and platform, Mary was delivered of a prince, who afterwards became James VI. of Scotland and I. of England. The little wainscoted room in which this great event took place is still shown, and is carefully preserved by the military authorities.

[1] Melville. [2] Spots. [3] Scott. Chron.

The royal arms of Scotland surmount the rude stone fireplace, and four lines of barbarous and ancient doggrel are painted on the wall, in allusion to that event—

> "O Jesu, Lord! wha crounit was with thorn,
> Preserve the birth, whais badgie here is borne;
> And grant, O Lord! whate'er of her proceed
> May be unto thy glory, and so beid."

According to Knox's secretary and "familiar servitour," the superstitious journalist Bannatyne, Mary was delivered, with great ease and safety, by the aid of sorcery. At that time the Protestants viewed with a suspicious eye a Catholic lady of distinction (the countess of John, fourth Earl of Athole) who attended the court of Mary, and whose supposed supernatural powers made her alternately an object of respect and terror to the vulgar.[1]

"Hence it was oppinlie affirmit for treuth, that when the Queene was lying in easing of the King, the ladie Athole, lying thair lykwayis, baith within the Castell of Edinburgh, that Andro Lundie cum thair for sum business, and called for the ladie Reirres, whom he fand in hir chalmer lying bedfast; and he asking hir of hir disease, she answeret that she was never so trubled with no barne that ever she bair, for the ladie Athole had cassin all the payne of hir (Mary's) childbirth *vpone hir*."[2]

The celebrated memorialist, Sir James Melville of Halhill, one of Mary's most accomplished courtiers, was immediately advertised by the Lady Boyne of the birth of a prince to "Scotland and the Isles." He threw himself on horseback at twelve o'clock next day, and, without halting, arrived that evening at Berwick, on his way to England with the tidings. In four days he was at London, from whence he repaired to Greenwich, when he was introduced to Elizabeth, who was then enjoying the festivities of a ball and masque. On his announcing the birth of Mary's son, the countenance of her rival fell, a cloud

[1] Dalzel's Darker Superstitions. [2] Journal of Events.

came over her brow, and all her cheerfulness vanished. He relates that she sank into a chair, and, placing her cheek mournfully on her hand, burst into tears.

"The Queen of Scotland," said she bitterly, "is the mother of a fair son, while I am yet but a forlorn maiden."[1]

By the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, John Spotswood, superintendant of Lothian, was sent, with other clergymen, to the Castle, to congratulate Mary on this auspicious event, which had filled all ranks with pleasure. They were graciously received by the Queen, to whom they expressed the desire of the Assembly, "that the young prince should be baptised according to the form of the Protestant Church."

Mary made no immediate reply, but placed her child in his arms, and requested him to look upon it. Pressing the little prince to his breast, the aged minister knelt down, and prayed long and fervently for his happiness and prosperity; and so touched was Mary by the whole incident, that she was unable to restrain her tears. However, she declined to comply with the request of the Assembly; for the prince was afterwards removed to Stirling, where, on the 5th December, he was solemnly baptised according to the imposing Roman ritual.[2]

On the murder of Darnley in the following year, and the seizure of Mary by Bothwell, it was to the Castle of Edinburgh she was brought prisoner from Dunbar, surrounded by a thousand spearmen of the house of Hepburn; and they entered the Castle port under a salute of cannon from the ramparts. Bothwell had some time before been appointed governor, and had garrisoned the fortress with his followers and dependants, who were commanded by a creature of his own, the Lieutenant-governor, Sir James Balfour of Pittendriech—a vacillating and worthless profligate, though eminent as a lawyer and scholar of divinity.

[1] Memoirs. [2] Hist. of the Church of Scotland.

He was the deviser of the Bond for Darnley's murder, which had been, with unique legal solemnity, drawn up in the castle of Craigmillar, and there signed by many nobles of the first rank, who pledged themselves to stand by Bothwell, after its perpetration, with limb and life, in weal or woe; but this Bond of Blood he afterwards destroyed.[1]

We are told that the Castle, of which the Earl of Mar had been custodier, was rendered to Sir James Cockburne of Skirling, in Peeblesshire, "at the Queen's command." The same day, saith the minute Birrel, a tempest of wind blew away the tail of the weathercock on Edinburgh steeple, which fulfilled the old prophecy—

> "Quhen Skirling sall be captain,
> The *cock* sall want his taill."

Thereafter, Bothwell contrived to get the Castle into his own hands, "to fortifie and defend himself" against the time of his trial for Darnley's murder.[2]

His friend Sir James was keeper of the famous silver casket, the pretended sonnets and letters contained in which were deemed so conclusive of Mary's guilt, but which all disappeared so mysteriously, notwithstanding their importance. This casket, which was richly chased, and bore the cypher of France, Balfour delivered at the Castle gate to Thomas Hepburn, parson of Auldhamstocks, who declared himself to be Bothwell's messenger, but who —probably by a previously concerted design—was inopportunely and unluckily seized by the Earl of Morton.[3]

On the confederate lords mustering an army against Mary and Bothwell, the Lieutenant-governor, Balfour, expelled from the fortress all men on whom he could not depend, and appeared so resolved to stand by the desperate fortune of his profligate patron, that, on the flight of the latter to Dunbar, the Castle of Edinburgh was block-

[1] Tytler. [2] Birrel's Diary, and Calderwood's Historic.
[3] Calderwood; Goodal; *Detectio Mariæ.*

aded by two thousand horse, the Confederates being resolved to obtain possession of it.[1]

Pittendriech, finding himself surrounded, committed to the flames the terrible Bond, (which hitherto he had carefully preserved in a green velvet desk,) and began to treat for a surrender. The Bishops of St Andrews and Ross, and the Earl of Huntly, being driven into the Castle by the Confederates, were courteously received by the Lieutenant-governor, who, after some days, conveyed them safely out by the west postern.

On Bothwell's flight, and Mary's captivity in Lochleven, the Regent Moray resolved, by force or treaty, to get all the royal fortresses into his own hands. The first was Edinburgh, which, on the 5th September 1567, Sir James Balfour surrendered, receiving as bribe a sum of money—"to be paid instantly, before he marched out"—the lands of Strathkiness and Ballone, with other gifts; and, immediately afterwards, the celebrated Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange was appointed governor, while his nephew, Andrew Echlin, received the office of constable.[2]

That night the Regent Moray entered with his friends, and slept in the little apartment wherein, the year before, his sister had been delivered of James VI.; and, notwithstanding the tenor of the capitulation, Moray, with his usual duplicity, made Sir James Balfour prisoner in an adjoining tower, and afterwards removed him to surer keeping at St Andrews.

[1] Buchanan, &c. &c. [2] Scotia Rediviva.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SIEGE IN 1573.

On the 2d May 1568, Mary escaped from Lochleven, but was defeated at Langside, and compelled to seek refuge in England.

Intent on vengeance, the stern Regent directed all his fury against the Hamiltons, her partisans. Bothwellhaugh, his future slayer, with many gentlemen of his surname, were committed to the towers of Edinburgh Castle, wherein the pious Regent stored all the plunder of Chatelherault's palace, and the spoil of ravaged Clydesdale. Bothwellhaugh was led out to die upon the gibbet on the Castle bank, but Moray, animated by some unusual qualm of conscience, or sentiment of mercy, stayed the execution, and remanded him to his prison, from which he shortly afterwards made his escape.

Moray's maladministration in Scotland soon caused a party to be formed for his destruction, and the Queen's restoration to the throne. Of this party Chatelherault, whom Mary had created lieutenant-general of her forces, was chief and leader. Moray, aware of the danger of delay, formed a plan, at once bold as it was politic, to crush this growing faction in the bud. He sent his guards to the Hamilton Lodging, in the Kirk-of-Field Wynd, whence, regardless of Chatelherault's position, as the first noble of Scotland, and next heir to its crown, they conveyed him to the Castle of Edinburgh, where, with the Lord Herries, he was left close prisoner.[1] At that time it was a very unsafe

[1] Goodal.

residence, as the pestilence had broken out amongst the garrison.[1] So unexpected and severe were the effects of this measure to Mary's faction, that the Lords Huntly and Argyle, who had unfurled their banners in the north, were compelled to lay down their arms, and submit to Moray.

The latter became very unpopular after the imprisonment of the Duke of Chatelherault; and the people murmured in secret that he had entered into a private contract with Elizabeth, to place the Castle of Edinburgh in her hands, that, assisted by her power, he might be proclaimed king of Scotland, if James VI. died prematurely. This rumour, which gained universal credence, served to increase the faction of the loyalists, and diminished the number of his adherents.

Maitland of Lethington, the most subtle and eminent of Scottish statesmen, was the soul and secret spring of Mary's party, in England as well as at home; and his political skill, energy, and penetration, were greatly dreaded by Moray. He fanned the flame of loyalty in the country, and gained over to the Queen the governor of Edinburgh Castle, the Lord Home, and many others. Well aware of his own insecurity while a partisan so active as Maitland lived, Moray employed one of his minions to accuse him of being accessory to the King's murder. He was, in consequence, brought under a strong guard to Edinburgh, and placed in a house near the Castle, where a band of Border horsemen, under Lord Home, kept guard, to prevent his escape. But his friend, the governor of the Castle, having resolved to rescue him from peril, at ten o'clock that night came to the house on the Castlehill, where he presented to Home counterfeit letters, as documents signed by the Regent, which directed that Maitland should be placed in his custody.

Lord Home, aware of the friendship that had long subsisted between Moray and Kirkaldy, immediately obeyed,

[1] Goodal.

and the fortunate secretary was carried in safety to the Castle, which had now become the resort of all who were in the favour of Mary. The confederate lords were exasperated when they heard of Maitland's rescue, and Kirkaldy's open defection. The latter was next day sent for by the Regent; but there was a plot laid for his assassination, and he refused to come. On the following day Moray went to the Castle, where they held a long conference, and appeared to be reconciled. But each had his own thoughts; and so soon as Moray marched against the Borderers, Kirkaldy declared for his exiled Queen by hoisting her standard on the Castle, and liberating from its dungeons nearly all who had been given him in charge for their hostility to the Regent's government.

On the 25th January, Moray was shot by the fugitive Bothwellhaugh, and brought from Linlithgow to Edinburgh for interment. His death was a source of triumph to the Queen's faction, whom his determined sway had awed, but of sincere sorrow to the confederate lords and Reformed Church.

In February ensuing, by a convention, the Earl of Lennox was chosen his successor in the regency. Sir William Kirkaldy, with his artillery, could have laid in ruins the Tolbooth, where the lords sat; but, treating them and their nominee with supreme contempt, when invited, he refused to be present at the reading of a letter from Elizabeth, and issued orders that not a gun should salute the proclamation of the new regent.

In Mary's name he not long after held a Parliament, the members of which rode in procession from the Castle gate to the palace, and back again, bearing before them the regalia, which, with a remnant of the crown-jewels that had escaped the clutches of the late regent, were preserved in an oak chest in Sir William Kirkaldy's chamber.

Lennox employed all his art and power to subdue the loyalists, and for that end proclaimed the Duke of Chatel-

herault, the Earl of Huntly, Maitland of Lethington, the governor of Edinburgh Castle, and others, traitors to the King, and enemies to their country; but the arrival of Monsieur de Verac from France with letters of encouragement, and ample promises of aid, caused these chivalric outlaws to take courage anew. The French ambassador consulted with the governor of the Castle, and procured the enlargement of some of the prisoners who had been committed by the Regent, particularly Herries and Chatelherault, who had remained there on parole.

Elizabeth now took alarm at the promises which the friends of the unfortunate Mary received from the courts of Paris and Madrid. Their number increased daily. They now possessed the Castles of Edinburgh, Dumbarton, and Lochmaben—the three strongest fortresses in Scotland. The first was every way important as the citadel of the metropolis. There with the Governor were the Lord Home, chief of a powerful sept; Secretary Maitland, in himself a host; the Prior of Coldinghame, Sir Robert Melville of Murdocairnie, Sir Andrew and Captain David, his brothers; the Lairds of Drylaw and Restalrig; the Laird of Pitadro, and Patrick Echlin his brother; while Sir James Balfour of Pittendriech, the Barons of Branxholme, Ferniherst, Wormistoun, Parbroath, and many other men of influence and power, came to and fro on all occasions, and were at all times ready for military service.[1]

Open war was soon proclaimed between them and those in arms for the infant king, James VI.—a war that was maintained for three years with a hatred and barbarity surpassing every other civil broil that desolated Scotland.

Edinburgh was filled with Queen's-men, whose leaders were Chatelherault and Huntly. They mustered in constant pay one hundred troopers and five hundred foot, commanded by experienced captains, and independent of the Trained Bands, a force armed with the national spear

[1] Melville.

"six Scottish ells in length," and clad in helmets, breastplates, gauntlets, and cuisses.

In addition to these were the soldiers of the garrison under Kirkaldy, whose military talents all men knew and appreciated.

On the 11th May 1570, Sir William Drury, marshal of Berwick, entered Scotland with one thousand foot, three hundred light cavalry, and four field culverins, sent by Elizabeth to assist in suppressing the Queen's-men; and on being joined by a thousand Scots, he committed great ravages on the territories of Mary's adherents, after which he retreated leisurely to Berwick.

In the mean time, anticipating a siege, the governor provided the Castle of Edinburgh with everything requisite, carrying off provisions from Leith, and wherever he could procure them.

Alarmed by the fall of Dumbarton, which the bravery of Crawford of Jordanhill had wrested from the soldiers of Mary, Sir William Kirkaldy took every possible means to render his position stronger. He repaired the Castle walls wherever they were decayed, cut away all the prominences which might have assisted an escalade to ascend the rocks, and carefully scarped the Castle bank with the same view. He carried off all the cannon, armour, and munitions of war in the arsenal of the citizens, and, by every exertion of skill, endeavoured to render as defensible as possible the last fortress where the banner of Mary waved.

The war between the factions continued with various success till the Parliament of 1572 met at Stirling, when, by a daring plan of Kirkaldy, ten of the leading nobles were seized and nearly carried off; but the bold ruse failed, his party of soldiers was defeated, and the Regent Lennox slain. He held another Parliament in the Castle, where only three peers and two bishops attended; yet these *five* did not hesitate to pass a sentence of attainder against more than *two hundred* of their opponents.

So much had religious zeal and political rancour

dissolved every natural sentiment that binds mankind together, that the wretched prisoners taken on either side were hanged in scores. Fifty-six men were on one occasion hung over the Castle wall, in view of the King's camp at Leith, where a number of Queen's-men had been put to death on the previous day.

In the month of May, the governor of the Castle ordered coin to be made for the payment of the troops. The pieces were of silver, and valued at ten, twenty, and thirty pence; these were all melted down by Morton, and used in making the base money he coined at the castle of Dalkeith.

On the death of the Earl of Mar, James Douglas, Earl of Morton, succeeded to the regency in December 1571; and his tyrannical administration, when assisted by the influence of Elizabeth, ultimately brought the civil war in Scotland to a close, and crushed the cause of Mary for ever. The first step toward this end was his concluding a treaty of peace at Perth with Chatelherault and Huntly, which rendered the part acted by Kirkaldy more desperate than before.

This obstinate and daring soldier refused to be comprehended in the treaty, or was left out of it by Morton; and animated by recklessness and revenge, determined to defend the Castle against both the Scottish regent and the English queen, while one stone remained upon another. His situation became peculiarly embarrassing and desolate.

Save the solitary Castle rock, all Scotland was now reduced under Morton's sway; yet the brave knight of Grange and his devoted soldiers, though forsaken by their companions, and forgotten by foreign princes, and having not only the troops of Scotland but those of England to contend with, remained unsubdued, till the fortress, by the mere dint of cannon-shot, crumbled into ruin beneath their feet.

On the 1st January 1573, a truce which had been made between the factions expired; and at six o'clock, through the darkness of the winter morning, the bat-

teries of the Castle opened upon the city—a single gun being first discharged as a warning for all loyal subjects to withdraw. In the High Street the inhabitants were sheltered by two bulwarks, which their Provost, the venerable Lord Lindesay, had previously erected. Most of the cannon-balls were directed against the newly-erected Fishmarket; and some lighting among the creels and baskets, beat them into the air, scattering the fish on the tops of some of the loftiest houses. Regardless of the danger, a number of poor persons employed themselves in gathering what they could pick up, when a single shot killed five and wounded twenty.

One night, when the wind was blowing high, Kirkaldy sent out a party, who set fire to some thatched houses near the West Port, and in the Castle Wynd. The wretched inhabitants used every effort to quench the spreading flames, but were retarded and terrified by a cannonade poured upon them from the ramparts above; and thus the fire raged unopposed from the ruined chapel of St Mary, at the extremity of the Portsburgh, to that of St Magdalene, nearly a mile distant.

This proceeding greatly enraged the citizens against the Governor, whose ultimate fate scarcely satisfied their hatred.

In the month of March he was visited by Henry Killigrew, who endeavoured, for the last time, to make peace between him and Morton, by proposing a surrender; but Kirkaldy's refusal was brief and decisive.

The Regent Morton required but this single fortress to have all Scotland under his dominion; yet he was unwilling to attempt its reduction by hostilities which might renew the blaze of civil war, now almost extinguished by the treaty of Perth. However, as it was absolutely necessary for the complete establishment of his power that he *should* possess it, he solicited the assistance of Elizabeth, who, rejoicing at an opportunity of hurling the banner of Mary from the towers where it waved so long, promised him all the aid he requested.

About this time Kirkaldy was visited in a friendly manner by the Marshal of Berwick. Baunatyne mentions, that when he was about to enter at the Castle gate, an English deserter, who had enlisted under Mary, and chanced to be sentinel, remembering some ancient grudge, levelled his arquebuse to shoot the marshal, to whom he was immediately delivered a prisoner by Kirkaldy. This courtesy was ill requited by the English knight, who, after treacherously noting the number of cannon, the height of the towers, and the strength of the walls, departed only to return as an enemy.

On the 8th March, Morton was joined by one hundred English pioneers, when he environed the fortress with his Scottish companies. On the 11th, the pioneers broke ground on the Castlehill, and formed a battery, working with considerable loss till the 15th, when the Governor made a sortie, and drove them from their trenches. On the 16th, a truce for thirteen days was agreed to; and scarcely had it expired, when Sir William Drury entered Scotland to the assistance of Morton, bringing fifteen hundred arquebusiers, and one hundred and forty pikemen. Their train of baggage and cannon came by sea to Leith.[1]

The Marshal of Berwick formally summoned the Castle to surrender on the 25th April; but the brave governor firmly refused; and, in token of *defiance*, amid the acclamations of his soldiers, unfurled a *red* standard on David's Tower. By the 15th of May the besiegers had erected five batteries, mounting thirty pieces of cannon. These consisted of a great carthoun, fourteen gross culverins, two sakers, and two bombardes or mortars; the rest were falcons or field-pieces. The mounds were formed in a line of circumvallation about the fortress. The first, commanded by the Regent Morton, occupied the site of Heriot's Hospital, and was intended to batter down the Peel and Royal Lodging; the second, Sir William Drury's, was to the westward, and opposed to St Margaret's Tower;

[1] Botville's Annals.

the third, under Sir George Carey, and the fourth, under Sir Henry Lee, were on the north-east; while the fifth, or Sir Thomas Sutton's, was to bear on David's Tower from the parks on the north.

During the erection of these works, the garrison, with forty pieces of cannon, including Mons Meg, poured a continual fire upon trench and mound, doing great execution, and retarding the operations of the besiegers. They pushed the trenches with such vigour, that, by Sunday the 17th May, the batteries were ready, and, at two o'clock in the afternoon, opened a simultaneous cannonade on the fortress; and the shriek that burst from the females in the Castle, when the first salvoes crashed upon the towers, was distinctly heard at the English camp. Many of the ordnance were dismounted and destroyed by the besiegers' shot; one struck a culverin fairly on the muzzle, and shattered it to pieces.

On both sides the firing was maintained with culverin, caliver, and arquebuse incessantly until the 23d, when the great Tower of King David, shattered and rent by the guns of Sir Thomas Sutton, "with a hideous noyse layed its airy head on the ground, leaving the defendants naked to the enemies' fury."[1]

On the 24th the Gate Tower, with the Portcullis and Wallace's Tower, were beaten down; the guns of the unfortunate garrison were almost silenced, and despairingly "they began to shoute."[2]

The great square Peel, and the Constable's Tower, with the platform of twenty brass cannon between them, all came thundering down in succession, choking up the draw-wells, "till that the ruines did damme up the gate and entrance betwixt the Castle and the utter Court and Block-house; there was a large breach made not farre from the gate of the bulwarke, and the ditch was filled with stones and rubbish."[3]

[1] Scotia Rediviva. [2] Birrel's Diary. [3] Godscroft.

The scarcity of water occasioned great misery to the poor soldiers, who had nothing but the midnight dew that descended on their unsheltered heads, or what they procured by lowering a bold comrade over the rocks to a well under St Margaret's Tower. But the besiegers secretly poisoned it; and thus scores of brave men, whom the strife had left untouched, expired in great torment; while the rest were too much enfeebled by sickness to bear their armour and work their cannon.

On the 26th an assault was made on the southward and westward, and continued from seven in the morning till ten. "The foremost in this service were the Captains Hume and Crauford. Hume's ladder being too short, and there being one of his men also shot upon it behind him, he was forced to come down again, and so Crauford got up first. So they went forward, and planted a *corps de guarde* before the gate of the Blockhouse, called Hume's Porter-lodge. I know not how or why it got the name."[1]

Thus was the Spur, a building of great strength, but poorly manned, taken by the Scottish companies of Morton, with the loss of only eight killed and twenty-three wounded. Its defenders were rescued by the Governor, who, by means of cords, drew them over the ruins into the upper works. In this assault Sir Francis Russel, of the house of Bedford, displayed marked cowardice.[2] The attack on the westward was ably repulsed, and the English then retired, leaving thirty soldiers shot behind them.

Kirkaldy's loss was very great, and, among others, he lamented the fall of a brave "Captain Trotter, who, while he lived, made good the breach with his owne sword."[3]

On the 28th a parley was demanded by beat of drum; and to an English knight, who approached within speaking distance, the Governor expressed a desire to communicate with his old friend and brother soldier, the Marshal of

[1] Godscroft. [2] Journal of Siege, 1573.
[3] Scotia Rediviva.

Berwick. Morton consented, and Kirkaldy and Melville of Murdocairnie were lowered over the ruins by cords, as there was no other mode of egress. In sign of peace, Kirkaldy bore a white rod in his hand. Requiring articles of capitulation which—though entitled to them by his valour and merit—Morton refused to grant him, the unfortunate Governor returned to the ruined fortress, from which he knew it was impossible to repel another assault. Without provisions, water, or ammunition—surrounded by ruins, the dead, the dying, the sick, and the despairing—his bold heart appears never to have flinched, until his soldiers, maddened by the miseries they underwent, and the prospect of an ignominious death, broke out in open mutiny, and many deserted.

"Let them go," said Kirkaldy; "our provisions are scant, and the house is better without them." But the mutineers threatened that, unless the place were surrendered in six hours, they would hang up the Laird of Lethington, as the source of all their misery, in the view of the enemy.

A truce for two days was agreed to between the parties; and the Governor received as hostages Sir Henry Lee, an English knight, and George Fleck, Morton's nephew.[1]

On the night of the 28th, Morton's Scottish companies, by a private request of the Governor's, marched between the English and the breaches, that the great national foe might not have the honour of entering first, as, on the morrow, the garrison had resolved to surrender, for the eight following causes:—

"I. They were deprived of water, because the well within the Castell was chocked with the ruines of the Castell walls; and the other well without could not serve them, because there was a mount made to hinder them. Another water there was, (unknown to such as were without the Castell,) but taken from them by the loss of the Spurre, out of which they were woont to have a pint a daie for everie souldier.

[1] Scotia Rediviva.

"II. Diverse persons were sicke, especially through drink of the water of Saint Margaret's Well, without the Castell on the north side, which had been poisoned by some of the enemy.

"III. Diverse others were hurt.

"IV. Not manie to maintain the Castell, and they not able to take any rest, being so plied and dailie wearied with batterie.

"V. Diverse of the souldiers divided in opinion.

"VI. Some were no souldiers at all.

"VII. That no aid was to be looked for by the way of France.

"VIII. And the chief cause was, that the Regent and his forces, planted in the strengths round about, and the horsemen dailie and nightlie watching and riding, withheld and took from them all vittels, and had brought them to a great scant of food before the siege began. *All these eight causes moved the said Surrender of the Castell.*"[1]

On the morning of the 29th May, the Governor delivered his sword to Sir William Drury, on receiving the most solemn assurance of being restored to his estate and liberty by the intercession of the English Queen.

The poor remnant of the garrison marched out in armour, with their swords belted on, and banner displayed. A strong guard of the Regent's troops escorted them, as a protection from the citizens, to whom they had become objects of odium and hostility from their protracted resistance, which had proved so destructive to the city. All that survived the cannonading of so many days were—the Governor; his brother, Sir James Kirkaldy; the Melvilles; Pittadro, the Constable; Patrick Echlin, his kinsman; the Lord Home; the Barons of Drylaw and Restalrig; the Secretary Lethington, and his brother the Prior of Coldinghame; the Ladies Grange and Lethington; the Countess of Argyle; and one hundred and sixty soldiers, with their wives, and ten boys.

[1] Botville's Annales.

Many of the English cavaliers of the Marshal Drury clambered into the Castle by the great breach in the east curtain, that, on their return home, they might boast of winning the Maiden Castle; but, after the ruined walls were in possession of the Scottish bands of Hume and Jordanhill, they would not permit the English to approach in great numbers, but bluntly repelled them with the thrust pike and levelled arquebuse.

Melville of Murdocairnie was sent to the residence of his brother, Sir James of Halhill. The ex-Governor and Maitland, with all the ladies, lived with the English general, who occupied Gourlay's House—a fine old edifice, of great strength and singular aspect, in the Old Bank Close, recently demolished. There they remained until Queen Elizabeth's letter arrived, desiring Drury to give them all up to Morton's mercy; while the poor disbanded soldiers were thrust into the dungeons of Merchiston, Blackness, and Craigmillar. Immediately upon this, Sir William Drury, with his troops and artillery, returned to Berwick.

Lord Home was committed prisoner to the Castle of Edinburgh, where he died in captivity. The Bishop of Dunkeld was placed in the Castle of Blackness; the Prior of Coldinghame in the Castle of Tantallon, where he remained twelve years. The Melvilles were liberated; but Maitland was committed to the Tolbooth of Leith, where, overcome by mortification and despair, he committed suicide. Meanwhile, Kirkaldy the Governor, Sir James his brother, James Mossman and James Leckie, (two goldsmiths, who had made coin in the Castle,) were imprisoned at Edinburgh—the first in Holyrood, the other three in the Tolbooth, near which they were all hanged on the afternoon of the 3d of August, "in the face of the sunne," as Knox is said to have predicted on his deathbed.

Mossman was an aged burgess of Edinburgh, whose father enclosed with arches the crown of Scotland, by order of James V.

After being suspended for some time on a gibbet, their

heads were cut off, and spiked on the most conspicuous parts of the Castle walls, which they had defended so long and bravely.

So perished the chivalric Kirkaldy of Grange, a victim to the grossest treachery and injustice!

His Constable, the Laird of Pitadro, was afterwards liberated.[1]

[1] Journal of the Siege; Scotia Rediviva; Botville; Life of Mary; Caledonia; Historie of James Sext; Poems of the Sixteenth Century; *Sege of the Castell;* Melville's Diary; Halhill's Mem., &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

A. D. 1573—1603.

GOVERNORSHIP OF PARKHEAD.

The siege of 1573, though short, was one of the most destructive ever endured by the Castle; and, by a computation, upwards of three thousand cannon-shot were found among the ruins.

The Regent Morton made his brother, Sir George Douglas of Parkhead, Governor, and Archibald, "brother to Tillywhillie," Constable of the fortress, which the incessant cannonade for so many days had utterly demolished. Save the Oratory of St Margaret, the Royal Lodging on the east, and the Hall on the south, with the dungeons below it, nothing survived. Parkhead was generally known as George the Postulate. He was one of the assassins of Rizzio, into whose backbone he struck the poniard of Darnley with such force that it could scarcely be drawn forth.

He immediately commenced the repair and refortification of the Castle; and, on the ruins of the Peel and eastern platform, erected the present Half-moon, with its deep-mouthed embrasures and massive front. A plan[1] still preserved shows that, on the north and west, in 1575, there were eight distinct towers or bastel-houses, defending curtains, mounted by forty pieces of cannon, exclusive of Mons Meg, arquebuses à croc, iron slangs, and cut-throats.[2]

[1] Ordnance Office. [2] Parkhead's Invent. in Jewel-House Record.

Morton caused his own coat-of-arms — the heart of Douglas, with three mullets, quartered with the bearings of Dalkeith and Lochleven—to be placed over the Castle Gate, *above* the Royal arms, which was deemed by the people an act of unmeasured arrogance. He also erected a coin-house, from which, in 1575, he issued gold pieces an ounce in weight, and valued at twenty pounds.

The friends of Mary, on the capitulation of Kirkaldy, were humbled for ever; and the Regent, having then all Scotland under his iron dominion, began with vigour to reform the disorders that prevailed in many districts. But his stern severity and grasping avarice, which made the church, the nobility, and the people to smart alike, exasperated the nation, and, under Athole and Argyle, a party was soon formed against his administration.

In the month of December, Sir James Kirkmichael, Warden of the Middle Marches, brought prisoner to the Castle, John, the Black Laird of Ormiston, whom (as one of Bothwell's friends and Darnley's murderers) he apprehended in disguise at Jedburgh. He was placed in a dark dungeon, where he requested a visit from Master John Brand, minister of Holyrood, "to give him comfort," being under sentence of death.

In presence of the Constable, Douglas, and George Towers of Bristo, he confessed to them that, with Bothwell and others, he had given directions for firing the powder that blew up the House of the Kirk-of-Field. On the 14th of the same month he was brought down to the Cross, and executed.[1]

The manners of the time, and the nature of Morton, are powerfully depicted in the following episode :—

Alexander Innes, twentieth Baron of that Ilk—a brave man, but of a proud spirit and ungovernable temper—having come to Edinburgh in 1576, concerning a lawsuit with his clansman, Innes of Pethknock, chanced to meet

[1] Arnot's Crim. Trials.

him one day at the Cross, which was then the grand promenade of the inhabitants. The Laird sternly asked his vassal "how he dared to summon him before a court of law?" and, on receiving a haughty reply, struck him dead with his dagger. Instead of attempting to escape, he continued to lounge to and fro near the dead body, and looked around him with the utmost *sang froid*.

He was soon arrested by Morton's guards, and conveyed to the Castle, where he was condemned to lose his head; but procured from the corrupt Regent *a remission*, "at the pryce of the Barrony of Kilmallem Knock, which extended to twenty-four thousand merks yeirly."

In the evening, after this comfortable agreement had been made, the Laird of Innes gave an entertainment to his friends, and made merry "anent the deirness of the ransome."

"If I had my foot once loose," said he vauntingly, "I would fain see if the Earl of Morton will dare to take possession of my land."

This was repeated to Morton, who "resolved to make sure game with him." Though what Innes said was merely in jest, he retained the bond for the barony, but ordered him to be immediately executed; and, accordingly, his head was struck off within the Castle.[1]

Morton's administration became so universally odious, that in 1577, James VI., at the early age of twelve years, was prevailed upon by Athole and Argyle to call a meeting of the peers, by whose advice he proceeded to deprive him of the regency, and took the government into his own hands. On the 12th March 1578, the Lyon King and Heralds appeared suddenly at the city cross, and proclaimed, with sounding trumpets, Morton's dismission, and the young King's assumption of the government. The fiery earl was overwhelmed with mortification and astonishment; but, to conceal this, ordered the Constable

[1] MS. cited in Pen. Tour.

and cannoneers to fire three salutes from the Half-moon, in honour of the royal proclamation.

On the 14th March he was formally summoned by the Lords Glammis and Herries, to place the Palace, Castle, Mint, and Jewel House in the King's hands.

The first he surrendered on the 16th, but made every preparation to retain the second, by directing his brother, Sir George of Parkhead, to provision his stores for a siege. This the citizens endeavoured to prevent, in consequence of a fray which had arisen some time previous between them and some soldiers within the fortress, where many were slain, and the rest forcibly expelled by the Governor, who (regardless of John of Carrick's charter) drove them out, sword in hand, for which they deprived him of his office of Provost.[1]

On the 17th March, Parkhead sent Douglas, the constable, into the city, with a party of soldiers, to purchase provisions at the Netherbow, where the fleshmarket was then kept.[2] Finding a guard placed by the magistrates at the Butter Tron, to obstruct their march, the soldiers fired three arquebuses among them, by which two burgesses were slain and one wounded. In consequence of this, by the time the Constable had procured his provisions, and was returning, the whole city was in arms: the craftsmen had donned their morions, plate sleeves, and steel jacks, and the High Street was bristling with pikes and Jeddart staves.

A conflict ensued; the Constable and his soldiers fell on boldly, cut down several of the citizens, shot Richard Lawson, a young gentleman, through the head, and cut a passage to the Castle gate, but were obliged to abandon their provisions by the way.[3] After this Archibald Stewart, the new Provost, maintained so strict a blockade, that they could procure no food until their surrender on the 1st

[1] Maitland's Hist. of Edin. [2] Gordon's Map, 1646.
[3] Godscroft; Calderwood.

April, when Sir George Douglas pulled down Morton's banner, and delivered the fortress into the hands of the Earl of Mar, who appointed the Lords Ruthven and Lindsay to receive possession, which they did with great formality. To the Earl of Morton they delivered a receipt for the Regalia and Crown jewels, conform to an ancient inventory; while he received, in return, a pardon for all misdemeanours.

The wily earl was careful that its terms should be ample; but ultimately they failed to screen him from punishment.

On the 1st April, Seton of Touch and Cunninghame of Drumquhasel received the keys of the gates, gun-house, and other towers, in the name of Sir Alexander Erskine of Gogyr, (Master of Mar, and uncle of the Earl,) who was appointed Governor; the Earls of Athole, Argyle, Montrose, and the Lord Ruthven, becoming by bond his sureties for fidelity.[1]

But the subtle Morton was yet unsubdued. By his talent for political intrigue, he won the confidence of the Earl of Mar, and by his means gained possession of the person of the young King, in Stirling Castle. There he summoned a parliament, which confirmed James's acceptance, and at the same time passed an act for his own security. On this Argyle and Athole indignantly rose in arms, but were pacified by the mediation of Queen Elizabeth; and when, next year, James entered Edinburgh, attended by a gorgeous pageant, the expense of which sufficiently testified the loyalty of the citizens, the great Morton had sunk gradually down into obscurity and disgrace.

In 1580, when Captain James Stewart, the young King's pampered minion and favourite courtier, charged Morton with being accessory to the murder of Darnley, (that fruitful cause of many a prosecution and death,) he was committed to ward under the Master of Mar.

[1] Spotswood.

It was between 11 and 12 o'clock on the 2d January 1581, that the once powerful Regent, so long the terror of his enemies, now fallen from his high estate, humbled and degraded, was marched on foot to the Castle gate, escorted by Captain Alexander Erskine and the Knights of Manderstone and Cowdenknowes, with their soldiers. As he passed the Butter Tron, a woman, whose husband he had executed for publishing an obnoxious ballad, knelt down on the bare pavement, and poured forth deep and bitter imprecations on his head.[1]

On entering the outer gate he paused, and took a notarial instrument that he had willingly surrendered; after which he was conducted to a tower, where none were permitted to visit him but in presence of the Governor and Constable.[2] Some days after, he was conveyed to the Castle of Dumbarton, guarded by three hundred arquebusiers.

On the 29th May, after five months' durance, he was brought back to his former prison, escorted by Captain Stewart (then created an earl) with the royal guard of horse; and on the same night, Robert, Earl of Orkney, whom Morton had imprisoned there some time before, was liberated by the King. Orkney had paid Morton £7000 for liberty; but the Earl, with his usual duplicity, had put the money in his pocket, and troubled himself no more about the donor. On the commission for his trial being shown him, he observed the name of *James, Earl of Arran.*

"Who is he—who is this man?" he asked the Governor.

"'Tis Captain James Stewart of Bothwell Muir," replied the Master of Mar.

The Earl changed colour, and stroked his long beard, which flowed to his girdle.

"And is it so!" he rejoined. "I now know what I may

[1] Historie of the Kirk. [2] Moyse's Memoirs.

expect, for there is an ancient prophecy, that *the Red Heart shall fall into the Mouth of Arran.*"[1]

He was found guilty of the same crime for which he had put so many others to death, and on the 2d June was beheaded by the Maiden, an instrument of his own invention. He died unrespected and unpitied, amid the execrations of assembled thousands.

Soon after this, it was discovered that Davidson, the English ambassador, was tampering with the Master of Mar—that a plot had been formed to slay the new favourite, Arran—to deliver the fortress into the hands of Elizabeth, and make King James a prisoner, by which those peers in exile for the Raid of Ruthven would have been enabled to return to Scotland. Arran declared to the Lord Hunsdon, Elizabeth's envoy, that he had certain proofs of the conspiracy, and that the capture of Edinburgh Castle, by treachery, was meditated.[2]

The Constable, with Drummond of Blair and the Provost of Lincluden, two prisoners of state, were implicated in this plot; and they accused the Lords Crawford and Lindsay, together with the Master of Glammis, as being accessaries to it. After a time, the Provost denied the existence of such a conspiracy, and threw down his glove in defiance to all who dared to gainsay him; but "albeit nothing could be objected against the Maister of Mar, yitt it was concluded in counsell, that he sould deliver the Castell;" and on the 8th August 1584, the favoured Arran was appointed Governor, contrary to the wishes of the Privy Council and Parliament, who voted a large provision for the garrison.

To prevent all such plots in future, Arran took up his residence there, and, expelling from the walls the former governor's constable and officers, demanded from Sir Robert Melvill the keys of the Crown Room, Jewel Office, and Royal Wardrobe. He took possession of the state

[1] Spotswood, &c. [2] Tytler.

apartments ; and, on his return from the conference with Hunsdon at Foulden Kirk, he was welcomed by a salvo of cannon from the ramparts.

In the succeeding year, this ambitious favourite was stripped of all his honours, and sank again into his former rank and name of Laird of Bothwell Muir, when his important office of governor was bestowed upon Sir James Hume of Cowdenknowes.

From this period until the accession of Charles I., little of importance concerning the Castle is to be found in the Scottish annals, save the daily committal to its dungeons of state prisoners, of whom a complete record will be found in the accompanying Notes. From these records we may select the story of Francis Mowbray.

In April 1602, an English gentleman had been committed to the Castle under peculiar circumstances.

He had requested and obtained an audience of James VI. at the Palace of Dunfermline, where soon after, in a brawl, he slew with his rapier James Chalmers, one of the King's attendants. When committed to the Tolbooth of the town, he became frantic, and exclaimed incessantly —"The King! the King! *the hour! the hour!*" and added in his ravings that he and an Italian were to assassinate the King. When removed to the Castle, he was heavily ironed, and remained for three months, when James VI. ordered him to be released as insane.

The Italian was soon discovered.

Signor Daniello, a fencing-master, who had been in Scotland eight years, having it is supposed conceived a deadly hatred against Francis Mowbray of Baronbugle, one of the most accomplished young cavaliers of the time, accused him before Queen Elizabeth of a design to assassinate the King of the Scots, to whom she sent them both prisoners, and they were committed to the Castle of Edinburgh, where John, fourteenth Earl of Mar, was governor.

"If ever I thought evil," exclaimed Mowbray to James, "or intended evil to my native prince, may God, that

marketh the secrets of all hearts, make me a spectacle to all Edinburgh—*make me fall at my enemy's feet*, and cast my soul into hell for ever!"

The fears of James were roused, and he caused these terrible words to be recorded, and subscribed by Mowbray. Daniello offered to maintain his accusation in single combat, and the 5th January 1603 was appointed as the day on which they "sould fight hand to hand in the closse of the Halyrudhous." But though the lists were paled off, and all the city was in expectation of the event, on intelligence from Elizabeth that she had in London two Scots, Walter Mowbray and John Anderson, "who could verify the treason," the combat was delayed; and the challenger and challenged remained in a tower of the Castle, the Italian occupying an apartment immediately above that of Mowbray.

The latter, finding that now the matter would probably go hard with him before the Secret Council, communicated with his family, and preparations were made for his escape. On the night of the 30th January 1603, after dusk, a party of horse were to await him near the King's Meuse, on the south side of the Castle rock.

Desiring supper earlier than usual, saying he had several letters to write, at eight o'clock he secured the door of his room, tore his blankets and sheets into stripes, and twisted them into a rope. This was scarcely accomplished ere a warder knocked at his door, and, finding it fastened, cried "Treason! Treason!" to alarm the guards.

Mowbray sprang through the window, secured his hastily constructed rope, and was in the act of lowering himself down, when the door was burst open. The warders rushed in, and shook the rope so violently that the miserable fugitive was compelled to let go his hold, and, falling headlong through the air, was dashed on the stony pathway leading to the Royal Meuse, three hundred feet below.

He was quite speechless, and all his limbs were fractured, but he still breathed. In the dark, the horsemen supposed

him dead, and, singular to relate, stripped his shattered form and galloped away. He was carried into the Castle, where he expired at three in the morning.[1]

His friends and family declared that he had been strangled and thrown over the walls by the King's order, and the rumour found many believers among the vulgar ;[2] and they failed not to remember that, Daniello being placed in a chamber above him, the prophetic imprecation he had uttered against himself was fulfilled.

He had really *fallen at his enemy's feet!*

He was scarcely cold ere Home the Constable had to deliver the body to the civil authorities, who considered the attempt to escape as conclusive of guilt. The mangled remains were dragged backwards through the streets, laid before the Justiciary Court, hanged, quartered, and placed above the city gates."[3]

"His heid, ane leg, and ane airm, were put up above the Netherboll ; ane uther leg on the West Poirt ; ane airm to be hungin upoun the Patter-raw-poirt."[4]

In this unhappy young man perished the son of one of the finest old baronial families of Scotland—the Mowbrays of Baronbugle, some vestiges of whose castle still remain near the conflux of the Almond with the Forth.

Calderwood's Historie informs us that Daniello, the Italian, was released on the day succeeding Mowbray's death.

[1] Calderwood.
[2] Spottiswood.
[3] Birrel's Diary.
[4] Crim. Record.

CHAPTER XIV.

A. D. 1622—1638.

THE DUNKERQUERS—CORONATION OF CHARLES I.

On the 6th June 1622, the Constable received orders from the Lords of the Secret Council, to have his cannon and cannoneers in readiness, as certain foreign ships were fighting in close battle within gunshot of Leith.

A frigate belonging to Philip IV., King of Spain, and commanded by Don Pedro de Vanvornz, had been lying for some time at anchor within the harbour of Leith, taking on board provisions, "her souldiers repairing to land as often as they pleased." It happened that, one night, two vessels of war, belonging to their deadly foes the Dutch, and commanded by Mynheer de Hautain, the Admiral of Zealand, sailed into the same harbourage, and cast anchor close by Don Pedro.[1]

Daylight broke, and the astonished Spaniards cleared away for action, and a desperate engagement ensued. From each deck the tiers of brass cannon poured a destructive fire on the other for two hours, without intermission; and the Spaniards repulsed, by sword and pike, more than one attempt to carry their lofty bulwarks by boarding. The smoke of the culverins, arquebuses, and pistolettes enveloped their lofty rigging and gaudy streamers, and all the harbour of Leith; while the stray bullets, that skipped

[1] Letter of Earl Melros to James VI.

along the wooden pier and crowded shore, filled the inhabitants with terror and confusion.

The citizens of Leith and Edinburgh came forth arrayed in their armour, at the disposal of the Secret Council, who repeated their order to the Constable of the Castle, "to have the cannoneers and ordonnance, and all necessarie furniture, readie." A herald was despatched with the water-bailie of Leith, warning the combatants to forbear hostilities within the Scottish seas; but neither the herald's blazoned tabard, nor the bailie's golden chain, procured them attention or respect, for the battle continued till mid-day with unabated fury; till the furious Don Pedro, finding himself sorely pressed by the superior force and obstinacy of the Dutch, desired permission of the Secret Council to move further within the harbour of Leith, which was granted; but still the Admiral of Zealand's ships poured their broadsides on his shattered hull.

Indignant at his despising their orders, the Council desired the Admiral-Depute to muster the mariners of Leith, and assail him in aid of the Dunkerquer; but the Depute reported that "they were altogether vnable, and he saw no way to enforce obedience but by bringing ordonnance from the Castell to the shoare, to ding at them so long as they sould be within shot." [1]

Upon this the Constable and his cannoncers, with a train of artillery, came down Leith Loan with all speed, crossed the old bridge, and took up a position on the high ground near the ancient chapel of St Nicholas, the site and burial-ground of which, a few years afterwards, gave place to Cromwell's Citadel. The cannon were loaded and pointed; but their aid came too late, for Mynheer de Hautain, after great slaughter, had driven the unfortunate Spanish corvette outside the harbour, where she grounded on that dangerous reef, the Mussel Cape, now known as the Black Rocks. There a party of Leith seamen boarded

[1] Melrose's Letter.

her, and hoisted the Scottish standard on her topmast; but it afforded her no protection, for the inexorable Dutchman, in the night, "sett her on fyre, brunt her," and sailed away before daylight.[1]

After the unfortunate Charles I. ascended the throne, he instituted the honourable order of Baronets of Nova Scotia, for the promotion of colonisation in North America, where each of these knights had a territory erected into a free barony, with the right of castle, pit, and gallows. All who were disposed to become colonists, were infeft in their lands with the earth and stone of the Castlehill; and, between the years 1625 and 1649, sixty-four of those baronets took seisin before the arch of the Spur.

In May 1633, Charles visited the capital of his native country, entering it on the 16th by the West Port, amid imposing pageants of many kinds.

On the day after his arrival, accompanied by sixteen state-coaches and the Horse-Guards, he proceeded to the Castle, where he was welcomed by a salvo of fifty-two pieces of cannon. He remained one night, and in the morning returned to Holyrood.

The celebrated Archbishop Laud accompanied Charles in this visit, the principal object of which was his coronation as King of Scotland, it having been found incompatible with the honour of the country that the Regalia should be sent to London for that purpose. The ceremony was performed at Edinburgh, amid the most enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty and joy; but the religious services, being invested with all the forms and splendour of the Church of England, roused the jealous prejudices and ready indignation of the Presbyterians.

On Monday the 17th June, Charles again went privately in a coach to the Castle, where the venerable Earl of Mar, its governor, gave a magnificent banquet in the ancient

[1] Balf. Annales; Cald. Historie, &c.

hall, where many of the first nobles of Scotland and England were seated on each side of the King.[1] The great hall was the place where the officers of state and the nobles met for the coronation. There, next morning, the King was conducted from the audience-chamber, and placed on a throne under a velvet canopy, by James, Duke of Lennox, Lord High Chamberlain.

As soon as he had assumed his seat, the whole peers of Scotland entered the hall in procession, wearing their state-robes of crimson velvet, rich with furring and embroidery, each belted with his sword, and having his jewelled coronet borne before him by a gentleman uncovered.

After being addressed by Viscount Duplin, the Chancellor, in the name of the Parliament, Charles was conducted to the Castle gate, and from thence the procession to Holyrood began. It was long since Edinburgh had witnessed anything so magnificent.

The long vista of the broad and stately street to the eastward, so imposing in aspect, and quaint in architecture, was alive with people; every window of its lofty houses was crowded with glad faces, and decorated with garlands of summer flowers, with flaunting banners and heavy tapestry.

Mounted on a noble roan horse, and having a saddle of rich velvet, a foot-mantle of the same material sweeping the ground, and massive "with pasements of gold," Alexander Clark, the provost, appeared at the head of the bailies and Council, to meet the King; while the long perspective of the crowded street (then terminated by the spire of the Netherbow) was lined by a "brave company of soldiers, all clad in white sattin doublets, black velvet breeches, and silk stockings, with hats, feathers, scarfs, and bands. These gallants had dainty muskets, pikes, and gilded partisans."[2]

[1] John Spalding's History. [2] History of Troubles.

Six trumpeters, in gold lace and scarlet, preceded the procession, which moved slowly from the Castle gate. Then came the Lords in their robes of scarlet, ermined and laced, riding with long foot-mantles; the Bishops, in their white rochets and lawn sleeves, looped with gold; the Viscounts in scarlet robes; Haddington bearing the Privy Seal, Morton the Treasurer's golden mace, with its globe of sparkling beryl; the York and Norroy English Kings-of-Arms, with their heralds, pursuivants, and trumpeters, in tabards, blazing with gold and embroidery; Sir James Balfour, (the historian,) the Scottish Lyon King, preceding the spurs, sword, sceptre, and crown, which were all borne by Earls. Then came the Lord High Constable, riding with his baton, supported by the Great Chamberlain and Earl Marshal, preceding King Charles, who was arrayed in a robe of purple velvet, once worn by James IV., and having a foot-cloth embroidered with silver and pearls, and his long sweeping train upborne by the young Lords Lorn, Annan, Dalkeith, and Kinfauns. Then came the band of Gentlemen Pensioners, marching with their glittering partisans uplifted; then the Yeomen of the Guard, clad in doublets of russet velvet, having the royal arms "curiously wrought in raised and embossed work of silver and gold, upon the breast and back of ilk coat;" each company commanded by an Earl.[1] The Gentlemen of the Scottish Horse Guards were all armed *à la cuirassier*, and carried swords, petronels, and musketoons.

Charles was solemnly crowned King of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, by Spotswood, Bishop of St Andrews, who placed the crown upon his head in the Chapel Royal; and the Bishop of Brechin preached on the conclusion of the ceremony. But the people murmured among themselves when they "marked that there was a four-nooked tassil, in manner of ane altar, standing within

[1] Spalding, Balfour, &c.

the kirk, having thereon two books, called *blind books*, with two chandeliers and two wax candles, whilk were on light, and a basin wherein there was nothing; at the back of the altar there was ane rich tapestry, wherein the crucifix was curiously wrought; and as the Bishops passed by this crucifix, they were seen to bow their knee, and beck, *which bred great fear of inbringing of Popery*."

On the 18th July, Charles left Edinburgh on his return to London.

Though the promotion of his people's welfare was the sincere desire of this ill-fated monarch, by yielding too much to the suggestions of a bad ministry, and the advices of the zealot Laud, the time soon came when he was to precipitate himself into those unhappy measures which involved him in ruin—the change of the old and simple form of Presbyterian worship, for the liturgy and more imposing service of the Episcopal Church.

When this unfortunate contest ran so high that force of arms could alone decide it, a permanent committee of management met at Edinburgh, to conduct the preparations for a war against the King; and their measures were made with singular prudence, activity, and success.

In 1638, on the arrival of the Marquis of Hamilton as Royal Commissioner, a general alarm prevailed, that arms had been brought from London, and conveyed to the old Castle of Dalkeith,[1] where the Marquis required the Covenanting chiefs to meet him. Too wary to trust themselves there, they bluntly requested him to meet *them* at Holyrood; but he refused, alleging as a reason, that they had environed the King's Castle of Edinburgh with numerous armed guards. This measure had been adopted to prevent military supplies and provisions from being laid up there, for the ultimate suppression of their cause.

[1] Laing's Hist.

Mutual concessions adjusted this matter. The Provost, Sir John Hay, invited the Marquis to Edinburgh, pledging himself that the blockade formed by the city Trained Bands should be withdrawn from the Castle. After this, he was received with all the honours due to the King's commissioner, and in a manner artfully calculated to impress him powerfully with a sense of their numerical strength. He, however, overlooked one circumstance to which he might have objected — viz. a small party of citizens, eight in number, but armed with swords only, who by day and night maintained a private watch along St Cuthbert's Road, to the westward of the Castle rock.[1]

Hamilton's efforts at mediation were unavailing; the country was up in arms against Episcopacy—open war had been resolved on; and thousands of brave soldiers and experienced officers, trained in the Continental wars, were thronging home to Scotland, proffering their swords to either party, King or Kirk, as their spirit of honour or inclination led them. Sir Alexander Leslie of Balgonie, Marshal of Sweden, a veteran of great courage and ability, with many of his brave comrades who had been pushing their fortunes on the fields of Westphalia, in Lower Saxony, and on the banks of the Danube and Rhine, under the banners of Gustavus Adolphus and other leaders, now enrolled themselves under those of the Covenanters.

Leslie obtained a passport under the hand of Charles I., who at that time must have been ignorant that he was returning only to lead an army against him.[2]

Huntly had unfurled his standard in the north and Douglas in the south; and by the Covenanters a general attack was concerted, for the purpose of reducing every fortified place in Scotland.

[1] Rebellions under Montrose.

[2] MS. in Melville Chart. Chest.

Sir Alexander Leslie undertook to surprise the Castle of Edinburgh, which, after a careful reconnoissance, he accomplished in the following manner.

CHAPTER XV.

A. D. 1638—1640.

SURPRISE BY LESLIE—SIEGE IN 1640.

At this period the Castle had remained much the same in aspect since 1575. The great Half-moon, with its arched port-holes, faced and overawed the city; above it rose the square turrets and octagon spires of the Royal Lodging, and near it the great corbie-stoned gable of an ancient church. It still presented a range of detached towers and buildings on the other faces; one of these contained the Register, where, since 1618, the standard firlots, weights, and measures were ordained to be kept.[1]

The great embattled Spur, with its round archway and bristling ordnance, still crowned the Castle hill; it was shaped now like a triangular ravelin, and all faced with hewn stone. "The Castle had three gates, well fortified, at thirty paces distance from one another," says an old writer; "the wall that surrounds it is six hundred fathoms about, and towards the town there is a great platform, mounted with twenty pieces of great brass ordnance; behind this are the apartments of the Castle, which are truly noble and magnificent."[2]

The southern bank, under the wall of the Spur, was the common place of execution; and there, in the view of the thousands that crowded the Grassmarket below, many

[1] Acta Parl. Jacobi VI.

[2] Menteth of Salmonet, fol.

Edinburgh Castle. A.D. 1646. From an Ancient Dutch Print.

an unfortunate has looked his last on the morning sun. The gibbet was removed in 1681.[1]

When Leslie resolved on capturing this important stronghold, though garrisoned only by *fifteen* retainers of the Earl of Mar, commanded by the Constable, Captain Alexander Haldane, (a brother of the Laird of Gleneagles,) no small degree of skill, stratagem, and courage were requisite in the attempt.

On the forenoon of the 23d March, by concerted arrangement, "a certain devout gentlewoman of Edinburgh" visited the unwary Captain Haldane, and remained, uninvited, to dinner, for the purpose of diverting his attention from the operations of Leslie, who, between four and five in the evening, appeared at the Castle gate with a thousand musketeers, selected from those he had under daily training in the outer court of Holyrood. Disposing of part of his force in the close heads on the Castlehill, accompanied by Major-general Sir Alexander Hamilton, of the Artillery, Colonel Robert Munro, and other Covenanting officers, Leslie, by beat of drum, demanded a parley with the Constable at the Castle gate.

Alarmed by the summons, Haldane seized his sword, and, abruptly leaving the "devout gentlewoman" to her reflections, hurried to the barrier, where Leslie summoned him to surrender.

Haldane refused and retired. Leslie then fixed a large petard to the gate, lit the match, and withdrew. While the Constable and his little garrison stood quietly but anxiously peering through the port-holes of the Half-moon, they were startled by a sudden blaze through the gloom of the March evening; the bomb burst with a tremendous crash, and blew the gate to fragments; upon which the Covenanters rushed through the Spur, and assailed the second gate pell-mell, with axes and sledge-hammers. It soon yielded, and the third also was beaten down, when Hal-

[1] Acta Parl. Caroli II.

dane with his party, appalled by the unexpected explosion and the vigour of the attack, surrendered their swords without unsheathing them.

Thus was the most important fortress in Scotland lost to King Charles in twenty minutes. Haldane was liberated, and repaired to London, where, at court, no animadversions were made on the loss.

That night the general jovially entertained the Earls of Home, Lothian and Rothes, Yester, St Clair, and other Covenanting lords, in the Castle Hall. Next day the gates were repaired, and the renewal of the fortifications was commenced and finished at considerable expense.[1]

In the magazines and Gunhouse were found many cannon of heavy calibre, twenty-five field-pieces, a few cannon shot and some powder, but only forty muskets.[2]

On the following day the Lords Covenanters captured the Castle of Dalkeith, where they found, concealed in the dovecot and draw-well, forty-eight barrels of powder, twenty-four of musket-balls, two cartloads of pikes, and six of various firearms—all of which had been brought to Scotland by the Marquis of Hamilton for the service of the King, but now formed a seasonable supply for his enemies. These stores, together with the regalia, they conveyed to the Castle of Edinburgh, whereon they hoisted their blue standard, the motto of which was, "For an oppressed kirk and broken covenant."

Montrose's regiment, fifteen hundred strong, formed the garrison, and Lord Balmerino was appointed Governor.[3] The Marquis of Huntly and his son, Viscount Aboyne, were committed to his care, (prisoners of the kirk rather than the state,) for delaying to *subscribe* the Covenant. His daughters, the ladies Jane and Henrietta Gordon, who came from Strathbogie to visit him, were not permitted to enter the Castle, by order of the Green Table,[4] who kept

[1] Baillie's Letters.
[2] Balfour's Annales.
[3] Reb. under Montrose.
[4] Spalding.

the Marquis and his son close prisoners until the pacification of Berwick.

On the 19th November, the birthday of Charles I., a great portion of a curtain wall, which was old and ruinous, fell down and rolled in masses over the rock. The superstitious Covenanters, rejoicing in this circumstance as *boding evil* to the royal cause, would not permit the garrison to repair permanently this dangerous breach, which was rudely filled up with fascines and palisades. After the pacification of Berwick, thirty castles were restored to the King, and among these were the fortifications of Leith and the Castle of Edinburgh.

The office of its hereditary keeper had been purchased from the Earl of Mar by the King, who bestowed the command upon a brave and veteran cavalier of fortune, Sir Patrick Ruthven of Bandean, (a Swedish Lieutenant-General, and Governor of Ulm under Gustavus Adolphus,) whom Charles afterwards created Lord Ettrick and Earl of Forth.[1]

In February 1640, he arrived in Leith Roads with two frigates, having on board three hundred soldiers, under Captains Chipman and Slingsby, and a quantity of ammunition for the Castle of Edinburgh, into which they marched on the 25th, with drums beating and "cocked matches," and hoisted the King's standard on the Half-moon.

Previous to this it had been garrisoned by a few men, whose only means of defence were *one* unserviceable musket; for the Covenanters, not less wary than pious, were resolved to leave nothing in it of use to the King.[2]

General Ruthven having reported that the works were in many places ruinous and insufficient, the King, in a letter to the citizens of Edinburgh, enjoined them to assist in putting it in a complete state of defence.[3]

That this should be requested at a crisis still so danger-

[1] Minutes of Parl. [2] Reb. under Montrose.
[3] Maitland, Hist. Edin. fol.

ous, when the whole of Scotland and its capital were in a flame, is not easily to be accounted for ; but Provost Dick and his doughty bailies, instead of obeying the royal mandate, subscribed £50,000 Scots for the maintenance of five hundred men to assist in subduing Ruthven ; for which signal service they received a letter of thanks from the army of the Covenant, then encamped on Dunse Law.

In a letter dated *Berwick, 27th July* 1639, Charles writes to Traquair, his Commissioner to the Assembly, thus :—"You shall pay weekly, for the defence of our Castle of Edinburgh, a hundred soldiers at eightpence per diem, *besides* the English gunners and artificers, at the rates set down by the Marquis of Hamilton. And as for Ruthven himself, you shall assign him the rents of the Castle ; and you shall likewise keep a competent number of workmen for completing the fortifications already begun, and shall withal provide the Castle with six moneths' victuals for the aforesaid souldiers and officers."[1]

The magistrates fortified the town and exercised the Trained Bands : which warlike demonstrations, together with a refusal on their part to supply the Castle with provisions, the frequent recurrence of violence and outrages committed on those soldiers who went to the markets, and the retention of the timber, stone, and other materials requisite for the fortifications, so exasperated the testy old General Ruthven, that suddenly one morning he treated the citizens to a few rounds of heavy shot from the brass cannon of the eastern batteries.

On the renewal of open hostilities between Charles and the Scots, the Castle was closely invested in May 1640 by a strong force under Leslie, who, on the 12th June, was ordered by the Parliament to assail it.

Ruthven fired again into the streets, and killed many of the inhabitants by cannon and musketry, which formed his only answer to a summons of surrender. Several

[1] Records of the Kirk.

houses on the Castlehill were filled with earth and sap to protect the adjoining closes, while bulwarks were thrown across the street to preserve the Lawnmarket from being raked by the Half-moon battery.

Some time before the investment, a truce had been agreed to between Ruthven and the bailies of Edinburgh, for the purpose of submitting their mutual complaints to the King; but it was broken by the citizens, who renewed their trenching and drilling, upon which Ruthven again fired on the town; and the bulwarks, &c., were demolished by David Scrimegeour, the constable, who made a sortie from the gate.[1]

Leslie's blockade was so strict, that Ruthven's letters and provisions were completely intercepted; the rations were principally pickled beef and salt fish; many of the English soldiers died of flux and scurvy; while, to make matters worse, the water subsided in the wells.

By direction of the Estates, the Earl of Montrose requested General Ruthven to give them the Regalia, that, according to the ancient custom, they might be carried in procession at their riding to the House of Parliament. Ruthven roughly declined; and soon after an arrow was shot over the castle wall. It fell at the feet of the General, who found a letter attached to it, requiring him to yield within forty-eight hours, under pain of forfeiture; but he replied, as usual, with a round of cannon-balls.

Leslie erected four batteries against him. These were mounted with twenty-four and thirty-six pounders, which had been brought from Holland, The first was placed on the bartizan of Robert Davidson's house on the Castlehill; the second in the Greyfriars' Churchyard; and the third, a very high one, but mounting only seven pieces, was formed near the old Kirk of St Cuthbert, on a road called the Lang Gate,[2] and was the source of greatest annoyance to the garrison. The fourth was on the north bank of the

[1] Hist. of the Troubles.

[2] Memorie of the Somervilles.

loch (near where Hanover Street stands,) and was opposed to the left flank of the Spur.

Leslie had first formed a battery on the Castlehill, but abandoned it, though the Spur, from its size, was poorly manned, and consequently a source of trouble to so slender a garrison. By the beginning of May, every avenue was completely blocked up by these works, during the erection of which Ruthven fired on them incessantly.

On the 10th June the four batteries of Leslie opened a cannonade under the direction of Colonel Hamilton, Master of the Ordnance.[2] Upon this the old cavalier ordered his cannoneers "to double-shot their guns, to show that the King's soldiers lacked neither ammunition or resolution;" but after a time he desired them to cease firing, on beholding the havoc they were making in the city. Meanwhile Leslie had posted select musketeers to pick the soldiers off the ramparts, which soon compelled his old Swedish comrade to resume the cannonading more briskly; and then the lofty chimneys, and beautiful spire of St Giles', were in greater jeopardy than ever.

On Monday the 13th July, there ensued a skirmish between the garrison and their besiegers, who were repulsed, leaving ten dead at the gate of the Spur, and within it ten more, whose bodies were contemptuously hurled over the rocks, to the great disgust and dismay of the inhabitants. This had been brought about by their hanging a man, who had been discovered with a packet of the King's letters (addressed to Ruthven) concealed on his person.

Provisions were daily becoming more scarce, and the exasperated Royalists, not content with battering the city, fired on the poor people shearing in the fields, and killed many of them.[2]

At a council of war, called by General Leslie, Colonel Hamilton undertook, by mine and sap, to get possession of the Spur, and, under Major Somerville of Drum, the ope-

[1] Menteth, fol. [2] Spalding.

rations were commenced near to where the present Reservoir stands; and during the trenching, the garrison made many a sortie.

On one occasion, when the *vivres* were most scarce, a flock of sheep fled from the Grassmarket, ascended the steep Castle Wynd, and spread over the grassy southern bank under the ramparts of the Spur, on the northern flank of which Leslie's sappers were intent at work upon their mine. When day dawned, the hungry soldiers, who had fared on salt "provant" for a considerable time, were unable to resist such a tempting display of full-fed mutton. A party made a sally from the postern of the Spur, and began to drive the sheep upwards to the Castle. The Covenanters rushed to the rescue, and, in the gray twilight, a pell-mell conflict ensued upon the steep hill-side; and, in the confusion, the soldiers, encumbered with their helmets and buff coats, muskets, rests, and bandoleers, while scrambling after the fugitive sheep, frequently shot their comrades, whom they were unable to distinguish from foes.

The garrison captured thirty sheep at the dear price of *forty* men, whom they left shot dead on the Castle bank; a parley was soon after demanded by beat of drum, and they were all decently interred.

One day Major Somerville, who had charge of the mine, invited a number of officers to dine with him at his house in the West Bow. While they were at dinner, a ball from the Castle came crash through the Major's kitchen, and wounded his cook in the leg, while in the act of *basting* a leg of veal; and an old gossipping memorialist records several of the jokes made by the Covenanting warriors on this occasion, when they discovered that the young woman was not seriously injured—jokes so coarse and licentious as to be curiously at variance with their vaunted religious principles.

Two foreign artillery-officers, who served the Covenanters, fired their batteries with such little effect, that they "not only missed the Castle, but the *whole rock*," as a

Scottish officer tauntingly told them. Annoyed by this remark, they assured him they would redeem their bad gunnery, and, pointing to a large cannon on the Half-moon, volunteered "to dismount it at the first shot, or forfeit a month's pay."

"I will double the stake!" exclaimed the Scottish officer.

"Be it so," rejoined the artillerists, as they loaded their cannon; but when in the act of pointing it, a ball came booming from the culverin indicated, and cut them both in two, throwing their entrails into the air, where they adhered to the chimneys of a house, and were seen for many days after.

Tired of their batteries, the Covenanters bent all their energies to the mine under the Spur. It was sprung, and the south-east angle of the ravelin blown up. When the clouds of smoke, dust, and stones cleared away, the rugged breach presented an aspect so formidable that few of the Covenanting officers appeared very desirous of leading the forlorn-hope; for old Ruthven was on the alert, and, wearing his rich cuirass and cavalier hat, appeared within at the head of his soldiers.

At last Somerville of Drum, with one hundred and twenty-five men, and a Captain Weddal, at the head of sixty more, rushed forward to the breach, exposed to a murderous fusillade from the parapets of the ravelin; but no sooner had they gained the summit of the gap, than a cannon, loaded to the muzzle with musket-balls, was depressed to sweep the gorge, and actually blew twenty men *to shreds*.[3] Weddal had both his thighs broken, and was thrown to the foot of the bastion; while Somerville and the survivors were forced to crouch down and grovel for shelter close to the wall. Here he was recognised by his old brother-officer Ruthven, who looked over the parapet and exclaimed—

"Somerville, you have exposed yourself and your sol-

[3] Menteth of Salmonet.

diers to certain destruction, for which my old comrade, General Leslie, is to blame. Under favour of my cannon, I beseech you to retire, for I derive no pleasure in the death of gallant men."

The poor Major, being severely wounded, and bleeding, was unable to move, but was carried off by Leslie's orders. Of his party of one hundred and eighty-five men, who had advanced up the breach, only thirty-three escaped, and of these many were wounded. He was borne to the house of the Provost, Sir William Dick, in the Lawnmarket, where he remained till his wounds were healed.[1]

Ruthven closed the breach by a palisade.

The issue of this affair rather cooled the chivalry of the Covenanters, who attempted no more escalades, but resolved quietly to await the effects of gaunt famine, which was making daily inroads on the little garrison of the devoted cavalier. He had now been blockaded three months, and nearly all his provisions—save a few barrels of pickled fish—were exhausted; the wells were dry, and the soldiers died so fast of scurvy and debility, that the Spur and its outworks were abandoned to the foe.

On Sunday the 30th August, the Castle of Dunglas being accidentally blown up by "ane Inglish villane," caused an alarm and burning of beacons throughout the country. Ruthven, supposing that the royal fleet coming to his relief was visible off the coast, gave all his soldiers so merry a carouse, and wasted so much provision, that on the following Sunday he was forced to crave a parley.[2] On a white flag being displayed, General Leslie sent up Major Somerville and two gentlemen to confer *anent* a surrender.

They were courteously received by the venerable Ruthven, who conducted them to a guard-room within the third gate, where he had a suitable repast prepared, to assure them that "the King's garrison lacked not provant

[1] Memorie of the Somervilles. [2] Baillie's Letters.

to hold out for a long season, but that *now* his Majesty's service required his presence elsewhere. Major Somerville," he continued, "we now meet on more friendly terms than we did some weeks ago. How is my old friend Leslie, whom I have not seen since we all served the same master—the immortal Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden? I am heartily sorry for these unhappy differences; for, though I am a soldier by profession and have lived by my sword, I am too true a Scotsman not to wish peace at home and plenty wars abroad."

"Yet I hope," rejoined Somerville, "that a good understanding between the King and his subjects will soon be restored."

"By my faith, sir!" said Ruthven bitterly, "*those* are not in the way to effect that, who remain in arms against the King, and force his garrisons from his properly commissioned officers. But that is the affair of your superiors. The present business is the surrender of this castle to the Estates of Scotland, on such terms as befit a true cavalier to receive."

"I have no doubt you will receive such terms as are consistent with your loyalty to King Charles."

"Nay!" exclaimed the general stoutly; "if I thought surrender brought my loyalty in question, I would leave my old bones in the Castle!"[1]

One hundred and eighty men had died of scurvy and the flux, and fifty had been shot during the siege.[2] Ruthven was so ill with scurvy, that his legs were enormously swollen, and most of his teeth had fallen out.

After a noble banquet, of which the officers on both sides partook, in the Castle hall, on the 18th September, after a five months' investment, (during which upwards of a thousand men had been slain,) the little garrison marched out with *the honours of war*. There were seventy men and thirty women. They came out by the breach with *one*

[1] Memorie of the Somervilles. [2] Spalding, &c.

drum beating, and one red standard displayed, in their armour, bandoleers, and sword-belts, with cocked matches. They had two field-pieces, with balls in their muzzles and the port-fires blazing at both ends.[1]

The energies of the brave Ruthven were so completely exhausted that he was conveyed at the head of his little band in a coach ; and three companies of Leslie's musketeers escorted them, as a protection from the populace ; while Major Somerville took possession of the Castle, and mounted the new guards. A great quantity of ammunition was found in the stores ; but little provision except some pease, bacon, beef, and pickled fish.[2]

Ruthven gave £20 as a gratuity to his escort, and, courteously bidding adieu to the Covenanting lords, who accompanied him to the shore of Leith, embarked with his soldiers on board of a King's ship, and sailed for England.

He fought bravely for Charles I. at the battles of Edgehill, Brentford, and Newberry, and died at a good old age in 1651, leaving a daughter, Lady Jean Ruthven, in whose person all the titles the King's gratitude had given him became extinct.[3]

[1] Baillie's Letters, &c. [2] Balf. Annales. [3] Guthry's Memoirs.

CHAPTER XVI.

A. D. 1640—1650.

EXPLOITS OF MAJOR SOMERVILLE—THE SPECTRE DRUMMER.

Colonel Lindesay of Belstane was appointed governor, and the new garrison of Covenanters was commanded by Major Somerville of Drum. The Colonel, in July, resigned his post, and its monthly allowance of two hundred merks, in consequence of sickness, naming in his place Stephen Boyd of Temple, a citizen of Edinburgh, who appears not to have satisfied his masters; for, on the committal of the famous *Plotters*, James Earl of Montrose, his brother-in-law Archibald Lord Napier of Merchiston, his nephew Sir George Stirling of Keir, the Laird of Blackhall, Lady Napier, and her daughter Mistress Lilias, all charged with conspiring against the Covenanting administration, the new governor permitted their friends to have free access to them; which being contrary to orders, he was abruptly dismissed.[1]

A Captain Crawford, who, though not an officer of the garrison, considered himself privileged to enter the Castle at all times, one morning walked up to the gates, and, finding them closed, noisily demanded admission. The sentinel within answered that, "before entering, he must acquaint Major Somerville with his name and rank." Irritated by this, Crawford replied passionately,

"Your Major is neither a soldier nor a gentleman; and

1 Baillie, Spalding, &c.

if he were without this gate, and at a distance from his guards, I would tell him he was a pitiful culzeon to boot!"

The doughty Captain was about to retire, when Somerville, to whom the sentinel had found means to convey this insolent message with great precision, rushed forth with his rapier, saying—

"Sir! you must permit me to accompany you a little way, and then you shall know more of my mind." Crawford replied—

"I will wait on you where you please."

They walked together to the south side of the Greyfriars' churchyard, where the Major unsheathed his sword, saying—

"*Now* I am without the Castle gate, and at a distance from my guards. Draw, and make good your threat!" But instead of defending himself like a man of honour, Crawford took off his hat, and begged pardon; on which Somerville jerked his long rapier into its sheath, saying scornfully—

"You have neither the discretion of a gentleman nor the courage of a soldier—begone for a cowardly fool, fit only for bedlam!" and, turning on his heel, retired to the Castle, with three officers who had followed him to learn the result of the duel. Crawford had been offended at not being invited to the banquet given in the Castle by Somerville to General Ruthven, on the day the latter surrendered.

Great liberties being taken with him after this, in consequence of his doubtful reputation for courage, he resolved, by satisfaction demanded in a public and desperate manner, to retrieve his honour, or perish in the attempt.

One forenoon, between ten and eleven o'clock, as the Major was coming hastily from the Castle to wait upon General Leslie, who had sent for him, in the broad and spacious Lawnmarket, which at that hour was usually

crowded by loungers, he was intercepted by Crawford, who, unsheathing his sword and dagger, exclaimed—"If you be a pretty man—*draw!*"

The Major parried his onset with a thick walking-cane, (presented him by old General Ruthven,) and then drew his sword, which was "a half-rapier sword, backed, hinging in a shoulder-belt, far back, as the fashion was," and attacked Crawford so briskly in turn, that he was forced to "give ground," and was driven backward, fighting desperately, from the middle of the Lawnmarket to the Goldsmiths' Booths, where he was beaten down on the causeway by the pommel of Somerville's sword, and disarmed.

Several of the Major's soldiers, who came up at that moment, were so incensed at Crawford that they would have hewn him to pieces, had not his conqueror protected him. For this assault on a superior, the Captain lay in prison heavily ironed, and in a miserable condition, for more than a year, when Somerville's lady, who resided at Gilmerton, and to whom he had written a supplicating letter, procured his release.[1]

In the autumn of 1648, Argyle, the dictator of Scotland, invited Oliver Cromwell to Edinburgh, and entertained him with more than royal munificence in the Castle hall.

They held several meetings at Lady Home's house in the Canongate, where the "necessitie to take away the King's life" was discussed and approved of; for which concurrence the dictator afterwards lost his head, as he deserved.[2]

The Scottish people were generally actuated by sentiments of remorse and shame, after Charles I. had been so basely sold to the English by the Covenanters. Anxious to wipe off the stain, the Parliament caused the proclamation of his son as King, which, in February 1649, was

[1] Memorie of the Somervilles, &c. [2] Records of the Kirk.

done at the cross of Edinburgh by the Islay and Snowdon heralds. After the Duke of Hamilton's advance into England, it was evident that an invasion of Scotland was sure to follow; and it became necessary that the regalia should be removed from the Castle of Edinburgh to some place of still greater security, in a remote part of the kingdom.

The Earl Marischal's castle of Dunottar—a strong baronial pile, situated on a precipitous rock insulated by the German Ocean—was selected as a proper place, and thither they were conveyed; and, with them, say some accounts, the ancient and ponderous cannon Mons Meg: and a great embrasure, from which, it was asserted, she was wont to be discharged against the English ships, is still shown among the ruins; but the error of this tradition will be shown in the succeeding chapter.

On tidings reaching Scotland that Cromwell was advancing north at the head of sixteen thousand men, Archibald Earl of Argyle, who was at the head of the Committee of Estates, made vigorous preparations for defence. Edinburgh was to be protected by his numerous and well-appointed army; the Castle was garrisoned by a select body of troops, under Colonel Walter Dundas and Major Abernethy; the Earl of Leven was governor, and Renton of Lamerton was constable. Dundas was a young soldier of no experience, and of very dubious reputation for honour and probity.

On the 4th June 1650, the Castle was ordered by the Parliament to be victualled, and put in a state of defence. Eight hundred bolls of meal, two hundred of malt, one thousand carts of coal from Lord St Clair's *heuch*, were laid in store for the garrison; fifty pieces of brass cannon, and seventeen of iron, including Mons Meg, with two howitzers, were mounted on the walls. A vast quantity of ammunition was conveyed thither from Dumfries, and ten thousand merks were granted for the complete repair of the fortifications. Eight thousand stand of arms, eighty

barrels of powder, a great quantity of cannon-shot, and several field-pieces, were placed within it.[1]

The Spur was demolished, as an expense and encumbrance, from the number of men required to defend it.[2] Never before had the fortress been so completely prepared for defence, and never did treachery render preparations more futile.

> "While great events were on the gale,
> And each hour brought a varying tale,"

innumerable were the omens of impending strife seen in various parts of the country. Fiery swords flashed at midnight across the northern sky; dragons spouting flames and showers of red sparks traversed the firmament from east to west; armies were seen engaging among the clouds; deep voices rang on the wind, in tones of military command; and visionary horsemen, of gigantic size, rode in file along the summits of the Lowland hills, to the terror of the wise and godly. Among other indications of coming events, a spectre beating on a drum created great alarm in 1650, among the soldiers of Colonel Dundas, as we are informed in an old and very rare tract, containing an account of the horrible "*Apparition* in the Castle of Edinburgh, at the time of the English invading Scotland," detailed from an account given by the Governor "to a godly person" in the city.

During a dark night, at a time when the blaze of beacons on every hill were expected to announce that the army of "the Blasphemer" had crossed the Tweed, a musketeer, on sentry at the outer gate, under the shadow of the gloomy Half-moon, was suddenly alarmed by the beating of a drum. The sound gradually grew louder, and with it mingled the clank of arms and the tread of men marching up the Castlehill. Upon this he fired his musket, and

[1] Balf. Annales; Journal of Affairs Scot., 1650; Russell's Life of Cromwell, &c. &c.

[2] Acta Parl. Caroli II.

alarmed the guard by announcing the approach of an enemy.

The Governor hurried to the gate, but nothing was visible on the bleak and desolate expanse, where once the demolished Spur extended towards the city.

Dundas, in great wrath, according to the discipline of those days, beat or *truncheoned* the unfortunate sentinel, posted another in his place, and retired.

In a few minutes the second gave the same alarm, by firing his piece, and declaring that drums beating and the noise of marching men were heard on the Castlehill. Again the Governor reconnoitred in greater surprise and anger; but still nothing was visible, and nothing audible but the autumn wind, as it whistled round the Castle rocks. Finding that the soldiers "stood to their assertions" stoutly, Dundas took a musket, dismissed the guard, and resolved to become sentinel himself. "Within a little space," he heard the invisible drummer beating the *Old Scots March* of King James V.'s Guard, and he seemed to advance up the Castlehill towards the gate; then came other sounds—the tread of feet, the clank of accoutrements, and the hum of marching soldiers. Still nothing was visible, and the noises became louder and more loud, until the whole unseen array seemed to be close beside the Governor, who stood transfixed with astonishment and consternation—and then the sound died away.

"Finding it an apparition, he stood yet longer, till, a little after, he heard the same noise approaching to the Castle walls, beating *the English March* more fierce than the other, and then desisted: a little after, he heard a great noise of armed men, marching with a greater violence than the other two, and, at their approaching the Castle walls, they desisted, and there beat *the French March* more fiercely than the Scots or English.

"Next morning, the Governor told the foresaid person what he had met with, and that they were shortly to remove, and that the French would come ere all the work

(*i. e.* the Civil War) were ended."[1] But the time soon came when the drums of Cromwell were to beat the point of war on the same ground, and cause greater annoyance to the doubtful and treacherous Dundas.

[1] Some Predictions and Prophecies of Severals of the Worthy Servants of God. 24 pp. Edin., 1739.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SIEGE IN 1650.

The Scottish army was skilfully intrenched behind a strong breastwork, that lay from south to north, parallel with Leith Loan. Its right flank was defended by redoubts and cannon on the Calton Hill; its left by the artillery on the eastern bastions of Leith and the gate of St Anthony, which enfiladed the line and swept the Links in every direction.[1] At the gorge between the Calton and the Craigs of Salisbury, the base of Arthur's Seat, and everywhere to the southward, the approaches to the city were defended by troops, strongly and judiciously posted behind intrenchments and fascines of turf and earth. We are told that the *haill houses* in St Mary's Wynd were demolished, that a free passage might be given to the cannon-shot from the old Netherbow Port; and several massive edifices in the Potter Row and Portsburgh were also removed, that the Castle guns might fire effectually on these approaches. Everywhere the town walls were defended by cannon, and the thirty-three banners of the armed trades were displayed above its gates.

While Cromwell lay in the neighbourhood, Charles II. landed at Leith from Stirling, and proceeded on horseback along the line of intrenchment to Edinburgh. His appearance "bred grate confusion and neglect of deutie in the campe." Around him were his Life Guards, under their colonel, the

[1] Balfour's Annales, &c.

Earl of Eglinton, surnamed *Old Grey-steel*, magnificently mounted and armed, and having on their embroidered standards *Nobis hæc invicta miserunt*, and *Pro Religione, Rege, et Patriâ*. The chief of the Scottish nobles attended him in procession up the Canongate to the Castle, and Cromwell heard the salutes fired from its batteries on this occasion.

From the Half-moon, Charles viewed a skirmish between some of Cromwell's dragoons and the Scottish under Sir James Halkett, who was beaten, "turnid and never lowsid a pistoll against the enemy, but took him to the speed of his horse heiles." After being banqueted in the Parliament House, the King returned to Leith, and lodged in Lord Balmerino's mansion in the Kirkgate.[1]

On Monday the 24th July, Cromwell, at the head of his whole army, made a furious attack on the Scottish position. Exasperated by the result of a sortie made by Major-general Montgomery, who, at the head of two thousand Scottish dragoons, nearly routed "their quhole armey, killed five Colonells and Lt.-colonells, mortally woundit Lt.-gen. Lambert and above five hundred souldiers," the Puritans came on with great ardour, animated alike by enthusiasm and revenge, while twelve English ships of war opened their broadsides on Leith.

As the English advanced, the rising sun shone full upon the long line of Scottish helmets that glittered above the rampart, and the regimental standards that, waving at intervals, marked the different corps. Immediately on their clearing the rocks and House of Restalrig, "the place callit Jokis Lodge," and advancing over the little level plain to the westward of Lochend, from the field batteries at the Quarryholes, the redoubts on the Calton, and the bastions of Leith, a simultaneous cannonade was opened; while a rolling fire of musketry ran along the whole Scottish line, from flank to flank, poured closely and

[1] Records of the Kirk.

securely over the long breastwork, throwing them into confusion, and immediately compelling them to retire in disorder, leaving two pieces of cannon, and the ground strewed with killed and wounded behind them.

Encircling Arthur's Seat, a strong column of infantry, a brigade of cavalry, and two pieces of cannon, attempted to enter the city by the southern road that led to the Pleasance. On this, Campbell of Lawers brought his regiment of musketeers, at double-quick march, up the glen, by the base of Salisbury Craigs to the ruins of St Leonard's Chapel, and, taking an alignement behind the hedges and walls of the King's Park, poured from thence a deadly fire, which drove back the infantry in disorder. They threw aside their muskets, pikes, and collars of bandoleers, and fled, abandoning their cannon, which were brought off by the horse brigade. After this second repulse, Cromwell sounded a retreat, and retired to Musselburgh, where he evinced his piety by making stables of the churches and camp fuel of the pews. It was now the autumn of 1650, and the season was rainy and moist.[1]

On the 2d of September, by the interference and misconduct of the clergy, who taught the soldiers to despise the orders of their officers, to abandon a strong position, and trust to the interposition of miracles, the Scottish army, so nobly and carefully equipped, was routed at Dunbar, losing three thousand slain, eight thousand prisoners, and twenty-seven pieces of cannon. Major-general David Leslie, with the remnant of his troops, retired westward to Stirling, to defend the Highland passes. The successful invader immediately took possession of Leith, the fortifications of which were abandoned by the Scottish commandant and the garrison, while the city of Edinburgh threw open its gates at his approach; but the Castle, of all the strengths throughout the southern counties, alone retarded his advance for a time.

[1] Annales; Laing, &c.

After following up the retreating Leslie for a little way, he returned, laid siege to the fortress, and became extremely anxious for its possession, being aware that it contained a noble arsenal, and all the ancient records and muniments of the nation.

There too, for shelter, had fled all those intermeddling ministers, whose mutinous exhortations, bigotry, and false enthusiasm, had brought defeat and disgrace upon the nation, after having, *by revelation*, foretold a certain victory.[1] Among them were Messrs Hamilton, Smith, Gowan, Low, and Robert Traill, who, by his *own account*, endeavoured as much as possible to mend the mischief, by exhorting "the garrison to be faithful to the great trust committed to them, having the chief strength of the land in their custody, and the records."[2]

Batteries were erected on the south-east, near Heriot's Hospital, (which was filled with English wounded,) on the north bank of the Loch, and on the bartisan of Davidson's house, on the Castlehill, where Leslie had placed one ten years before.

Cromwell held his solemn military levees, which were crowded by lachrymose Puritans and red-coated saints, in a gloomy house in Sellar's Close; and as its back windows opened towards the Loch, he could overlook the operations of his batteries, erected on its opposite bank. To facilitate the blockade, he demolished the ancient Weigh-house of the city, and it was not rebuilt until after the Restoration. He hanged up at the West Church, in view of the Castle, a poor old gardener, who had supplied Colonel Dundas with information; but during all these operations, there were "great numberis slayne, both be schot of canoun and musket, as weell of Scottis as Inglische."[3]

A letter from Cromwell to the English Parliament, dated 26th October, states, that "the mine intended to be

[1] Rapin, fol. ii. p. 583. [2] Wodrow's Sufferings of the Church.
[3] Nicoll's Diary.

sprung under the Castle, goes on very well; they have now wrought sixty yards into it, so that a few days will produce the desired effect. The two mortar-pieces being come from Hull, I hope we shall go to work that way. We are raising a platform for the battery, which, with the mine, will, we hope, tend much to the reducing of the same. They in the Castle have been so angry at it, that for two or three nights together they discharged seven pieces of ordnance against it, but did not spoil it much."

Colonel Dundas, at that time, had apparently been determined to resist, although the charges on which he was afterwards arraigned by the Parliament would lead us to infer that Cromwell had soon gained him over by bribery. From these it appears that he, and Major Andrew Abernethie, on the 16th of October, not only neglected to cannonade Cromwell's troops, when returning from the west, after following up Major-general Leslie, but "did severall tymes *forbid* Thomas Binning, gunner, to shoot," when he wished to do so; "and when the enemie brocht vpe thair cannon to Robert Davieson's hous, the said Thomas Binning, gunner," was again by them forbidden to use the cannon on the Half-moon; and we are further informed, that the Colonel communicated with Cromwell by letters, of which William Dundas of Magdalenes was the bearer.[1]

In a work published by the said Thomas Binning, Master Gunner, the following passage occurs:—

"In the year 1650, I was in the Castle of Edinburgh. One remarkable instance (of gunnery) I had in shooting at James Marquis of Montrose's head, standing on a pinnacle of the Tolbooth. I admired its abiding; but Providence ordained it to be taken down with more honour. The ball once took the stone next to that in which the pike was inserted: it fell down, and killed a drummer and two soldiers on their march between the Luckenbooths and the Church."[2]

[1] Acta Parl. Caroli II. [2] Light to Art of Gunnery. 1676.

These are sufficient to illustrate how little of the cavalier or honourable principles animated Dundas and his soldiers.

On the 12th December, Cromwell formally summoned the fortress to surrender on proper terms, not for the service of the English Parliament, but to himself *individually*. This distinction without a difference the Colonel declined to understand; the cannonading was resumed on both sides with considerable vigour, and the Castle walls were breached in several places. On Friday the 18th, the garrison received a supply of victual, by the bravery of Captain Augustine, a German soldier of fortune who served in the Scottish army. At the head of one hundred and twenty dragoons, he cut a passage through Cromwell's guards and pickets; and, riding at full speed to the Castle gate, threw in the provisions, and returned, sword in hand, in the same manner, killing eighty English, and capturing five prisoners and thirty troop-horses, which he delivered to the General at Perth, where he received the thanks of Parliament.[1]

Young in years and experience, unsteady in his purpose, and continually shaken by the current of affairs, Colonel Dundas was not an officer to whom the Scottish Estates ought to have intrusted a fortress of such strength and importance as the Castle of Edinburgh. A mystery involves the cause of its surrender, and has never been thoroughly cleared up. Two points are evident—his defence was very indifferently conducted, and he lowered the Royal standard without any visible reason. By means of the Laird of Magdalenes and the fugitive clergymen in the Castle, Cromwell had opened a suspicious correspondence with Dundas; and it is supposed that, under cover of a theological discussion, arguments were applied to his wavering mind which shortened the labours of the siege. This correspondence arose from the following despatch, addressed to Dundas, 9th September 1650:—

[1] Balfour.

"Sir,—I have received command from my Lord General to desire you to let the ministers of Edinburgh, now in the Castle with you, know that they have free liberty granted them, if they please to take the pains, to preach in their several churches; and that my Lord hath given especial command, both to officers and soldiers, that they shall not in the least be molested. EDWARD WHALLEY.[1]

"Colonel Walter Dundas," &c.

Under cover from the Colonel, a wordy reply was returned by the reverend gentlemen, professing their non-reliance on Cromwell's promise, and a determination "to reserve themselves for better times, and to wait upon Him who for a while had hidden His face from the sons of Jacob." Cromwell was a little surprised at the rudeness of their reply, which contained strong language, abusive of himself and his party.[2] But notwithstanding their professed reliance on Heaven, these sons of Jacob are recorded to have threatened blasphemously in their prayers—"That, if God would not deliver them from the Sectaries, *he should no longer be their God!*"[3]

In the meanwhile hostilities had ceased, and a controversial war of words was carried on between the clergymen and Cromwell, who, in a very long epistle, dated Edinburgh, 12th September, is said to have displayed "much fair and straightforward good sense;" but the whole aim of their correspondence was the amusing attempt each party vainly made, to convince the other that "*it* was the favoured of the Lord."

Cromwell maliciously observed, that it was pretty evident, from the issue of the late battle, that the Lord had declared against *them;* they retorted, that it was only a trial of their faith. But, with all their enthusiasm, these worthy gentlemen were somewhat puzzled to account for the disastrous defeat their godly cause had sustained at

[1] Russel's Life of Crom. [2] Rebellion under Montrose.
[3] See Whitelock, p. 465.

Dunbar; until, after long and deep meditation thereon, they sagely discovered a just cause for Heaven's wrath in the *sins* of the young King, Charles II., whom they immediately declared to be the sole cause of Scotland's misfortunes. As an ultimatum to this ridiculous controversy, the Castle, which for three months had defied alike the mines and batteries of the English, was betrayed or surrendered. One man alone, whose name deserves to be remembered with honour, was most strenuous in opposing the measure—the Reverend Mungo Law, the venerable minister of Dysart. A few of the soldiers are said to have been animated by something of the old Scottish spirit, and to have openly reviled their commander; but the terms, of which the following is a literal transcript, may still be considered honourable in a military sense:—

"ARTICKELLS

"*Treated off, concludit, and aggreit vpone, by Colonell George Munke and Colonell Whyte on the one pairt, one behalffe of his Excellence the Lord Generall Cromwell; and by Major Androw Abernethy and Capitaine Robert Hendersone on the other pairt, in behalffe of Walter Dundas, Esquyre, Gouernour of the Castle of Edinburghe; for redacting the same, according to the Artickells ensewinge*—

"I. That the Castell of Edinbrughe, with the cannons, armes, and amunitione, magazine and furniture of warre, (except quhat shall be excepted in the ensewinge artickells) be reduced to his Excellence the Lord Generall Cromwell, or quhome he shall appoynte, one Tuesday the 24th day of December 1650, before 12 o'clocke, without willful spoyle and imbasselment.

"II. That the publicke registers, publicke moveables, privat evidences and writts, be transported to Fyffe or Stirlinge, and wagons or shippes be prowydit to transport the same.

"III. That all goods in the Castell of Edinbrughe, belonging to aney persone quhatsomever, ane edicte may be

proclaimed to the people about Edinbrughe, to come awen and receave ther awen; and if aney be at a farr distance, or dead, a place may be prowydit in the toun of Edinbrughe for keeping the same till they be owned; and, after owning them, to have liberty to carry them quher they list.

"IV. That all persons quhatsomever, not belonging to the garrisone, as men, woomen, and children, may have liberty to goe quher they will without troubell, and ther have the free exercisse of ther calling and imployment, with saiftie both to themselves and goods.

"V. That the Gouernour of Edinbrughe Castell, and all military officers or souldiers, of quhatsomever conditione, non excepted, may depairt without aney molestatione, with ther armes and baggage, with drumes beatting, fleeing colors, lighted matches at bothe ends, and ball in their (cannon) mouthes, as they ar wsually wount to marche, and all ther goods, with a free conducte to Brunt-Iyland in Fyffe; ore if aney of the forsaid parties desyre to transport themselves or goods to aney uther place elsquhere, for ther better conveniency, it may be with freedoome granted.

"VI. That all officers and souldiers, als weill seeike as hurte, shall have libertie to remain in Edinbrughe untill they recover, and to enjoy the benefitt of the artickells.

"VII. That a number of horsse and wagons, als maney as the Gouernour shall neid for his auen particular neid, as also for the officers and souldiers, shall be lent for carrying ther baggage to the forsaid place.

"VIII. That Capitaine Lievetenant Ker, Lievetenant Straton, Thomas Binney, Gunner, and Patrick Simervell, Gunner, be sent to his Excellence the Lord General Cromwell this present Thursday be 12 a clocke, for hostages for performance of the aboue wrettin artickells, and that the Generall shall keepe centries about the Castell, under the rocke.

Sic subscribitur, "Geo. Moncke.
"Fran. Whyte.
"Maior Abernethy.
"Capt. Robt. Hendersone.

"19 Decembris 1650."

Accordingly, on Tuesday the 24th December, the fortress, with all its cannon and stores, was delivered over to Lieutenant-General Cromwell. When St Giles' clock struck twelve, the garrison marched out with all the honours of war, having one standard displayed and their drums beating.

Colonel George Fenwick was appointed governor.[1] Cromwell, in his letter to the English Parliament, when relating the surrender, observes—

"I think I need say little of the strength of this place, which, *if it had not come as it did*, would have cost very much blood, and did tye up our army to that inconvenience, that little or nothing could have been attempted whilst this was in design, or little fruit had of anything brought into your power by your army hitherto without it. I must needs say, *not any skill or wisdom of ours*, but the good-will of God, hath given you this place. I believe all Scotland hath not so much brass ordnance."

"*List of Great Guns taken in Edinburgh Castle, 24th December* 1650.

"*Brass Pieces.*—5 French canons, or canons from seven; 9 Dutch canon, (or 24-lb^{rs}); 2 culverings; 2 demi-culverings, (9-lb^{rs}); 2 minions, (3 lb. 4 oz.); 3 3-pounders; 2 falcons, (6-lb^{rs}); 28 brass drakes, called monkeys. *Iron Guns.*—The great iron murdrer, called *Muckle Megg;* 4 iron guns; 10 iron drakes, called monkeys, (small field-pieces); 2 petards. Total, 70 pieces of canon.

"Ten thousand stand of arms."

According to the second article of the capitulation, the Records of Scotland were transmitted to the Castle of Stirling; on the capture of which they fell into the hands of General Monk, who sent them, with the original Covenant, in fifty hogsheads to the Tower of London. When part were ordered to be returned, they were embarked on board of a small Kirkaldy vessel, which was unfortunately

[1] Hist. of Coldstream Guards.

cast away near Berwick ; and thus the great records of the nation were lost for ever.[1]

On Cromwell's return from Glasgow in 1651, he drew off all his garrisons westward of Linlithgow, sent his cavalry towards the Borders, and, marching with his infantry to Edinburgh, crowded the Castle to excess with Scottish prisoners, and busied himself in repairing the breaches.[2]

Under a strong cavalry guard, he removed to Hull the Earl of Eglinton, and Colonel James Montgomery of Coylesfield, (his fourth son,) who had been prisoners in the Castle since their capture at Dumbarton. He issued a proclamation, enjoining the inhabitants of Edinburgh to continue their lawful avocations in peace, and commanded his soldiers, on peril of their lives, to abstain from all acts of violence — orders which were rigidly enforced by the gauntlet, the truncheon, the cord of the provost, and riding the mare with slung carbines. He ordered the Royal arms of Scotland to be taken down from the Castle gate, and destroyed ; and to this day the panel where they stood is empty. Those on the Palace of Holyrood, the Parliament House, and the Netherbow Port, shared the same fate ; while the stone crown was torn from the unicorn on the summit of the Cross, and contemptuously suspended from a gallows. On the 4th May 1652, Cromwell was proclaimed Lord Protector of the Commonwealth, in presence of Monk and his regiment, (now the Coldstream Guards.) Archibald Tod, the Provost, and other magistrates of Edinburgh, met the General in procession at the Netherbow, and entertained him at a sumptuous banquet in honour of the event.

The reputation of Dundas was never freed from the stain the surrender had cast upon it. He was arraigned before the Parliament, to whom he wrote supplicating letters. Sir James Balfour bitterly calls him "that traiterous villane Dundas, who basley and couardly randered to the

[1] Burnet's Hist., vol. i. [2] Balf. Annales ; Nicoll.

enimey;" and other passages, in his *Memorials of State*, evince how strongly the tide of public opinion was against the Colonel and Major Abernethy.

In 1828, forty-two fragments of exploded bombs, a whole and a half cannon-ball, with a great quantity of human bones, were found in a hole in the Castlebank, eastward of the Half-moon, and were supposed to be relics of this siege. It is remarkable that, at the same time, fifty-two boars' tusks were discovered with them.[1]

[1] Transac. Antiq. Scot.; Account of the Siege. London, 1651. 4to; &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A.D. 1660—1688.

THE MARQUESSES OF ARGYLE.

The Restoration of Charles II. was hailed with joy and enthusiasm by all the Scottish people, but by none more than the citizens of the capital. The fountains of the Cross ran with wine, its column was covered with garlands, and its battlements were buried under wreaths of flowers—for the month was June, and everything was in the bloom of summer. Three hundred dozen of glasses were broken at the Cross, to the health of his Sacred Majesty, and to the d——nation of Cromwell, whose effigy was exhibited on the Castlehill, with the devil running after him; and both were blown up into the air amid a shower of sparks, and a magnificent display of fireworks. A sumptuous banquet was given in the High Street, amid the ringing of churchbells, and salutes of cannon from the Castle, where old Mons Meg was fired by the Major-General commanding in person.[1]

Cromwell's soldiers still garrisoned the Castle, but Newman the Governor desired Browne, the Master Gunner, to parade the cannoneers, and fire a salute in honour of the Restoration. All obeyed with alacrity save one—an old Puritanical saint of Oliver's first campaigns, who bluntly declined to obey any such order.

"I will not obey," said he; "may the devil blaw me

[1] Mercurius Publicus, &c.; Wodrow.

into the air gif I lowse a canon this day! If I do, some man shall repent it."

But he was forced to his post, which was at a piece of ordnance overlooking the West Church, and, when in the act of charging for the second volley, the gun, having been old and honey-combed, burst—and verifying his words. "shuites his bellie from him, and blew him quyte over the Castle wall to the sichte of many pepill." He was interred in the West Church Yard.[1]

On the 3d January 1661, companies of Scottish soldiers were enlisted under Lieutenant-General the Earl of Middleton, to garrison the Castle of Edinburgh, (in lieu of Cromwell's Puritans who had held it for ten years,) "and made faith to David Straiton, the constable, for trew and loyall service."

The Parliament met on the 1st January. The Earl of Middleton, who presided as royal Commissioner, accused his enemy, the first Marquis of Argyle, "of complying with Cromwell in the death of Charles I.;" and there can be little doubt he did so without reservation. He had gone to London to congratulate Charles II. on his happy Restoration, but was deservedly committed to the Tower, without being permitted to enter the royal presence. On the 20th December, he had been landed at Leith from a ship of war which had brought him from the Tower, where he had been a prisoner for five months. He was led up the High Street to the Castle, between two bailies of Edinburgh, and committed to ward to await his trial before the Estates.

He now found himself a prisoner in the same place where, a few years before, he had feasted Cromwell, and planned the destruction of the unfortunate Charles. To increase the mortification of his reflections, on the 7th January he was regaled with the reports of cannon on the ramparts around him, firing every minute during the grand and solemn re-interment of his political rival and

[1] Nicoll's Diary.

mortal foe, the good and gallant Montrose, who, amid all the pomp and magnificence of that war and chivalry which he loved so well, was removed from the gallows foot on the Burghmuir, and lowered into a more fitting grave in the vaults of St Giles, "amid great volleys of shot by the city companies, and thundering of cannon from the Castle."[1]

Escorted by the City Guard and three magistrates, Argyle was brought from the Castle to the Parliament House, on the 13th February, and arraigned before his peers on the charge of compliance with Cromwell's usurpation, although he had placed the crown on the head of Charles II. at Scone, and had been the *first* to swear allegiance to him. Under so severe a charge, his inveterate enemy, Middleton, found it no difficult matter to procure his condemnation for high treason, especially after his reading aloud, with ill-concealed exultation, certain letters written by the Marquis to Cromwell, expressive of attachment to him personally and politically. These documents had been perfidiously transmitted to him by General Monk, and their production was conclusive. On the 25th May, he was sentenced to die "the death of a traitor, his head to be severed from his body at the Cross of Edinburgh, upon Monday the 27th instant, and affixed in the same place where that of Montrose was formerly; his arms to be torn before the Parliament and at the Cross."[2] He was reconveyed to the Castle, from whence he requested, but in vain, ten days' respite, until his sentence could be made known to Charles.

"I placed the crown upon his head, and *this* is my reward!" said he mournfully; but immediately added, with enthusiasm, "He hastens me to a crown that is better than his own; nor can you, my Lords, deprive me of that eternal indemnity which one day you may require for yourselves."

When all prospect of respite and mercy had died away,

[1] Mercurius Caledonius, 7th Jan.

[2] Wodrow.

a party of gentlemen, animated by a generous spirit, formed a design for his escape by stratagem, or rescue by force. So far was this project put in execution, that it appears they had him completely disguised for the attempt. He had confined himself to bed for some days, and the Marchioness (Margaret Douglas of Morton) came in a chair to visit him. Being of the same stature, he dressed himself in her long stomacher, skirt, and coif, while she took his place in bed; but when about to step into the chair his courage failed him, and, apprehensive of discovery and insult, he abandoned the attempt entirely.

Previous to execution, he was removed to the most ancient prison of Edinburgh, in Mauchines Close, an edifice of peculiar aspect, erected anterior to the Tolbooth, and there Lady Argyle awaited him. Embracing him, she wept bitterly, and exclaimed,

"The Lord will requite it! the Lord will requite it!"

"Forbear, Margaret," said he calmly; "I pity my enemies, and am as content in this ignominious prison as in yonder Castle of Edinburgh, or in the Tower of London."

On the 27th May, the day he was to die, he wrote a letter to Charles II., imploring protection for his son; and having dined cheerfully with his friends, ascended the scaffold, where with his last breath he expressed abhorrence of the death of Charles I. At the west end of the Tolbooth, by one blow of the Maiden, his head was severed from his body.[1]

During these passages, David Barclay, a brave captain of troopers, was a prisoner in the Castle, on the groundless charge of hostility to the Government. He was confined in the same tower with the famous John Swinton of that Ilk, a person to whom Cromwell had chiefly trusted in the management of Scottish affairs during his usurpation, and who had been brought to Edinburgh in the same vessel with Argyle. Habited as one of the new Society of Friends, Swinton appeared before the Parliament on charges nar-

[1] Burnet.

rowly affecting his life; but his feudal influence, and some interested consideration of Lord Middleton, procured his release after enduring a protracted captivity, and a severe dilapidation of his estates. By his exhortations in the solitude of their prison, he is said to have converted the captain of horse to his new (and then obnoxious) doctrine, impressing upon his mind those peculiar tenets of which his grandson, Robert Barclay of Urie, became in after years the zealous apologist.

Captain Barclay was released by the intercession of Middleton, with whom he had served in the Civil Wars.[1]

The letter which the filial anxiety of Argyle had dictated to Charles II., did not prevent his son Archibald, Lord Lorn, from being subjected to many severities.

Having written a letter to Lord Duffus, complaining that he was injuriously treated by his enemies in office, it was unluckily intercepted and laid before the Parliament, who declared it leasing-making; and on the 17th July 1662, he was brought from the Highlands by a troop of horse under Major Holmes, and placed at the bar, where he delivered an eloquent defence, but was that night committed close prisoner to the Castle, and on the 26th August received sentence of death. At Lauderdale's intercession he was pardoned by Charles, who thought the letter one that was unwarily conceived, but containing nothing criminal; and he despatched the Lord Lyon to Middleton, with instructions not to execute *any* sentence the Estates might pass;[2] and Lord Lorn was released by the following order:—

"*These* are to require and command Robert Straiton, Captain of the Castle of Edin^r. immediately upon sight hereof to put furth of the Castle Archibald Campbell, eldest son of the late Marquis of Argyle, for which these shall be warrant. ROTHES."

By patent, all the estates and honours of his father were restored to him.

[1] Note to Heart of Mid-Lothian. [2] Crookshank, Hist. Ch.

This was the second captivity the young Lord had endured in the same place. In 1650 he had been Colonel of the Scottish Foot Guards, and served the King with such bravery and fidelity, that, when Cromwell made a general act of indemnity to the Scots, he particularly excepted the Lord Lorn, whom he committed to the care of Colonel Fenwick in the Castle of Edinburgh. During his confinement he had his skull accidentally fractured, for which it was obliged to be trepanned.[1]

The cause is mentioned in one of Baillie's Letters.

"June 1658, my Lord Lorne, a most excellent and honest-minded youth, walking about with the Lieutenant of the Castle, while others were playing with hand-bullets, one of them rebounding off the wall, stricks him on the head, whereon he fell down dead and speechless for a long tyme; his death sundry days expected, but, blessed be God, I heard this day he was better."

When again the war broke out between the people and the Government of Scotland, the men of the western shires, irritated by their real and imaginary oppressions, rose in arms in 1666, and, after disarming a small detachment of royal troops, marched towards Edinburgh, professing all due submission to the King, but simply requiring the re-establishment of the Presbyterian religion, and the abolition of Episcopacy. Major-general Sir Thomas Dalzel of Binns, a Cavalier officer of great bravery and experience, who commanded the Scottish troops, marched with all his available force to oppose them.

The Castle was prepared for defence; cannon were taken from its stores, and placed on the city walls; the ports were closed, and all ingress was restricted. The members of the College of Justice formed themselves into a regiment; while, for further security, the Council called upon the Barons of Teviotdale, Tweeddale, the Merse, and Ettrick Forest, to muster their vassals.[2] Alexander Seton, Viscount

[1] Biographia Britannica. [2] Wodrow.

Kingston, lay near the ancient quarries at Bruntsfield with a body of the Guards; but the miserable insurgents were routed with slaughter at Rullion Green, near the base of the Pentlands, by Dalzel, who swept them from the field by a single charge of his dragoons, and relieved the city from further apprehension. The victory was celebrated by the discharge of nearly as many cannon from the Half-moon as there were prisoners captured.

These, eighty in number, were marched through the crowded streets in triumph by the victor, with trumpets sounding, kettle-drums beating, and standards displayed. It is recorded that Andrew Murray, an aged Presbyterian minister, when he beheld the ferocious Dalzel in his rusted head-piece, buff coat, and long waving beard, riding at the head of his Cavalier squadrons, who, flushed with victory, surrounded the manacled prisoners with drawn swords and cocked carbines—and when he heard the shouts of acclamation from the people, was so overpowered with grief at what he deemed the downfal for ever of "God's Covenanted Kirk," that he became ill and expired.[1]

On the 30th May 1667, the cannon of the Castle, and the citadels of Leith and Burntisland, were ordered to salute the *English Fleet* of seventeen sail, which anchored in the Roads under the pennon of Sir Jeremiah Smythe, Knight—a brave admiral, who had often defeated the Dutch.

The singular combination of treachery and cruelty which often characterised the Scottish ministry of Charles II., destroyed to a great extent that affection which the people bore to the House of Stuart; and to such a height was arbitrary imprisonment carried, that gentlemen of family and fortune were kept captives in the Royal fortresses for several years upon the simple charge of *suspicion*. Of those detained in the Castle of Edinburgh, an account will be found in the Notes.

On the Duke of Monmouth arriving in Scotland in 1679,

[1] Crookshank's Ch. Hist., &c.

to command the King's forces mustered for the suppression of the Covenanters, who had again risen in arms, the Castle was supplied with military stores of every kind, and strongly garrisoned, to prevent its falling into their hands. The Laird of Lundin, Deputy-Governor, Master-General of the Ordnance, (and afterwards Earl of Melfort and Lord Drummond of Riccartoun,) was empowered to employ smiths, wrights, and other craftsmen, "who were his Majesty's servants," to work on the fortifications so far as he saw necessary. The Council warranted him to procure all manner of provision requisite for his soldiers wherever he could find it, giving the owners, in return, orders for the value on the Lords of the Scottish Treasury.

On the 4th June, one company of militia were ordered to keep guard in the Canongate Tolbooth, another at the Palace, while the whole regiment were to be ready for service *at tuck of drum*, and the Duke of Lauderdale was appointed Captain of the Castle Company.[1] These precautions were again rendered needless, by the total rout of the unhappy insurgents, eighteen days after, at the Bridge of Bothwell.

James Duke of Albany and York succeeded Lauderdale, whose administration in Scotland had become so universally odious, that to this day his name is execrated among the Presbyterians. He visited Scotland ostensibly as the King's Commissioner, but his real object was quietly to await the issue of the famous Bill of *Exclusion*, which threatened to prevent his ascending the throne on the demise of his brother. He resided at Holyrood, where, by his gracious and affable manner, he won the affections of all who surrounded him, and, by various acts of mercy, endeavoured to attach the people to his family; for, in event of losing England, it became his earnest policy to secure at least Scotland, the ancient hereditary kingdom of his race.

[1] Wodrow.

On the 30th October 1680, during his first visit to the Castle, while Drummond of Lundin was saluting with the ordnance, Mons Meg burst, by one of the large reinforcing rings near the touchhole giving way, which was considered by all men *a bad omen*.[1]

In the following year, Archibald Marquis of Argyle, "the unfortunate son of an unfortunate father," was a third time committed to the Castle for refusing to take the oath required of him, by the Test Act, as Commissioner of the Treasury; or qualifying the obligation, by saying that he took it in so far as it was "consistent with itself and the Protestant religion."[2]

On the 9th November he had been commanded to enter himself in ward, and a warrant was sent to the Constable to keep him in security until the pleasure of King Charles was known. On the 12th December an assize brought in their verdict, by the Marquis of Montrose, finding him guilty "of treason, leasing-making, and leasing-telling," in their fullest extent. He received sentence of death, and was remanded to the Castle, in which the guards were doubled, and additional troops were ordered into the city, to keep the populace quiet.

While apartments were preparing in the common prison for his reception before death, the Earl despatched to London a gentleman, to ascertain how the Court were affected towards him.

The messenger soon learned that the careless King had consented to the execution of his lord; and, setting out instantly for Edinburgh, he outrode the bearer of the death-warrant by twenty-four hours, and, repairing to the Castle, warned Argyle to expect the worst.[3]

It was six o'clock in the evening of the 20th December when he received this dire intelligence. A few minutes before, he had been informed that, on the next day at noon, he was to be conveyed to the city prison. The guards

[1] Fountainhall. [2] Crawf. Peerage. [3] Wodrow.

were again strengthened—the Duke had turned a deaf ear to all entreaties for mercy, and had issued strict orders to keep him close in his apartments; but by seven, an hour after the return of his messenger, he had resolved to escape.

His daughter-in-law, Lady Sophia Lindesay, (sister of Colin, third Earl of Balcarres,) wife of his son, Colonel Charles Campbell, had come to take a last farewell of him, and was admitted. On her departure, he assumed the disguise and office of her page or lacquey, and, bearing up her train, came forth from his prison at eight o'clock. The darkness of the December night, and a thick fall of snow, facilitated the attempt. On passing the outer barriers, a sentinel grasped the Marquis rudely by the arm, and in great agitation he dropped the brocaded train. But Lady Sophia, snatching it up, with admirable presence of mind threw it in his face, exclaiming, as she completely disguised his features with half-frozen mud—"Thou careless loon!"

The soldier laughed at the smeared visage of the lacquey, and permitted them to pass. A gentleman led Lady Sophia by the hand to a coach that awaited her; the Marquis sprang upon the footboard behind, and was driven rapidly away. He leaped off at the new Weighhouse, and, disguising himself more completely, left Edinburgh.[1] His daughter-in-law was afterwards placed in the city prison, but was not punished otherwise.[2]

Two days afterwards, sentence of forfeiture was pronounced against him in the High Court; while, by the Lord Lyon and Heralds, with trumpets sounding, his coat-armorial was reversed, torn, and expunged from the College of Arms, his blood declared tainted, and to his latest posterity incapable of bearing either honour or dignity. A large reward was offered for his head; but notwithstanding a vigilant pursuit—being conducted through unfrequented

[1] Law's Memorials, &c. [2] Record of Tolbooth.

roads by the Rev. William Veitch, (long a prisoner on the Bass for the Pentland Rising, and, after the Revolution, minister at Dumfries) — he reached London in safety; and Charles II. generously never troubled him, though well acquainted with his humble and obscure place of retreat.

After remaining four years in Holland, in the beginning of James VII.'s reign, he raised a body of soldiers, and, landing in the West, attempted an insurrection conjunctly with that raised by Monmouth in England; but, by the skill of the Earl of Dumbarton, and the obstinate treachery of his own followers, he was irretrievably defeated at the Muirdykes.[1] Disguised by a long beard, the humble garb of a peasant, and without a sword, when crossing the Cart near Paisley, he was overtaken by three militiamen. These his pistols intimidated; but, being attacked by five others, he was overpowered and struck down.

"Alas!" he exclaimed, as he fell to the earth—"alas! unfortunate Argyle!"

Touched with his misfortunes, the soldiers generously offered to set him at liberty, and were proposing to conceal the rencontre, when unfortunately an officer, Lieutenant Shaw of Greenock, approached, and recognising his features, (notwithstanding the length of a beard which he had permitted to grow unshorn since his escape from the Castle,) ordered him to be bound hand and foot, and conducted to Edinburgh.

On the 20th June, the Secret Council directed that "Archibald, late Earl of Argyle, be brought alongst the Long Gate to the Water Gate, and thence to be carried up the street with his hands tied behind his back, bareheaded, and in the midst of Captain Grahame's guards, with cocked matches, and the hangman walking *before him*, and that the horse guards march before and behind." He was thus, with every mark of insult, reconveyed, for the

[1] Scot's Compend.; Blackad. Mem., &c.

fourth time, to his old chamber in the Castle, and laid in irons.[1]

It was a remarkable instance of the mutability of fortune, for thus ignominiously had he seen the illustrious Montrose conveyed, and had exulted over all the disgraces which "the then hellish government bestowed upon him."[2]

In the preceding month, his countess, Mary Stuart, (daughter of the Earl of Murray,) Lady Sophia Lindesay, and his son, Colonel James Campbell, whom a fever had reduced to the verge of death, were all committed to ward in the same fortress. The Marquis of Athole, Commander of the Scottish Forces in the west, had been empowered to hang Colonel Campbell over his father's castle gate at Inverary, but spared him at the intercession of several noble ladies.[3]

The prisoners being now very numerous, the Privy Council directed "that every nobleman imprisoned in the Castle of Edinburgh shall pay for his lodging £50 sterling, and every gentleman £25, though they should stay ever so short a time in confinement."

We are told that, on the last day of his life, the unfortunate Argyle "dined heartily and pleasantly; and, being used to sleep a little after meat. and knowing the want of it might discompose him for public appearance, he retired to a closet, and laid himself down on a bed, and, for about a quarter of an hour, slept sweetly and pleasantly as ever he had done." An officer of state, sent to the Castle by the Council, softly opened the closet door, and saw the doomed man sleeping calmly. The sight raised a storm of conflicting emotions in his breast, and, without executing his commission, he left the fortress, and hurried, "in much confusion and distress," to the house of a relation on the Castlehill.

[1] Sufferings of Church of Scot. [2] Fountainhall.
[3] Ibid., Decisions, vol. i.

The moment now approached when the Marquis was to leave the scene of so many sorrows for ever.

At twelve o'clock on the 30th June, he was led to the Castle gate, where the magistrates of Edinburgh, with their guard, halberdiers, and executioner, received him from Erskine of Cambo, the constable, and, thus surely escorted, he was conveyed on foot to the Laigh Council House. There he was kept until the hour of two, when he was led out to the Market Cross to "be beheaded, and have his head affixed to the Tolbooth on a high pin of iron."

When he saw the instrument which had beheaded his father—the maiden or guillotine—with its sharp and ponderous axe glittering in the afternoon sun, he is said to have been "somewhat astonished" at its terrible aspect and peculiar construction; but he saluted it with his lips, saying—

"'Tis the sweetest *maiden* I have ever kissed."

He then made a speech to the silent thousands who crowded the wide street around that Cross which had witnessed so many scenes of blood and barbarity. His address was remarkable only for its brevity and deep religious feeling, and closed by a solemn declaration that he forgave all his enemies. With admirable coolness he laid his head between the grooves of the guillotine, adjusted the position of the block, and died with a resolution and composure seldom witnessed. After decapitation, his body was deposited in the Chapel of Magdalene in the Cowgate, from whence it was transported to the burial-place of his family, in the collegiate Church of Kilmuna, on the shore of the Holy Loch in Argyleshire.

During all these painful incidents, his sorrowing Countess, his son, and Lady Sophia, were detained prisoners in the Castle; and every day its dungeons received fresh victims from his followers who were captured in the west. Among these, the most remarkable were Richard Rumbold, a gentleman of Hertfordshire, and Mr William Spence.

On the 22d June 1685, the former, who bore a commis-

sion as colonel under Argyle, and had planted his standard on the castle of Ardkinglass, was brought prisoner to Edinburgh. At the Water Gate he was met by the magistrates, who placed him on a cart, bareheaded, and heavily fettered. A rope was tied round his neck, and held by the executioner, whose assistant led the horse. Captain Grahame with his company was ordered "to receive him, and, with drums beating and colours flying, to conduct him to the Castle." On the 28th, he was brought to the City Cross, and there executed with great cruelty, being hanged, drawn, and quartered. His heart was torn from his breast by the executioner, who, as he held it aloft, dripping with blood, on the point of a bayonet, exclaimed,

"Behold the heart of Richard Rumbold, a bloody traitor and murderer!"

His head was fixed for a time on the parapet of the West Port, but on the 4th August was transmitted to London, while his quarters were placed on the Tolbooth walls of the four principal cities in Scotland.[1]

Mr William Spence, who is designated "late servitour to the Earl of Argyle," was tortured in the iron boots, to force a revelation of all he knew concerning his master's affairs, and to read several letters in cypher, which had fallen into the possession of his capturer, Major Holmes, but in vain. "After the torture, he was put in General Dalzel's hands, and it was reported that, by a *hair-shirt* and pricking, (as the witches are used,) he was five nights kept from sleep, till he was half distracted."[2] On the 7th August, after having his fingers crushed by the thumb-screws till the joints were broken, he was placed in the Castle, "as a place where he would be free from any bad advice or impression to be obstinate in not revealing;" and, while there, he heard the minute-guns of the Half-moon saluting the corpse of his persecutor Dalzel, who expired suddenly, and who, with six pieces of cannon before his hearse, his

[1] Wodrow. [2] Fountainhall.

led horse, baton, coat of armour, and all the standing forces, was escorted through the Portsburgh, on the way to his last home in the family vault of Binns at Abercorn."[1]

Mr Spence ultimately read the cyphers, and, by doing so, caused the apprehension of Campbell of Ardkinglass, and application of the torture to Mr Carstares, his fellow-prisoner.

William Carstares, a divine of great political eminence, had become privy to the famous Rychouse plot, on the discovery of which he was apprehended and frequently examined; but while avowing the utmost abhorrence of any attempt upon the lives of the King and Duke of York, he steadily and honourably declined to yield any information, for which contumacy, in July 1684, he had been sent in a king's ship from the Gate House to the Castle of Edinburgh. After a rigorous confinement in ponderous irons, from the 19th August till the 5th September, he was tortured before the Privy Council, by an instrument now in possession of his descendants, the Dunlops of Keppoch, in Dumbartonshire. Twenty interrogatories were put to him, the application of the thumb-screw being gradually increased for the space of an hour, until he endured an extremity of torment that drenched him with perspiration, and swelled the veins of his forehead almost to bursting; but nothing could be elicited. On this the lords were pleased to direct "that he be remanded to the Castle, where none are permitted to converse with him, particularly Mr William Spence. A surgeon is allowed him for his cure."[2]

We ought not to omit an anecdote concerning his imprisonment, which, in after and (to him) happier years, he took great pleasure in relating.

One day, an engaging boy, about twelve years of age, son of the Constable, Erskine of Cambo, in the course of his rambles through the Castle yard, came to the open iron grating of the vault, where the poor and emaciated clergy-

[1] Ibid., Diary; Kirkton's Hist, &c. [2] Wodrow.

man was confined. As Carstares always loved children, and felt lonely in his captivity, he gladly began a conversation with the boy, who was completely won by the gentle and engaging manner in which he was accosted, and, pleased with the first interview, resolved to cultivate this new acquaintance.

A few days after, the little Erskine returned at the same hour to the rusty grating of the low dungeon, and, in the course of a few such stolen visits, conceived a strong attachment to the prisoner, and was wont to sit there for hours, lamenting his unhappy situation, and endeavouring, by a thousand innocent and childish means, to divert him.[1]

Sometimes the boy brought him packages of fruit and provisions, (more delicate than the coarse fare of the prison,) and, what were of more importance, pens, ink, and paper, and, when the prisoner wrote letters, carried them secretly to the post. He seemed quite unhappy if Mr Carstares was without an errand for him to perform, or a favour to ask; and this singular intimacy subsisted till the 13th September, when Mr Carstares and Mr William Spence were removed to the Castle of Dumbarton. At this separation, little Erskine wept, and the kind clergyman also shed tears, as he blessed him, and was led away by the soldiers.

It was not many years before the unfortunate prisoner had an opportunity of testifying his gratitude. The Revolution came—the Stuarts were exiled, and their friends proscribed—and when the hand of misfortune pressed heavily on the Erskines of Cambo, for their Cavalier principles and indomitable loyalty, Mr Carstares, then Principal of the first university in Scotland, Moderator of the General Assembly, and high in the favour of William III., did not forget his little friend of former days in the Castle of Edinburgh.

[1] M'Cormick's Life of Carstares.

One of the first private favours he asked of the new King was to bestow the office of Lord Lyon upon the young heir of Cambo, to whose humanity and kind offices he owed his chief consolation in a time of the deepest distress. The request was granted, with the additional gratuity, that it should become hereditary in the family of Cambo. He did not, however, long enjoy it in his own person, and his eldest son forfeited it by engaging in the insurrection of 1715.

In that year Principal Carstares died at Edinburgh.[1]

[1] M'Cormick, 4to.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SIEGE IN 1689.

William the first Duke of Queensberry, who had obtained the government of the Castle during the reign of Charles II., was succeeded on the 11th March 1686, by George Duke of Gordon, a noble highly esteemed for his honour and probity. He was a Catholic, and procured a dispensation from taking the test oath required by law, but nevertheless fulfilled his trust with fidelity during the four years he held it.[1]

The favour so openly bestowed upon Catholics by James VII., and his undisguised intention of restoring the Church of Rome in all its pristine power and grandeur, are to be found narrated in the general history of Scotland; and the annals of Edinburgh record a dangerous tumult which broke out there, in consequence of the great officers of state attending mass in a public manner. Mary Countess of Perth, and other Catholics of rank, were grossly assaulted by a mob when returning from the Chapel Royal; and a baker who had signalised himself on the occasion, was ordered to be whipped through the city. His rescue by the rioters caused Major White's companies to be marched from the Castle, to the assistance of the Fusilier Guards. These troops fired, and shot two persons who were not engaged in the brawl. Mowbray an embroiderer was criminally indicted as a ringleader, and, under a guard of pikemen and mus-

[1] Caledonia.

queteers, corporal punishment was inflicted on several of the rioters.

On tidings arriving of William's intended invasion of Britain, and the whole standing forces of Scotland, horse, foot, and artillery, being marched south under Lieutenant-general Douglas, to form a junction with the English under Lord Feversham, on Salisbury plain, the Castle was ordered to be placed on the war establishment. The Duke's fidelity had been mistrusted by the King, who curtailed his privileges over his vassals in Badenoch, and interfered with his garrison orders. These the Duke disapproved of, and resented so far as to tender his resignation, which James declined to accept. He then returned to Edinburgh, determined "to preserve its Castle for the King, though the Prince of Orange should obtain possession of every other fortress in the kingdom."[1]

An artillery company, composed principally of Dutchmen, was placed in it; and General Douglas, Master of the Scottish Ordnance, was empowered "to have free access to the magazines at any time he pleased by day or night."

The result of this permission was the embezzlement, or removal, of a great part of the ammunition and arms to the castle of Stirling; and these, when it surrendered to the revolutionary generals, were employed against the garrison of the Duke of Gordon.

On William's landing, the magistrates of Edinburgh, who, only two years before, had been most loud in their protestations of loyalty to James VII., with singular baseness and servility, were the first to make similar offers to the invader. The city rapidly became filled by vast hordes of Presbyterians from the west, who maltreated every person of Cavalier principles, and rendered it unsafe for them to be found within the walls.

Since his appointment as Governor, the Duke of Gordon had generally resided in the town-house of his family, an

[1] Browne's Hist. Highlands.

old edifice situated at the foot of Blair's Close on the Castle-hill. Tall and gloomy, it has a western exposure to the fortress, and its Gothic doorway is still adorned by his arms, surmounted by a coronet and supported by two hounds.[1]

On the night of the 9th December, there was another dangerous tumult in the city, and the Duke immediately retired into the Castle; but his coach and horses were seized, and the former destroyed. Previously, he had visited the house of the Lord Chancellor Perth, at the Abbeyhill, to invite him into the fortress as the only place of security; but he with other loyal nobles had fled, leaving the streets crowded with armed Presbyterians, who, maddened by religious zeal, and intoxicated by the ale and wine found in the cellars of the Cavaliers, proceeded to pillage and destroy on all hands; and soon the splendid mansions of the Chancellor, of the Barons of Niddry, Blairdrummond, and others, were all blazing at once, and sheeting the sky with fire.

A vast mob armed on all points assembled in the Cowgate, ascended the Bow, and poured like a flood down the Canongate with drums beating, and, led by the captains of the Trained Band, stormed the gates of Holyrood. There an independent company, under Captain Wallace, fought bravely till surrounded, and, after surrendering on quarter, was exterminated. The Palace was assailed, the Chapel-Royal ravaged and destroyed. Catholic ladies of noble family were savagely dragged through the streets, and publicly violated, in open daylight, by these warriors of the "oppressed kirk and broken covenant;" while a thousand other episodes of crime and horror commemorated the achievement of the Revolution of 1688, and the downfall for ever of the house of Stuart.[2]

For three days Edinburgh was a chaos of pillage, confusion, and outrage.

Finding matters thus, and that the rabble were firing

[1] Old Houses in Edin.

[2] See Lord Balcarres' Memoirs.

wantonly on his sentries, the Duke of Gordon cut and drew up the wooden bridge that crossed the moat, supplying its place with a single plank, which could be laid down and removed with ease. He posted sentries at all points, and in a manner "which his enemies were pleased to say was done to the utmost advantage."[1] He had required the council to provide 120 men, and three months' provisions, in addition to 200 bolls of meal and 100 bolls of malt then in its stores; but only a twentieth part of the biscuit and a fifth part of the beer necessary were sent him. He had many difficulties to encounter, and his soldiers were divided in opinion, mutinous in spirit, and constantly forming dangerous conspiracies, which required all his firmness, tact, and determination to subdue.

On the night of that dangerous tumult, he fortunately discovered that many of his soldiers had resolved to revolt. He called a council of Catholic officers to frustrate the design; and Colonel Winram, the Lieutenant-Governor, undertook to watch the men. At midnight, he sent an officer hurriedly to acquaint the Duke that the mutineers were in arms, and in the act of dragging their loyal comrades from bed. Gordon drew his sword, and by his presence and authority among them restored discipline. Next morning he paraded the garrison, administered an oath to the faithful; and forty-four soldiers, who refused to serve, were marched to the barrier-guard, stripped of their uniforms by Serjeant Tod, and dismissed.

On the 11th November, he was joined by thirty-three Highlanders,[2] and soon after he received a further reinforcement of forty-five more, his own vassals of Huntly, who landed at Leith under Francis Gordon of Midstrath. Discontent still continued, and increased when, some days after, a Catholic soldier wounded a Protestant with his bayonet.

On the 20th December the now servile Privy Council, finding that their army had revolted to the invader, who

[1] Memoirs of Dundee.

[2] Miscellanea Scotica.

was bearing all before him in the south, sent a deputation to the Duke, requiring him, as a *Papist*, to surrender the Castle; but he declined, saying—"I am bound only to obey the King."

On the 14th March 1689, an illegally constituted Convention, which was attended by only thirty of the Whig nobles, did not hesitate to declare that James VII. had forfeited all title to the crown, (thus *making* a vacancy,) after which they offered it to the Prince of Orange. Immediately on this, there was another sedition in Gordon's unruly garrison, and Lieutenant John Achmuty refused to obey his orders.[1]

A troop of gentlemen of the Life Guards, who had reached Scotland, under the gallant Viscount Dundee, and entered the city in February, together with the presence of the Earl of Balcarres and other loyalists, supported the spirit of the King's faction; but, to counteract their power, the Presbyterians were summoned in greater numbers. The Duke of Hamilton, and other friends of the Revolution, brought several companies of foot, who were concealed in garrets, cellars, and the meaner suburbs, and, on the 30th May, six thousand Cameronians marched in from the West country. Their standards bore an open Bible, and the motto,

For Reformation according to the Word of God.

These men rejected all remuneration, and, nobly saying, "We have come to serve our country," declined even the small gratuity of one week's pay, which, with the thanks of the Convention, were tendered them.[2]

Another conspiracy forced the Duke of Gordon to exact a new oath of fidelity from his soldiers, and on the Bible they swore it solemnly and severally to the Chaplain, Mr Forrester, who, during the siege, behaved with distinguished valour and loyalty. The Duke was compelled to

[1] Journal of the Siege. [2] Caledonia.

eject many of the gunners; but Robert Dunbar, master of a merchant vessel, an expert cannoneer, left his wife and children to the mercy of the people, and offered his services to work the artillery.

The discovery of a design, formed by the friends of William, to assassinate Lord Dundee and Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, caused a proclamation for all strangers to leave the city; and a second refusal of the Duke to surrender was a signal for the loyalists to retire. At the head of his forlorn band of sixty Cavalier troopers, Dundee—the idol of the Cavaliers, the "bluidy Claverse" of their enemies—marched out of the city, on the 18th March, by the Leith Wynd Port, and, through a telescope, the anxious Duke of Gordon watched them as they wound past the venerable Trinity Church, ascended among the cottages and gardens of the Mouterhouse-hill, and rode westward by the Long Gate, a solitary roadway, bordered by fields and rough stone dykes.

On a soldier appearing at the postern, and waving a standard, the Viscount halted his troop near St Cuthbert's Church, and, galloping down the Kirk-brae, dismounted, and, though encumbered with his buff-coat, jack-boots, and headpiece, laboriously ascended the steep rocks, and for half an hour held a conference with the Duke. What passed was never exactly known, but the novelty of the interview attracted a crowd of spectators.[1] The Viscount is said to have advised the Duke to leave the Castle in charge of Colonel Winram, on whose courage and skill they could both depend; but his Grace refused, saying—

"Nay, Dundee, a soldier cannot with honour quit the post assigned him."

The other, after exhorting him to defend the place to the last extremity, retired; and the Duke watched the glittering accoutrements of his troopers as they caracoled past the old turreted house of Coates, appearing and dis-

[1] Arnot.

appearing among the woods, on their solitary way to the west, while

> "The trumpets were blown,
> The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
> Till by Ravelstone cliffs and on Clermiston lee,
> Died away the wild war-notes of bonnie Dundee."

During the conference, it was reported in the city, and there was an insurrection among the loyalists; and, a cannonade from the Castle being expected, a general panic ensued. The Cameronian drums beat through the streets, and the troops of the Duke of Hamilton, suddenly emerging from their places of concealment, like a swarm of armed hornets, were mustered for immediate service. The Lords of Convention, who were confined in their hall, became terrified by the uproar; and, the doors being thrown open, the few friends of James remaining in Edinburgh deserted to them.[1]

On the 14th March, the Earls of Lothian and Tweeddale appeared before the Castle gate, in the name of the Estates, requiring the Duke to leave it in twenty-four hours, under the next senior Protestant officer, and offering a year's pay to every soldier who would revolt from him.

"My Lords," replied Gordon courteously, "it is inconsistent with my honour to give up this Castle, without the express orders of my master, James VII."

On their announcing this reply to the Convention, the Castle was summoned a second time, with great formality, by the heralds and pursuivants in their tabards. The Duke was required to capitulate on pain of treason, and on his refusal they proclaimed him a *traitor*.[2]

"Gentlemen," said his Grace, laughing, as he threw some guineas to the pursuivants to drink the health of James VII., "I would advise you not to proclaim men traitors who wear the King's coat, till they have turned it."[3]

[1] Balcarres. [2] Smollet's England. [3] Dr Browne.

Under the most severe penalties, all persons were forbidden to correspond with him or his garrison; and the Convention ordered Colonel the Earl of Leven, with the Cameronians, to block up the Castle. To these were added three hundred Highlanders under the Marquis of Argyle, and a corps of eight hundred men, which had been formed in two hours, and still exists as the 26th or Cameronian regiment; while a Scotch brigade, consisting of three regiments, which had been in the Dutch service, and had accompanied William to England, was on the march for Scotland, under Lieut.-general Mackay of Scoury, to assist the blockade.

After the heralds had retired, the Duke harangued his garrison, and concluded by saying—"Soldiers! you behold the dangers we are about to encounter. For my own part, I will not be frightened from the duty I owe to God and to my prince. The brave and loyal will stay with me—the false and cowardly may depart, and shall receive their arrears of pay."

Upon this, Gunners Colquhoun and Ford stepped forth from the ranks, required their discharges, and were dismissed. Next day, the obstreperous Lieutenant Achmuty, Forbes the master-gunner, Scott the surgeon, Oliver St Clair sutler, two sergeants, two corporals, two drummers, and seventy privates, also demanded their discharges and left the garrison; after which the gates were shut, barricaded, and vigorous preparations for resistance made. Sir James Grant of Dalvey and Gordon of Edintore contrived to give the Duke a small supply of provisions; and the latter wrote to King James, stating that, unless relieved, the Castle could not possibly hold out beyond June. Gordon of Midstrath and many gentlemen served as volunteers; while two persons, named Grant, daily supplied them with information of what passed in the city.

Strength of the Garrison.

"*Men.*—One governor, the Duke; one lieut.-governor,

Colonel Winram ; one ensign, Winchester ; four serjeants, (one sick) ; sixty privates ; twenty gentlemen volunteers.

"*Brass cannon.*—One 42-pounder, one 36 do., four 24 do, one 18 do, two 12 do, one 14-inch mortar, 17 bombs.

"*Iron cannon.*—Several 24, 16, and 12 pounders and light field-pieces ;" but "no gunners, no surgeon, no carpenter, no engineers, and—no money." Sixty barrels of powder, each half empty.[1]

The garrison formerly consisted of three companies, the Governor's, the Lieutenant's, and Ensign's ; now they were reduced to two small divisions of thirty files. Midstrath commanded the first, and Winchester the second. The principal posts were the Upper and Lower Guard-Houses, and the West Postern. Every night a guard was mounted, consisting of one captain, two serjeants, two corporals, and forty musqueteers ; these furnished eight sentinels by day, and seventeen by night.

On the 18th, the Castle was invested by Leven, who, though he had acquired some experience in the service of Brandenburg, did not acquit himself so well as his great-grandfather old Marshal Leslie did, before the same fortress. From the West Port to St Cuthbert's Kirk, he dug a useless line of circumvallation, which, says a Cavalier officer, was performed so ignorantly, that, had not the Duke been merciful, he might have killed the whole besiegers before they could get under cover.[2] He placed picquets at the Weigh-house on the Castlehill, and at each flank of the trenches under Captain Lauder.

On the night of the 19th March, the battlements were blazing with bonfires and tar-barrels, while all the guns were discharged thrice round, in honour of the King's arrival in Ireland. Another approach was dug to the southward of the first ; on this the garrison beat a parley, during which they formed a breastwork before the Postern. Leven continued the blockade without success until the 25th, when

[1] Journal of Siege. [2] Mems. of Dundee.

General Mackay arrived with three regiments of twelve companies each, a train of cannon, and a vast quantity of wool-packs for fascines. Forming a junction with the Cameronian regiment, the Argyle Highlanders, and all the forces in the city, he commenced more effective operations for reducing the brave Duke and the little band who adhered to him.

As the wounded suffered greatly from the want of medical attendance, the Duke secretly sent a soldier into the city, where he prevailed on a Dr English to join the garrison; but when about to enter the postern, his courage failed, and, sliding down the rocks, he retired. Soon after, Mr Smith, the Duke's own physician, joined them.

On the 31st March, the Castle guns briskly cannonaded the western parallels, and for several nights retarded the working parties. Gordon of Midstrath made a sally at the head of a small party, cut a passage through the trench-guards, and returned in safety with a quantity of straw to charge the cannon.

Mackay formed one battery of two 18-pounders, at Castle Collops, an old ruined tower on the Highrigs; another, of three 24-pounders, he opposed to the Royal Lodging and gunports of the Half-moon. On the 3d April, perceiving the ancient tower of Coates, (the residence of Sir John Byres of that Ilk,) to be filled with soldiers, the Duke cannonaded the outer wall, and its fall did considerable execution. That night he was joined by young Macpherson of Killyhuntly, and three volunteers.

Next day the remains of the Lord President, Sir George Lockhart, who had been assassinated by Chiesley of Dalry, were to be committed to the grave; and during the funeral procession to the Greyfriars' churchyard, a parley was granted at beat of drum.[1] Provisions now became scarce, as the Duke depended chiefly on a few citizens who com-

[1] Grose, Antiq. Scot.

municated with him in the night by the postern; but the trench-guards soon obstructed this solitary avenue.

Under Lieutenant-generals Sir John Lanier and James Douglas of Queensberry, fresh troops arrived with a battering and howitzer train, under Captain Browne, to co-operate with Lord Leven and Mackay. The batteries were strengthened; a third was erected on the Mouter-house Hill, (where now the Register Office stands,) a fourth at Heriot's Hospital, behind which Captain Browne planted his mortars, and shot eighteen bombs on the 6th April. The battery at Castle Collops breached the west wall near the postern, but the steepness of the rock rendered an assault impossible. On Sunday the 19th May, another large battery of cannon and mortars opened on the western walls; the bombs were thrown in pairs, but all went *over* the Castle, split on the parapets, or fell into the Portsburgh, "which," saith an old Cavalier, "very much betrayed their Excellencies' ignorance in the besieging of towns." That day all the wells were sounded and found to be dry, save that in the Half-moon, which had ten feet of water. On the 20th May there was a severe storm of snow; on the faces of the rock it fell two feet deep, and the soldiers industriously saved it for water, regardless of the incessant bombs, whose showers of splinters and combustibles were their greatest source of dread and danger. On the 21st, sixteen fell into the fortress; one burst under the chapel stair, blew up the steps, and hurled them on the soldiers. After this the Duke kept all who were not at the cannon in the south vaults; but after a time they learned to avoid their troublesome visitors, by posting a sentinel on the Hawkhill to give notice; thus when a bomb soared all were on their guard, and lay prostrate under the parapets ere it fell behind them.

By the 22d every building in the place was roofless, "and the poor soldiers were half naked;" yet they abode bravely by their cannon, though the snow lay knee-deep on the shattered bastions; and, while labouring under a severe

fever, the Duke, by his presence and constant exhortations, kept their courage and patriotism alive.

On the 23d, a soldier's wife being taken in labour, the Duke humanely beat a parley for medical assistance, but the request was refused. That night twenty bombs fell into the Castle ; one burst in the Magazine, another in the Register among the records, and two broke a brass gun. By the 25th, Captain Browne had acquired the exact *elevation*, and threw his bombs with dangerous precision ; the upper chambers of the Royal Lodging were soon defaced, the balcony beaten down, and the church on the north of the Grand Parade so much ruined, that on Sunday the chaplain read his sermon in the vaults. At 10 o'clock on the morning of the 31st, General Lanier began to intrench his troops near the Half-moon.

On the 4th June, the besiegers shot showers of hand-grenades from their mortars, which were so destructive that Colonel Winram proposed a sally, to which the Duke objected in consequence of the smallness of his force. On the 5th he destroyed four pieces on their batteries, and breached the wall of the West Church, which the picquet then abandoned, leaving half their number killed and wounded. That night, twenty-four bombs fell into the Castle. On the 7th, Colin Sutherland, a soldier, died, and was buried without a coffin on the summit of the rock, where his comrades fired three volleys over him. The scarcity of food and water, together with the incessant hardship they endured, by exposure among the ruins to weather singularly inclement for the season, soon made the little garrison sickly, and their courage began to sink. Mr John Grant, a volunteer, went out in the night to discover if there was any hope of relief, and two days after signalled from the Long Gate—*none*. On the 11th, the brave young Laird of Midstrath again sallied forth in the night, and with only six men, by sheer dint of sword and dirk, drove the whole guard from the trench on the Castle-hill.

Affairs were now becoming serious with the brave Duke and his officers: many of their soldiers had deserted; many were killed, wounded, or sick; and now there were not left sufficient to relieve the night-sentinels regularly, or man the numerous large and practicable breaches that yawned in the outer walls, while all within were beaten to shapeless ruin. Those soldiers "who were best able to endure hardship" stood sentinel in their buff-coats, steel caps, and bandoliers, from ten at night till three in the morning, and were regularly, during the whole ensuing day, employed in "ditching, scouring, raising, and removing battery, working the guns, &c." [1]

The water became more scarce; the North Loch was drained for the purpose of drying up the last well, but it still retained a few feet of putrid and unwholesome liquid. For ten days these brave men subsisted on dry bread and salt herrings eaten raw, for they were without fuel, and the snow still covered the bleak rocks. All their ammunition was nearly expended, and the Duke, despairing of relief from King James, was at last compelled to beat a parley.[2]

At 6 o'clock on the evening of the 11th June, the standard of James VII. was lowered on the walls, and a white flag ascended in its place. On this Lieut. General Lanier sent up Major Somerville and another officer to confer with the Duke, who met them at the plank which crossed the trench. He was dressed in his scarlet uniform, as an officer of James VII., and wore the Order of the Thistle. He desired to capitulate. After a time, the Major returned with Sir John Lanier, Lord Colchester, and Colonel Balfour of the Scotch-Dutch, who demanded hostages "for the performance of any articles of capitulation agreed upon." While they were debating, a message came from the Duke of Hamilton, desiring them "neither to give nor take hostages," on which the treaty ended abruptly, and the firing was warmly resumed on both sides.

[1] Journal of Siege. [2] Smollet.

Next day the parley was renewed, and in the interim Mr Grant rejoined the garrison, which General Lanier declared to be contrary to the rules of war, and threatened to break off all negotiations. Major Somerville somewhat peremptorily insisted on the Duke meeting Lanier midway between the Castle and city ; and after some severe reflections on the garrison, added, that "Sir John Lanier would not break his word for six times the value of the Castle of Edinburgh."

"Sir!" said Ensign Winchester scornfully, "he has broken his word and oath to a *better man* than any here among us."

Upon this the Major stormed and retired, swearing "he would have man, woman, and child put to the sword!"

That night Lieutenant Hay and a woman were hanged in the trenches, for giving intelligence to the Duke.

Calling to mind the treachery which had been practised towards Kirkaldy of Grange, when Governor of the same fortress, and similarly situated, his Grace became somewhat excited, and proposed to Colonel Winram that the whole should sally forth sword in hand, cut a passage through Lanier's lines, seize boats and cross the North Loch, which the melted snows had again filled—but the proposal was abandoned as too desperate. At 8 o'clock in the evening, he informed his soldiers that he had "no hope either of mercy or capitulation, and that all who were cowards might depart by the postern."

"We will live and die with your Grace!" they responded with three huzzas.

At 11 that night a column of infantry crept up the north side of the Castlehill, but a fire from the south angle of the tête-de-pont drove them down in disorder to the margin of the Loch ; their officers brandished their swords, and were heard exclaiming angrily,—"Advance! you dogs, advance!"

Upon this the Duke's soldiers laughed and mocked

them, crying—"Dogs! dogs!—will you not obey your officers, you dogs?"

Next morning the same column again advanced, and made a lodgment across the Castlehill near the Blue Stone, by laying before them a breast-work of woollen bales.[1] There were only nineteen men on the lower parapets, yet these poured on them a fire that proved very destructive, all the while chorusing merrily,—"The King shall enjoy his ain again."

On the last night of this destructive siege, Midstrath was Captain of the Guard; Henry Gordon commanded "the lower Half-moon," or tête-de-pont; John Falconer at the Barrier Guard; Gordon of Edintore at the Portcullis; a sergeant in Crichton's yard: and during the whole night the firing was maintained on both sides with great determination, till it slackened about two in the morning. In the Castle only one man was killed—Patrick Kelly, a gunner—whom a cannon-ball cut in two through a gun-port; but there were many weltering in their blood in the trenches, where then the number of slain amounted to five hundred. By this time the Duke had become seriously ill, but, notwithstanding, he spent the whole of that dangerous night in visiting the little bands, who kept the ruined posts and shattered breaches. At daybreak he again displayed the white flag, and sent to the general commanding the following paper:—

"*Seven Articles of Surrender for the Castle of Edinburgh, 13th June* 1689.

"I. Colonel Winram, the Lieutenant-governor, will submit himself to King William's pleasure, his life being spared. The rest of the garrison shall have their lives, liberties, fortunes, and passports.

"II. The garrison shall march out with swords and baggage.

"III. All gentlemen volunteers and others to have the same terms.

[1] Miscell. Scotica.

"IV. All persons who have corresponded with or aided the garrison, (but have not been in arms,) shall have the full benefit of the first article.

"V. All sick soldiers to have liberty to go where they chose.

"VI. All officers and gentlemen shall have the benefits of other lieges, they living peaceably.

"VII. Immediately after the garrison receive security for the performance of these articles, a considerable portion of the walls shall be put in the possession of General Lanier's troops."

The Duke had no wish to march out with the honours of war, being anxious to avoid maltreatment and insult from the Presbyterians.[1]

At three in the afternoon Lord Colchester appeared at the steps ascending to the Castle gate, where the Duke and Colonel Winram received from him eight other articles proposed by Sir John Lanier. By these, which were very disadvantageous, they were both to be detained prisoners of war; but ultimately it was arranged that the soldiers should be free, and the Lieutenant-governor have life and fortune secured.

"For myself," said the Duke, "I have too much confidence in all the princes who are descended from James VI. to insist on any particular terms, though I must secure a pardon for my soldiers."

By 10 o'clock the articles were signed; and in the dark, Major Somerville, at the head of two hundred infantry, took possession of all the posts except the Citadel gate, the Great Hall, and Grand Parade, where the Duke drew up his little band of fifty officers and men, to return them thanks for their faithful service.

"Gentlemen and soldiers," said he, "I know not wherein I have been unkind to any of you; but if I have ever wronged any man in your ranks, let him speak ere we part.

[1] Journal of the Siege.

Do not brawl with the new comers, for you are too few to conquer, and too many to sacrifice." He then gave each a little sum to convey him home; and as he shook hands with them, there was not an eye unmoistened in all that forlorn company.

On the 14th June, Lieutenant-general Lanier took possession of all the gates, and the Duke marched out at the head of his soldiers, who, though emaciated by toil, starvation, and sickness, were cruelly maltreated by a Presbyterian mob. In the stores were found five barrels of powder spoiled with water, six bolls of malt, one barrel of salt beef, two stones of butter, and two of cheese—but all so useless and decayed that, for the five days preceding the surrender, the Duke and his brave comrades had subsisted only on a little oatmeal, mixed with putrid water.[1]

In defiance of the articles of surrender, Colonel Winram was detained a prisoner a considerable time. Lord Colchester and Sir John Lanier led the Duke to his Grace of Hamilton, who invited him to dinner, and thereafter confined him to his own house in Blair's Close.

King William sent an order to release him on his word of honour, "or remain *still* a prisoner in the Castle;" but on the 24th January 1690, he was brought before the Council, and gave his parole not to serve against William until he saw him personally, and soon after he was presented at court, but *without a sword.*

The fall of the fortress must have been mortifying intelligence for the gallant Dundee, then a homeless wanderer in the wilds of Lochaber; but in a month afterwards many of Gordon's best officers fell by his side in the Pass of Killiecrankie.

The Duke died in peace and retirement at Castle Gordon in the north; but Lanier and Mackay fell on the plains of Steinkirke in Flanders; while the traitorous Douglas was slain by a cannon-shot on the banks of the Boyne.

[1] Journal of the Siege.

CHAPTER XX.

A. D. 1689—1733.

PLOTS OF THE JACOBITES.

The Earl of Leven, a Colonel of Brandenburg infantry, was appointed governor of the newly-acquired fortress. He was the first man who fled from Killiecrankie, and rode from the field six miles without drawing bridle. "No doubt," says a Cavalier, "if her Majesty (Queen Anne) had been rightly informed of his care of the Castle, where there were not ten barrels of powder when the Pretender was on the coast of Scotland, and of his courteous behaviour to the ladies — particularly how he whipped the Lady Mortonhall—she would have made him a general for life."[1]

The repairs rendered necessary by the siege were conducted under John Drury, (the chief of the Scottish Engineers,) whose name is still bestowed on a strong battery to the southward of the Citadel. Captain Slezer, of the Scottish Artillery, in his View of the Castle in 1693, shows it, on the west and north, much the same in feature as at present, except the turrets or *echauguettes*, which are of the reign of George I., and are in the French style of military architecture. A circular tower stood near the Queen's post on the west. The great crow-stepped gable of the ancient church overlooked the Half-moon; St Margaret's Oratory still crowned the summit of the Citadel,

[1] Miscellanea Scotica.

and turrets with pointed roofs distinguished the Royal Lodging; while a crenelated battlement surmounted the tower of the portcullis.

The usual garrison, in 1693, was two hundred men.[1] These included the old Castle Company. The fortress contained a *pit* or dungeon, which is mentioned by Fountainhall in a case before the Lords of Session in 1710.

The teinds of Dalgarno, (a pendicle of Holyrood,) "eftir the aboilitioun of Episcopacie, were disponed for maintainans of the Castle;"[2] and in July 1700 it was inspected by Major-general the Earl of Leven, and Lord Carmichael, Colonel of Horse, who reported that certain repairs were required;[3] and for these, in 1704, we find the sum of £7332 paid by the Scottish Exchequer to Sir Andrew Murray of Blackbarony.[4]

In the same year, Walter Smith, Clerk and Minister of the Castle, petitioned the Scottish Parliament for "payment of £75 sterling owing to him, free of poundage and invalid money." He was remitted to the Committee of Public Accounts, the Chapel being extra-parochial, having its own district and privileges.[5] This claim was probably caused by the Earl of March, Governor in 1702, "during the Queen's pleasure," having embezzled the whole of the "Castle wards and duties belonging to the Constable for the year 1704."[6]

In that year the magazines were well stored; for the English Parliament having almost declared war against Scotland, by fitting out twenty-four armed ships against the trade of the Scots, whom they voted *aliens*, the Castle was placed in a state of defence. Five hundred barrels of powder were placed in it; the Trained Bands were mustered; and it was reported that ten thousand barrels of

[1] Theatrum Scotiæ, fol.
[2] Stat. Acct. Dumfries.
[3] Carstares' State Papers.
[4] Acta Parliamentorum.
[5] Caledonia.
[6] Fountainhall.

powder, thirty thousand stand of arms, and equipment for sixty thousand infantry, were ordered from Holland.[1]

After the Revolution, there were many desperate plots formed by the Jacobites to secure this important fortress, which, from its overawing the capital, they considered a key for possessing the whole of Scotland.

The first of these was organised by Simon Frazer of Beaufort, (so well known in after years as Lord Lovat,) who then held a commission as captain in the Earl of Tullybardine's Regiment, a corps in the Scottish service. Though raised, in 1695, by Lord William Murray ostensibly for the service of William III., it was in reality intended for that of King James; and Beaufort brought into its ranks three hundred recruits, many of them gentlemen of the Clan Frazer—receiving from Lord Murray a solemn pledge that the whole battalion was for the service of *the King*, who was expected to make a descent on the Scottish shores in the ensuing summer. But the Colonel, being appointed Secretary of State for Scotland, treacherously entered with ardour into the service of William, his new master. He assigned to his regiment the duty of guarding the Palace of Holyrood; but, aware that its ranks were filled with Jacobites, he assembled the officers, and tendered to them the obnoxious oath of *Abjuration*. They remonstrated, and with one voice exclaimed—

"My Lord, this oath was never meant for the officers of the Scottish army."

But as many had no other means of subsistence than their pay, they were compelled to swear, or be cashiered.

During 1695 and the year following, when a French invasion was apprehended, the Castle was in a very defenceless state, though its Governor, Leven, was supposed to be a zealous adherent of the House of Nassau. The Earl Marischal, his brother-in-law Lord Drummond, and many other nobles charged with adherence to "the good old

[1] Defoe, Hist. Union.

cause," were prisoners within its walls; as were also the Viscount Kilsyth, Lieutenant-colonel of the Scots Greys, and many of his officers, who, by a sergeant, had been accused of a design of joining Dundee seven years before.[1]

From Sir Thomas Livingstone, the Scottish Commander-in-Chief, Lord Leven obtained a company of Tullybardine's Regiment to strengthen his garrison, which consisted only of the Castle Company of a hundred musketeers. William Earl Marischal, a noble of high and patriotic spirit, was the intimate friend of Beaufort, who, with his company, frequently mounted guard in the fortress; and it was arranged between them, that so soon as the King should land, or even when his departure from France was fully known, Beaufort and another captain, with whose political bias they were well acquainted, "should contrive to be upon parade, in order to relieve the guards; and consequently, when both companies were present, they should make themselves masters of the garrison by a *coup-de-main*, shut the gates, declare for King James, appoint the Earl Marischal Governor, and commit the Earl of Leven prisoner in his stead."[2] This other captain and the Laird of Beaufort engaged upon oath, with Marischal and his noble companions in captivity, to preserve inviolable secrecy; and the design would infallibly have succeeded, had not the French fleet been so irretrievably ruined in the affair of La Hogue, four years before, that no armament could leave Dunkirk. But the Court of St Germains, being informed by the Earl Marischal of the project, made warm acknowledgments to the conspirators for their loyalty.

Beaufort intrigued still further on the accession of Anne. In 1703, he is said to have gained over the Governor Leven completely to the interests of the Court of St Germains, with which he made his peace, promising, "that if the King

[1] Capt. Crichton's Mem. [2] Lovat's Mem., by himself.

would grant him the same appointments he possessed under Queen Anne, he would declare for the Royal party, constantly adhere to it," and, on the landing of the French, deliver up to them the Castle of Edinburgh without firing a shot.[1]

The year 1706 was a crisis peculiarly favourable for the attempts of the House of Stuart to regain the throne; for, the Parliament having resolved on a Union with England, the passions and patriotism of the people were inflamed to a dangerous degree. In August, the equivalent money was sent to Scotland, as a blind to the people for their full participation in the English taxes, which were expected to press heavily on the poor. It was pompously brought to Edinburgh in *twelve* great wagons, and, guarded by a regiment of Scottish cavalry, was conveyed immediately to the Castle, amid the railings, the reproaches, and the deep curses of the people, who viewed it as the price of their national name, fame, liberty, and honour.

In their anathemas, they spared not the very horses that drew the wagons; and, on the return of the procession from the Castle, their rage could no longer be restrained, and, unopposed by the cavalry, they broke the vehicles to pieces, and assailed the drivers with volleys of stones, by which many of them were severely injured.[2]

In the following year, during the sitting of the last Parliament, a tumult arose in the West, led by two men named Montgomerie and Finlay. The latter had been a sergeant in Dumbarton's Regiment in Flanders; and, animated by the true Scottish spirit, when it seemed on the eve of being extinguished for ever, the brave old soldier publicly burned the Articles of Union at Glasgow, and, with the little sum he had received from the States-General on his discharge, enlisted men to march with him to disperse the Union Parliament and storm the Castle of Edinburgh.

[1] Lovat's Mem. [2] Defoe.

The troops were kept on the alert, and the Castle guns and beacons were prepared.[1]

The mob readily took the old man's guilders, and for a time followed him with acclamations, but melted away on the march from the West; and he, with his comrade Montgomerie, were brought prisoners to the Castle, under a guard of two hundred and fifty dragoons.

Carried by gross bribery, the Treaty of Union (every article of which, that was in the least beneficial to Scotland, has long since been broken and expunged) passed at Edinburgh, and the most ancient kingdom in Europe was blotted from its map for ever. The voters were all bought over: Lord Elibank gave his name for £50; Lord Forbes for the same sum; and the patriotic Provost of Wigton for £25.[2] *Credat Judæus!*

Under a salute of cannon, the new Union standard was hoisted on the Castle wall, and old St Andrew's saltire, with the lion *gules*, was lowered to be displayed no more. It was stipulated that the fortress, with those of Stirling, Blackness, and Dumbarton, should be kept constantly garrisoned, and in a state of repair and defence. Soon after, its walls witnessed the last act of this national tragedy—the entombing of the Regalia, which, by the Treaty of Union, "are never more to be used, but kept constantly in the Castle of Edinburgh."

In presence of the Constable, Colonel David Stuart, David Leslie, (grandson of the Governor,) Sir James Mackenzie, Clerk of the Treasury, and William Wilson, Depute-Clerk of Session, the imperial crown, which is of pure gold, enriched with many precious jewels, sparkling diamonds, and orient pearls—the sceptre, which is two feet long, double-gilt, and embossed with beautiful *relievi* of the Virgin, St James, and St Andrew, and tipped with an orient pearl—the magnificent sword of state, six feet long,

[1] MS. Collect. of Military Papers. See Note.
[2] Biog. Lit. and Polit.

the gift of Pope Julius to the bravest of our kings, elaborate with inlaying, embossage, and enamel—and the beautiful mace of the Lord High Treasurer—were all solemnly deposited in their usual receptacle—the Crown-Room—between the hours of one and two on the 26th March.

Animated by the same glow of patriotism that fired the bosom of Belhaven, the Earl Marischal, after having opposed the Union in all its stages, refused to be present at this degrading ceremony, and was represented by his proxy, Wilson, the Clerk of Session, who took a long protest, descriptive of the Regalia, and declaring that they should remain within the said Crown-Room, and never be removed from it without due intimation being made to the Earl Marischal. A copy of this protest, beautifully illuminated, was then deposited with the Regalia; a linen cloth was spread over the whole, and the great oak chest was secured with three ponderous locks;[1] and there, for a hundred and eleven years, amid silence, obscurity, and dust, lay the circlet that had sparkled on the brows of Bruce, on those of the gallant James's, and Mary's auburn hair—the symbols of Scotland's elder days, for which so many myriads of the loyal, the brave, and the noble had laid down their lives on the battle-field—neglected and forgotten.

The Crown-Room in which they were deposited is strong and vaulted; its windows and chimney are well secured with iron stanchels; and the entrance is by two doors, the first of oak, the second of iron bars, and both were fastened by gigantic bolts of great strength. Where the keys of this chamber and those of the oak chest were deposited was never known; and it mattered not, for Scotland had for ever lost her name among the nations—her palaces were in ruin, her kings in exile, and her Regalia were required no more.

The exertions of the Jacobites were redoubled, and their number was increased by the discontent incident to the

[1] Maitland's Hist. Edin.; Hist. of Regalia, &c.

triumph of this obnoxious treaty; and in July, only four months after the deposition of the Regalia, a gentleman of high spirit and determined courage, (but whose name unfortunately is unknown,) formed a design, with thirty men, to capture the Castle, which, after a minute examination, he found to be "destitute both of soldiers and ammunition, there being but thirty-five effective men in it, some of whom he had already debauched." It then contained the equivalent money, amounting to £400,000, and a great quantity of Scottish specie, which had been called in for the purpose of being recoined: thus its capture, when containing so much treasure, was of vast importance to the Jacobites.

This third design upon the fortress was to be executed thus:—

The leader, with his thirty followers, all armed with swords and secret firearms, was to appear on the Castlehill at noon, the hour when that promenade was crowded with all the gay and fashionable idlers of the city, among whom they were to scatter themselves, and draw as near the barrier-gate as possible. Their leader was to inquire for a friend in the Castle, and shoot the sentinel the moment he opened the gate. The report of the pistol was to be the signal, on which the whole were to draw their swords and secure the bridge, until a hundred men, who were to be concealed in a cellar on the Castlehill, joined them, when they were to draw up the bridge, tear down the Union flag, and hoist the standard of James VIII.[1]

The projector of this bold enterprise having mentioned it to the intriguing Laird of Kersland, was by him advised to defer the attempt until the Chevalier was ready to sail from France. Ker, in the interim, treacherously informed the Treasurer and Duke of Queensberry, and begged them to put the kingdom, and especially the Castle, in a better state of defence. But his advice was neglected, for the latter remained in the same condition, when, in the summer

[1] Memoirs of Ker of Kersland.

of the following year, 1708, another plan to seize it, and make a general rising, was organised among the Drummonds, the Hays, the Keiths, Lord Stormont, the Murrays, and all the brave and loyal chieftains of the north and west; while the vacillating and now repentant Cameronians agreed to muster five thousand cavalry and twenty thousand infantry, provided the French King would give them a monthly subsidy. Money is the sinews of war, but the poor Cavaliers had none.

The Royals and other Scottish regiments were ordered home from Flanders, and they embarked, declaring they would never draw their swords against their countrymen.[1] Several brigades of horse and foot were on the march towards Scotland, to keep the Jacobites in awe; while the Earl of Leven, Governor of Edinburgh Castle, hastened from London to put the fortress in a state of defence. It was destitute of all warlike stores; and as Leven was wavering between adherence to the courts of St James's and St Germain's, its capture appeared certain.[2] The great magazine of arms placed there in the reign of Charles II., had long since been exhausted;[3] the cannon had been removed to the English arsenals, as also had four hundred and ninety of the five hundred barrels of powder placed there in 1706. This was only in the spirit of centralisation, which has since been brought to such perfection.

In consequence of the engagement of the Jacobites and Cameronians to rise in arms, a French fleet, consisting of five sail of the line and twenty-one frigates, with two transports, under command of the Compte de Fourbin, having on board fifteen thousand French troops under the Mareschal de Matignon, then known as Monsieur de Gace, and having with him the Chevalier de St George, sailed from Dunkirk. Retarded by stormy weather, this noble armament did not arrive in the Scottish seas until the 22d March 1708.

[1] Lockhart's Memoirs. [2] Smollet.
[3] War between the British Kingdoms, 1708.

At Versailles, a plan of Edinburgh Castle had been laid before a board of general officers and experienced engineers, who unanimously concluded that, with the troops, cannon, and mortars under Monsieur de Gace, the fortress could be carried in three days, even if properly garrisoned. A false attack was to be made on the Postern, while a brigade of three battalions, after storming the tête-de-pont, and other outworks on the Castlehill, were to make a lodgement under the Half-moon battery. "By taking this Castle," says an officer who was engaged on the expedition, "we should have had the Regalia; and I am told that two Protestant Bishops would have crowned the Prince in their High Church. The *equivalent* from England being also there, would have been a great supply to us for raising men, (having above four hundred officers with us for that purpose—*all pretty fellows*, that have served in the wars of Italy,) and above one hundred chests of money."

For this invasion the Government were wholly unprepared. The army was on the Continent, only fifteen hundred soldiers being in Scotland; the banks were reduced to the verge of ruin; the Lowland Jacobites were openly exulting; and the Highlanders, ever loyal and true, were arming in the north. There were then not *four rounds* of powder in the Castle of Edinburgh.[1]

When Fourbin was about to enter the Forth, a fleet of sixty-four English and three Dutch ships of the line, several frigates, and innumerable fireships, under Sir George Byng, appeared like a cloud on the horizon, upon which the French, with singular cowardice, crowded all sail, and bore away.[2] The Count detached a frigate under the Sieurs Caron and Bouyne, to procure a pilot, to land the armament on the coast of Buchan. M. de Marignon, an officer, in writing to a friend, says—

"The impossibility the Sieurs Caron and Bouyne found, of approaching the shore, in consequence of the stormy

[1] Kersland. [2] Hist. of Queen Anne.

weather, and consequently of finding pilots to guide us; the danger of landing in a place where we were strangers, and where the enemy might come up with us, having been represented to the King by M. de Fourbin, in presence of the Duke of Perth, my Lord Middleton, Mr Hamilton, my Lord Galway, and Messieurs de Beauharnois and d'Andrezet, the King of England, with the unanimous advice of all those gentlemen, resolved to return to Dunkirk, where we could not arrive before this day, (April 12,) in consequence of the calms and contrary winds."

Ere they bore away, James proposed to make a landing with his Scots and Irish regiments; but this the Compte de Fourbin would by no means permit. Thus the expedition ended suddenly as it had been begun; and the vengeance of the Government—whose terror had been replaced by rage—was poured forth upon the unhappy Jacobites; and the Castles of Edinburgh and Stirling, together with the Tolbooths of the towns, were insufficient to contain the multitudes whom the English Ministers meant to sacrifice to their fury. Admiral Byng received the freedom of Edinburgh from the magistrates, who, no doubt, would have presented the same to M. de Fourbin, with as good grace, had he landed among them. Many nobles of the highest rank were committed to the Castle, charged with attachment to the court of St Germain's; and a warm debate occurred in the ensuing Parliament, as to whether or not they had a right to sign by proxies, after having taken the oaths to the Government, which was determined, on a division of the house.[1] At the general election of Scottish Peers, 17th June 1708, we find that

"The Marquis of Annandale protested against receiving the Earl of Aberdeen's list; that Earl, having taken the oaths within the Castle of Edinburgh, was not qualified to vote.

"The Duke of Montrose protested against Lord Sal-

[1] Smollet.

toun's proxy, because that Lord, having taken the oaths within the Castle of Edinburgh, was not legally qualified to vote."[1]

"The good Queen Anne" was then on the throne, and, as a Stuart, she could not but deal gently with the friends of her exiled brother. After being threatened with trial and punishment, these and other Lords were liberated, on condition of influencing the Scottish elections in favour of Lord Wharton, against Godolphin and the Whig leaders.

In 1714 the Hanoverian Elector, as George I., succeeded to the throne without opposition; though the preparations made in Edinburgh, during the month of August, inferred that dangerous tumults were expected. The Deputy-governor received orders to keep the garrison under arms, while the heralds were proclaiming the accession of another stranger to the throne of the Stuarts; and so great was the fear of the Jacobites, who crowded the city, that the bridge of the avant-fosse was cut and drawn up, while, between the fortress and the houses, an intrenchment was formed on the Castlehill. It was mounted with field-pieces and lined by a regiment of infantry—and thus was the accession of the house of Hanover proclaimed in the capital of Scotland, with loaded cannon and fixed bayonets bristling over trench and bulwark.

The Castle still retained the old ecclesiastical right of sanctuary, derived from the monastic institution of St David; but it was disfranchised by a decree of the Court of Session on the 15th December.

Campbell of Burnbank, store-keeper in the Castle, (a debauched gambler, who was employed by Muschat the murderer to seduce his unfortunate wife,[2]) being under caption at the instance of a man named Gilbert Mackay, was arrested by a messenger, when Colonel Stuart, acting on the ancient right of sanctuary—within which, if any

[1] Proceedings, Peerage of Scotland. 4to.
[2] Maclaurin's Crim. Cases.

man smote another, he should pay a fine to the King[1]— ordered the gates to be shut, Campbell to be released and the messenger expelled. Upon this the creditor petitioned the lords of Session, asserting that the Castle had now lost its right of sanctuary.

It was answered for the Lord Advocate, "That when any place is vested with a privilege, it continues till it be disfranchised; and therefore the Castle becoming a fort doth not disfranchise it, since it doth not cease to be the King's house; and that the Castle of Edinburgh, having anciently been *Castrum Puellarum*, was originally a religious house as well as the Abbey of Holyrood." But the lords decided that it "hath no privilege of sanctuary to hinder the execution of the King's letters, and ordain Colonel Stuart to deliver Burnbank to a messenger."[2]

The stern measures of the new King toward the Jacobites, while it reduced some to despair, exasperated others, and eventually brought on the gallant insurrection in 1715, to restore the ancient line, and expel the foreign dynasty.

At the foot of the Grampians, on the 6th September, the great Earl of Mar unfurled the standard of revolt as Lieutenant-general of James VIII., and the flower of the Scottish chiefs joined him with twelve thousand men. John, Duke of Argyle, commander-in-chief in Scotland, was sent from London, to oppose with all available force this formidable insurrection. He arrived in Edinburgh on the 14th September, and his first care was to inspect the Castle, from which he sent thirty cart-loads of arms and munition to equip the Whigs of Stirling. By this time the Earls of Kinnoul, Winton, and Home, the Lord Deskford, and Sir George Lockhart of Carnwath, the great politician and author, with various other persons of distinction, under suspicion of disaffection, were imprisoned in the Castle.

[1] Acta. Parl. Gul. Cap. 5. [2] Bruce's Decisions, fol.

So early as the beginning of August, Sir George Lockhart had been taken from his own house of Dryden near Roslin, by a party of Viscount Shannon's regiment, and committed to ward by a warrant "under the Elector of Hanover's own hand."[1] After remaining a close prisoner for sixteen days, he was liberated by the mediation of Argyle, on giving his bond for six thousand merks.

The magistrates and citizens remained in the Hanoverian interest, and concerted measures for defence. Their guard was increased; four hundred men were armed, trained at the expense of the city, and divided into companies of about forty files each;[1] the walls and ports were repaired, trenches were dug, and the sluice of the Loch shut to deepen the water. Provisions were stored up, the Trained Bands mustered, and every night a hundred sentinels were posted on the walls. While all the northern counties were in arms for James, or possessed by his adherents, a fourth conspiracy was organised for the surprise of the Castle of Edinburgh, then commanded by the Deputy-governor Stuart, (an officer whose remissness leads us to infer that he was a Cavalier at heart,) and a garrison composed of Marshal Shannon's Foot, now the 25th or Edinburgh Regiment. At that crisis, to have gained it would have put the Earl of Mar in possession of all Scotland! It still contained £100,000 of the equivalent money, and the *éclat* attending such a capture would have lent an additional impulse to the insurrection.

The scheme was headed by Lord John Drummond, (a Catholic,) who expected the office of governor. His companions were eighty gentlemen, chiefly Highlanders, as much depended on their courage and fidelity. Among them was a Captain M'Lean, who had lost a leg at Killiecrankie, and an Ensign Arthur, who two years before had served with the Scots Fusileer Guards, previous to their removal from the Castle to London. All these were

[1] Browne's Hist. Highlands. [2] MSS. Collect.

promised commissions under James VIII., and a hundred guineas each, if they succeeded. Ensign Arthur had procured the confederacy of Ainslie, a sergeant of the garrison, to whom he promised a lieutenancy; of a corporal, who was to receive an ensigncy; and two privates, who were to receive, one eight, and the other four guineas. The attempt was to be made on the night the troops marched from St Anne's Yards to fight the Earl of Mar; and it was concerted that, when the place was taken, three pieces of cannon were to be discharged as a warning to the Fife Lairds (whose muster-place was the old Castle of Halyards) to light beacons on the lofty Lomonds, as signals to be repeated northward to the Braes of Mar, to apprise the Earl that the Castle was won, on which he was immediately to commence his march for Edinburgh.[1]

The night of the 8th September, appointed for the enterprise, proved as dark and stormy as the conspirators could have wished; and between eleven and twelve o'clock they were to make the attempt, by scaling the rocks on the west near the Postern. A ladder of peculiar construction, calculated to admit four men abreast, had been formed, and equipped with grapnels to fix it to the summit of the bastion. All was prepared, but the scheme so boldly and ably contrived was marred in the following manner:—

Ensign Arthur, in the exultation he felt at the approaching capture, communicated the secret to his brother, a physician in the city, who volunteered to accompany him, but unwarily disclosed it to his wife.

Animated either by hostility to the Jacobite cause, or dread for her husband's safety, the lady, without his knowledge, immediately despatched an anonymous letter to the Lord Justice Clerk, Sir Adam Cockburn of Ormiston, detailing the intended assault. Without loss of time, this zealous Whig (who had *sold his Union vote* for £200[2]) made a similar communication to Colonel Stuart.

[1] Rebell. 1688-1715. [2] Biog. Lit. and Pol.

It was the hour of ten when Mrs Arthur's letter reached Sir Adam, and eleven had struck ere his express reached the Castle.

Unfortunately for the conspirators, they had whiled away too much time in a tavern, drinking to the health of James VIII. and the confusion of his enemies, and by the time when they reached the point of assault, St Giles' clock struck *twelve*, and the plot had been discovered. But the Lieutenant-governor either cared so little for the Justice Clerk's express, or was so much in the Stuart interest, as to wish well to Lord Drummond's enterprise, for he merely *mentioned* it to the officer on duty, then quietly went to bed, and to all appearance thought no more about it.

"Lieut. Lindesay commanded the guard: he immediately put the whole garrison under arms, doubled the sentries, and patrolled in the inside round the walls all night."

Led by the intrepid Lord Drummond, by the brave veteran M'Lean, (who, notwithstanding his wooden leg, scrambled up the rock as agilely as his comrades,) by Ensign Arthur, and his brother the Doctor, the first party of forty men reached the foot of the outer wall, unseen by all save their confederate, the sentinel on the parapet near the Postern. Sergeant Ainslie and their three other friends soon secured the scaling-ladder to the cope of the wall, and the leaders were in the act of ascending, when Lieutenant Lindesay, with a patrol of his guard, in the act of making his rounds, passed near at the moment. He observed the whole, and instantly gave an alarm! The ropes were cut, and the broad ladder, with those upon it, fell heavily on the rocks below. In his confusion, the sentinel fired his musket; the whole garrison started to arms, while the discomfited Jacobites fled down the rocks, and immediately dispersed; but the city gates being shut, and the guards on the alert, several were captured, and among them the veteran with the wooden leg, who manfully resisted to the last. Many who rolled down the precipice to the road

leading to the Meuse, were severely injured, and fell into the hands of a patrol of the City Guard, which the Lord Justice Clerk had caused the Provost to send through the West Port. "We gat the ladder, which is artfully made," says the leader of this party in a letter[1] to a friend; "seven or eight of their firelocks, which are new, and the best I ever saw; several bayonets, broadswords, and a pistol. We likewise seized, at the West Port, one of the conspirators, called Captain M'Lean, with a firelock in his hand; and one Leslie, up att the Sally-post, att 2 in the morning, who, I believe, is concerned, but confessed nothing; with two writer lads, att the West Port, who gave but a lame account of themselves, but had no arms."

Leslie had been a page to the Duchess of Gordon, and the "writer lads" were Ramsay and Boswell, two young men of Edinburgh. The poor sentinel was fettered hand and foot, and thrown into the dark Pit, where he confessed the whole affair. Sergeant Ainslie, by sentence of a court-martial, was hanged over the Postern wall; while the corporal and two privates were severely flogged.

The Duke of Argyle displaced Colonel Stuart for negligence, appointing, as interim governor, Brigadier-general Grant, whose own regiment was quartered there, to strengthen him against such attempts in future.[2]

Mar, who had secured the passage of the Tay at Perth, sent old Brigadier Macintosh of Borlum to make a descent on Lothian, and, if possible, seize Edinburgh. With admirable skill and bravery, fifteen hundred chosen men crossed the Forth in open boats, where it is fully sixteen miles broad, through the very centre of the British fleet, landed at Aberlady, and, reaching Leith, took possession of the citadel. That night, a party of soldiers sent to Dryden, by order of General Grant, brought Sir

[1] Edin. Mag. 1818.

[2] Patten's Hist. of Rebell. Struther's History. Life of Earl of Mar.

George Lockhart a second time to the Castle, where, after suffering a long and severe captivity, he escaped death only by the intercession of his friends; but his younger brother Philip, a gallant captain of horse, was taken at Preston, and, being an officer on half-pay, was shot as a deserter, by the same soldiers whom he had led in the wars of Queen Anne.

On the 14th October, Macintosh marched from the citadel of Leith towards the House of Seton. It was about seven in the evening, but there was sufficient light to cannonade some of his stragglers, who were fired on by General Grant's orders; and a 6-pound shot, which was discharged on this occasion, and went through a barn door at Broughton village, is preserved in the Antiquarian Museum.

After the battle of Sheriffmuir, Mar's army dispersed, and the affairs of the Jacobites became more than ever desperate. In November a court sat at Carlisle, to try the prisoners taken at Dunfermline, Dunblane, and other places, all of whom had been crowded into the Castles of Edinburgh, Stirling, and Blackness: again the vengeance of the Government was hurled upon them, and the blood of the gallant and loyal drenched many an English scaffold. The trial of Scottish subjects by English law was a gross infraction of the Treaty of Union, of which the Ministers of those days were too often guilty.

In the end of the same year, 1716, the Highlanders were ordered to be disarmed. The Grants, and other Whig clans, were employed on this oppressive service, which they executed so ill that, from among 40,000 fighting men, they collected only 2685 stand of arms, which were brought to the Castle of Edinburgh and Barrack of Bernera.

General Preston of Valleyfield, on old officer, who had come over in one of the States' regiments with William III., and had served in all Queen Anne's wars, was appointed Lieutenant-governor, "with a salary of ten shillings

per day."[1] He held that office in 1736, during the famous tumult known as the Porteous Mob.

By sentence of the criminal court, Captain Porteous of the City Guard had been condemned to death, for firing on a band of rioters who had violently assaulted his soldiers while on duty, fracturing the skull of one, the collar-bone of another, and breaking their drums. His reprieve by Queen Caroline filled with fury the Lowlanders, (whose passions were then easily excited,) and, on an appointed night, by a long previously concerted plan, multitudes of conspirators, from the neighbouring counties, assembled in the capital. On a given signal they poured like a flood along the streets, ascended the Bow, with drums beating, disarmed the City Guard, took possession of the gates and alarm-bells, and placed a strong and well-armed picket on the Castlehill, to cut off all communication between the fortress and city. They next surrounded the Tolbooth, and brought forth the terrified and imploring Porteous, whom they dragged through the streets, amid yells of opprobrium and savage exultation.

While the civil power was thus laid prostrate, and the whole city in possession of the rioters, Mr Lindesay, its Parliamentary representative, was sent to the Castle by the terrified magistrates, with a message to General Preston, entreating that he would march his troops into the town, fire a few cannon-shot, or throw a bomb among the people; but not receiving a written order to that effect, he wisely declined, and the work of death went on.

Porteous was hanged, with great barbarity, on a dyer's pole, at the foot of the West Bow. Mr Lindesay was next despatched to Colonel Moyle, commanding the 23d Welsh Fusileers, then quartered in the Canongate; but he also (for the reason given by Preston) declined to force the barrier of the Netherbow, and the mob dispersed without

[1] MS. Mem. of his Services.

further violence.[1] Five men, accused of being concerned in the affair, were committed prisoners to the Castle, but were afterwards released on bail.

[1] See Histories of Edin. and Notes to Heart of Mid-Lothian.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BLOCKADE IN 1745.

So early as the beginning of 1744, by a letter from the Secretary of State, the Town Council of Edinburgh had been made acquainted with the intention of Prince Charles to land in the North, and they assured the Government of their firm adherence to the House of Hanover, to illustrate which they prepared at once for the defence of the city, by augmenting its guard to one hundred and twenty-six men, and mustering the Trained Bands.

On the 19th August, Charles unfurled his father's standard in Glenfinnan, and all that were loyal and brave soon flocked to it. The opportunity was most favourable for the daring and romantic enterprise of this gallant Prince, who, landing with only seven men in the wilds of Moidart, came, as his banner bore it, to win *a kingdom or a coffin*, and began that insurrection which shed immortal honour on the Scottish clans. He soon found himself at the head of twelve hundred men, whose success, in a few encounters, roused the ardour and noble emulation of the Macdonalds, M'Leans, and other warlike septs, who all rose in arms to peril life, limb, and fortune for the last of the old regal line.

Tidings of his landing had reached Edinburgh by the 8th August, and were quickly followed by those of the muster at Glenfinnan, and the capture of a party of the Royals, at the Spean Bridge, by the brave Macdonald of Teindreich. Early in July, five thousand stand of arms

were sent from London to the Castle of Edinburgh, which Lieutenant-general Sir John Cope, K.B., ordered to be stored with provisions, and reinforced with two companies of Lascelles' regiment; while, by his directions, Lieutenant-general Preston mustered the out-pensioners of Chelsea, officered them from the half-pay list, and, retaining a certain number to increase his strength, marched the rest to Stirling.

At this crisis, the Government, doubtful of Preston, as a Scotsman, and fearing that, by a sentiment of honour and generosity, he might declare for the Prince, superseded him, appointing, in his place, Lieutenant-general Joshua Guest, who, though an English officer, proved a stanch Jacobite —and one of his first measures was to propose a capitulation. This was firmly opposed by Preston, who was an uncompromising Whig of the old King William school. The garrison consisted only of these two general officers, the usual staff, the Castle Company, (a body of veteran invalids,) the two companies of Lascelles, under Major Robertson, each of which ought to have numbered seventy bayonets, but were incomplete ; the pensioners, and Lieutenant Brydone's artillerymen, who had landed at Leith on the 4th September, and marched into the Castle on the 5th, with a great quantity of military stores.

The troops in Scotland at this time were as follows :—

Horse.

13th (Gardiner's) Light Dragoons ; } at Edinburgh.
14th (Hamilton's) Light Dragoons ; }

Foot.

1st Royals ; two companies, taken at Spean Bridge.
6th, (Guise's ;) stationed at Aberdeen.
21st, (Campbell's,) Scots Fusileers ; two companies at Glasgow.
25th, (Semple's ;) Cupar-Fife.
42d, (Lord John Murray's ;) two companies at Crieff.

44th, (Lee's;) five companies in the West, and five at Berwick.
46th, (Murray's;) scattered over the Highlands.
47th, (Lascelles';) two companies in Edinburgh Castle.
Loudon's Highlanders, (disbanded 1749;) several companies incomplete, and stationed in the North.
In all, not quite four thousand men.

Every preparation for defending Edinburgh was made by the Whig citizens, who proved themselves to be better warriors in theory than practice. The wall erected after Flodden was strengthened; new embrasures were made, and numerous batteries of cannon swept the avenues to its gates. Volunteer corps—formed of bigoted enthusiasts and members of the College of Justice, all valorous in defence of the Protestant Succession as by *law* established—were enrolled, clothed in red coats, and armed from the Castle arsenal. In their own armoury, the citizens possessed twelve hundred and fifty muskets, two hundred bayonets, three hundred sets of accoutrements, two chests and one sack filled with balls, four cwt. of powder, in addition to seventy-five stand of arms and poleaxes belonging to the City Guard.

On Sunday the 16th September, John Hislop, keeper of this arsenal, issued five hundred rounds of ball-cartridge, and sixty firelocks, to each of the sixteen companies of the Trained Band; thirty-nine firelocks to the additional company of the City Guard, and twenty-four to the company of the Canongate-head; five hundred rounds of ball to the Seceders, whose *place-d'armes* was the Infirmary; four hundred and fifty lbs. of powder for the cannon on the platforms, and sent the rest to the Castle.

Some of the city ordnance were of heavy calibre, selected from merchant-ships at Leith. Two ponderous pieces frowned over the Bristo Port, and the whole wall bristled with swivels and pateraroes. Archibald Stuart, the Provost, requested from General Guest a supply of hand-grenades for the use of the civic force; but the worthy

Governor, who quite understood the secret views of the chief magistrate, declined, saying he had only two hundred in store, although he had upwards of a thousand; so the citizens were forced to content themselves with twenty, that had lain in an old chest since 1715.

The whole city was bristling with arms, and the livelong day, from dawn till sunset, its narrow streets and crowded thoroughfares rang with the din of warlike preparation. Every sleek solicitor and gorbellied burgess suddenly found himself transformed into a soldier. The noise of drums, the marching and counter-marching of squads and companies, the voices of command, the clink of hammers and cranes, the creaking of platforms and gun-carriages, as the cannon were swung into their places and prepared for action, rang in every close and wynd from the West Port to the Palace Gate; while the Seceders, after vapouring and blustering in scarlet coats by day, sung psalms by night in the Infirmary, to keep their courage warm. More "dreadful in arms" than the mice in their war with the frogs,

> "Thus dressed for war, they took th' appointed height,
> Poised their long arms, and urged the promised fight."

But, with a cowardice that is exquisitely ludicrous, this awful display of the pomp of war grew less and less as the Prince progressed towards them; and the courage of the citizens, Seceders, and excisemen, (there was a company of them too,) evaporated like smoke, and all ideas of resistance had died away ere the brave Highlanders reached Linlithgow. The most valuable effects of the inhabitants, the specie of the Banks, the books of the Cess, Annuity-tax, and Poor's-rates, were all placed in the Castle; and the Provost (who afterwards was severely persecuted by the Government) wrote a letter to General Guest, praying him to preserve them with care.

Among other devices to prevent entrance to the city, by advice of Professor Maclaurin, and under direction of Bailie

Robert Bayley, Director of Public Works, a ditch was formed near the Well-house Tower, at the foot of the Castle rock. For twelve days it was carried on with great success, relays of soldiers and citizens working at it even on Sunday, to expedite the fortification; when lo! on the 11th September, it was suddenly discovered that the worthy engineer had cast his trench and glacis on the *wrong* side of the wall connecting the Tower with the Castle rock, and consequently, that, instead of retarding the Highlanders, it would greatly have facilitated their entrance; and General Guest, who must have observed the mistake, took no means to prevent it. This officer's doubt and trepidation are curiously illustrated in the following note, sent by him to Lord Milton on the approach of the dreaded Celts:—

"My Dear Lord,—I never had more need of your advice. For God's sake, come to me, my dear Lord.—Your most humble servant, Jos. Guest."

On the 13th September the little army of Charles crossed the Forth, and, animated by very shame, the terrified men of Edinburgh made a show of standing to their colours. Under Tennant, their Captain-commandant, the sixteen companies of the Trained Band mustered in the Parliament House; the Volunteers in the Exchequer Chambers; the Edinburgh Regiment, and Fusileer Company, two hundred strong, in the Justiciary Hall; the Musselburgh Volunteers, under Sir Robert Dixon of Carberry, and those of Dalkeith, under Louis Douglas, advocate, in the High School. But this parade was not fated to last long. On the 16th, the Prince's advanced guard were at Kirkliston, within a few miles of the city, where the consternation increased every moment, until the Volunteers began to bribe with sixpences every soldier they met, to take their arms to the Castle.

In the evening, General Guest sent Ensign Robertson of the 47th, with a party consisting of one sergeant, two gunners, and twenty soldiers, into the city to spike the cannon, (lest the citizens, from very excess of fear, might

use them,) or bring them into the Castle, where, about dusk, the whole Volunteers, glad to be rid of their arms, delivered them up to the storekeeper. Their terror was equally disgraceful and ludicrous. To their honour, the Seceders were the *last* who abandoned their colours; but the Dalkeith men stole ladders, scaled the walls, and fled in the night. Provost Stuart, who was anxious that the Town ordnance should fall uninjured into the Prince's hands, declined to permit Ensign Robertson to destroy or remove them; and thus the whole, together with twelve hundred stand of arms in the arsenal, became the prizes of the Highlanders. During the forenoon of that day, the dragoons of Hamilton and Gardiner, under Brigadier Fowke, who had been posted at Coltbridge, a little hamlet on the Glasgow road, fled when a few Highland gentlemen fired their pistols. From the Castle, they were seen retiring, at full gallop and in great disorder, eastward by the Lang Gate.

With their flight all thoughts of obstructing the entrance of the half-armed Highlanders died away; and the arrival of the Prince was awaited by the Whigs with doubt and dismay, and by the Jacobites (at the head of whom was the Provost) with an exultation which they took very little pains to conceal. Certain commissioners were sent to Gray's Mill, to treat with the Highland chiefs for delivering the keys of the city on the best terms. Of what passed at the conference nothing is known; but, by a preconcerted arrangement (it is supposed) between them and the Prince, the city was surprised next morning at four o'clock. A soldier of the City Guard, sentinel at the Netherbow, stopped a hackney coach that approached his post.

"Open the Port!" cried the driver, "for I behove to get out."

"You cannot," replied the sentinel, "without an order from Provost Stuart."

"Provost Coutts hath ordered me to be let out," replied the driver, whipping up his horses.

The soldier still remonstrated, when James Gillespie, under-keeper of the Port, said—

"Let out the coach instantly, for I have an order to that effect."

"Oh, sir, 'tis well; you have the keys of the Port, and must answer for it," replied the soldier, and pulled back the ponderous gate in the arch between the towers. The moment the coach passed out, a Highlander sprang in, and, in the twilight, grasped the sentinel and wrested his musket from him. It was the Chieftain of Lochiel; and immediately the whole Clan Cameron, nine hundred strong, with swords drawn and banners displayed, all clad in their native tartan, marched up the High Street with twelve pipes before them, making the lofty houses ring, and awakening the terrified citizens with the stirring air of

> "We'll awa to Shirramuir,
> And haud the Whigs in order."

They seized the City Guard-house, disarmed the Guard, captured the cannon and arsenal, and placed picquets at the eight principal gates. These measures were all taken with the utmost order and regularity, while the Provost and Town Council retired to their houses, aware that their authority was over.

Some of the Guard reached the Castle, up to the gates of which they were pursued by Colquhoun Grant, an adherent of the Prince, who drove his dirk into the palisade, and left it there, in token of triumph and defiance.

Immediately on this taking place, Generals Guest and Preston hoisted the royal standard, and, when day dawned, discharged a few pieces of cannon, as a warning to the citizens not to approach the Castlehill. About mid-day, the main body of the Highland army, making a circuit by the ancient Tower of Merchiston, marched west by the Grange Loan, a narrow road, between old walls and aged trees, and, thus avoiding the Castle guns, arrived in the King's Park, where the young Prince—arrayed in the national

garb, which displayed to advantage his tall and handsome figure, and wearing on his left breast the Order of the Thistle—was received with acclamation by the people.

At that moment, Sir John Cope's armament was disembarking at Dunbar.

Surrounded by his Highland guard—all veterans of Sheriffmuir and Glensheil, men verging on eighty years of age, and distinguished by snow-white beards and Lochaber axes—the Prince approached the great gate of the Palace, and there he paused, for, at that moment, a twenty-four pound shot, fired from the Castle, struck the front wall of James V.'s Tower, near the window that lights the state apartments of Queen Mary. It dislodged several stones, and they fell together into the court.

In this incident there was something so peculiar and insulting to the descendant of the Stuarts, when standing on the very threshold of their desolate Palace, that a simultaneous groan burst from the spectators; a shout of acclamation followed, and the Prince again approached the gate, but again paused, and looked round him irresolutely, for there was no Lord Keeper, no Earl Marischal, no Great Chamberlain, no Master of the Household, to usher him into ancient Holyrood, till a gentleman sprang from the crowd, raised his hat, and, drawing his dress-sword, led the way to the state apartments, while another shout of applause burst from the people.

In absence of his father, the Prince was proclaimed Regent of Britain by the heralds at the Cross, around which Locheil, with his Camerons, and several ladies on horseback with drawn swords, acted as a guard; the first for safety, the last for honour and enthusiasm. The Highlanders stayed within their camp, or, when in the city, behaved themselves with the utmost order and decorum; no outrages were committed, and no brawls of any kind ensued.

The garrison remained close within the Castle, and no collision took place until after the battle at Prestonpans,

where, on the 20th September, the Highlanders, though half-armed and half-clad, and suffering under innumerable disadvantages, by their indomitable valour gained a signal victory, totally routing, in ten minutes, a well-disciplined army, and sweeping it from the field in irretrievable confusion. All the infantry were killed or taken, with their colours, cannon, baggage, drums, and military chest containing £6000; but Charles Edward bore his conquest with a moderation that sufficiently evinced the greatness of his mind.

During the absence of the Highlanders, the garrison received a supply of provisions, and the Governor obtained a good telescope, (of which it appears he stood much in need,) by means of Professor Maclaurin, a stanch Hanoverian, who, after this display of his loyalty, found it advisable to retire into England.

The cowardice of the regular troops at Prestonpans was very remarkable; but none more so than that of a party of the Light Dragoons commanded by Major Caulfield, who fled from the field to the Castle of Edinburgh, for a distance of ten miles, permitting themselves to be pursued by a single horseman—the Colquhoun Grant before mentioned. This gentleman, who, to a strength that was remarkable, united a courage that bordered on rashness, after several desperate encounters at Preston, had mounted the charger of an officer whom his claymore had cloven to the teeth, and, elevated by the victory to the utmost pitch of daring and enthusiasm, pursued the retreating cavalry to the Castle gates, which received them, and were closed at his approach. After this he rode down the street, and, after being measured for a suit of tartan at a shop in the Luckenbooths, left the city by the Netherbow, his determined aspect, "bloody sword, and blood-stained habiliments," striking terror into all who thought of opposing him.

On the close of the civil war, he settled in Edinburgh as a Writer to the Signet; and the dirk which he left in the Castle gate is still in possession of his descendants.

On Monday the 23d, the Lieutenant-general ordered the fugitives from Preston to parade in the Castle yard, and they were found to number one hundred and five rank and file. Next day the Prince, at the head of his Highlanders, re-entered the city, bringing with him the captured drums and standards of the 13th and 14th Dragoons, the 6th, 44th, 46th, 47th Regiments of Infantry, and of Loudon's Companies, together with fifteen hundred prisoners, eighty of whom were officers. A hundred pipers were in front, making the whole city shake to the old air of "The King shall enjoy his ain again."

As yet, the Highlanders and the soldiers of General Guest had not molested each other.

The Prince placed guards at the avenues; the strongest of these was near the Weighhouse, where the Highlanders occupied the residence of a fugitive, the Reverend George Logan.

The din of the pipes, the shouts of the applauding Jacobites, who thronged the Highland line of march with rapture and enthusiasm, extolling the Prince to the rank of a demigod, together with the exaggerated accounts of the prowess and ferocity of the conquerors brought to the Castle by the fugitives, operated so powerfully on the wavering mind of the Lieutenant-governor, that he called a council of war, and urged upon the officers, "that, as the fortress could not be defended by so weak a garrison, terms for surrendering it to the Scottish Prince should be at once entered into!"

To this startling proposal every officer unhesitatingly *assented;* and the measure would have been adopted, had not old General Preston, whom Guest had so recently superseded, stepped forward, and demanded to be heard. This stern veteran, who tottered under the infirmities of age, and wounds received in Spain and the Low Countries, was animated by a spirit of loyalty to the House of Hanover, equalled only by his hatred of that of Stuart. He protested long and vehemently against a surrender, and concluded by saying—

"Gentlemen, should this be determined upon, I will this night send off an express to London, and lay my commission at the feet of his Majesty, as I would consider myself disgraced by holding it one hour longer among you!"

Guest, finding that to all his remonstrances this veteran remained inflexible, resigned the command of the fortress into his hands. On this, Preston immediately put in practice the most vigorous measures for resistance, and wrote to the Secretary of State, acquainting him that the stock of provisions in the Castle was so small, that, if not speedily relieved, he would be under the necessity of capitulating. These letters fell into the hands of the Prince, by whom, however, the fortress was never formally summoned to surrender.

Preston had, indeed, grown gray in the service of the houses of Brunswick and Nassau, under whom, for seventy years, he had worn the sash and gorget; but now he was eighty-seven years old, and the inroads of time and wounds had so much enfeebled him, that he was unable to walk;[1] yet so great was his anxiety, and so constant his vigilance, that every two hours a party of soldiers wheeled him in an arm-chair round the guards, that he might in person see if all were on the alert; and, whenever an unfortunate Highlander appeared, he ordered a volley of grape to be fired at him.

After the council of war, Guest took no active part in the operations that followed, although an inscription on his monument, in Westminster Abbey, eulogises his brave defence of the Castle of Edinburgh when it was besieged by the "rebels."

From their Whig friends, the garrison, in the night, always obtained a supply of provisions, which, by ropes, they drew in barrels and baskets up the west side of the rocks; but neither the Highland army nor the inhabitants suffered any molestation from them until the night of the

[1] MS. Mem. of his Services.

25th September, when old General Preston, on going "the rounds" in his wheeled chair, was alarmed by a noise like that of goats scrambling among the rocks, which he declared to be a Highland escalade, and opened a fire of cannon and musketry from Drury's Battery, by which he beat down several houses in the Portsburgh.

This act of hostility caused the Prince to take into more serious consideration the necessity of reducing the fortress by a closer blockade; for which purpose, on the 29th, a stronger picquet was stationed at the Weighhouse, with orders to prevent all intercourse with the city. Upon this, the Governor wrote to the Provost, intimating that, unless a free communication was permitted, he would be under the necessity of dislodging the picquet by a cannonade. The Town Council sent a deputation to the Prince, respectfully representing the danger in which the city stood. He received them graciously and affably, and replied—

"Gentlemen, I am equally surprised and concerned at the barbarity of those who would bring distress upon the city for what its inhabitants have not the power to prevent; but if, out of compassion, I should remove my guards from around the Castle, you might, with equal reason, require me to abandon the city. In the mean time, I will make reprisal on the estates of those within the castle, for the full indemnification of the citizens."

The deputies, who were charmed with the elegance and manner of the Prince, proceeded from the Palace to the Castle, where the stern Governor, moved by their entreaties, granted the city, first one, and then six days' respite, provided the communication was kept open. This delay gave inexpressible joy to the inhabitants, who had been under dreadful apprehensions of a cannonade, and matters remained quiet until the 1st October.

In the afternoon of that day, the picquet at the Weighhouse fired on some men who were conveying provisions to the Castle; in return, a cannonade opened from the Half-moon, by which a Highlander of the Athole Regiment,

and a servant-girl, were slain in the High Street, while many persons were wounded. A thirty-two pound ball, fired on this occasion, is still remaining in the gable of a house on the Castlehill.

Immediately on this, the picquet was moved to the north side of the street, by order of Lord George Murray. It had been found inconvenient to relieve the guards round the Castle by clans or corps, in consequence of their being unaccustomed to the danger and duty when first posted; but the gallant Locheil agreed to undertake the entire blockade with his nine hundred Camerons, who, for that purpose, were quartered in the Outer Parliament House. The cannonade did little damage; but, on the following day, this proclamation was issued from Holyrood:—

"*Charles P. R.*

"Being resolved that no communication shall be open between the Castle and Town of Edinburgh, during our residence in this capital, and to prevent the bad effects of reciprocal firing, from thence and from our troops, whereby the houses and inhabitants of our city may innocently suffer, we hereby make public notice, that none shall dare, without a special pass, signed by our secretary, upon pain of death, either to resort to, or come from, the said Castle, upon any pretence whatsoever; with certification of any person convicted of having had any such intercourse, after this our proclamation, shall immediately be carried to execution.

"Given at our Palace of Holyroodhouse, 2d Oct. 1745.

(Signed) "J. Murray."

Next day, the 3d, another guard was posted at the West Church. The Camerons at the Weighhouse approached nearer, and began to form a trench and breastwork across the Castlehill, below the Reservoir; but a fire of cannon from the Half-moon, and musketry from the tête-de-pont, compelled them to retire, with the loss of one officer and

three privates killed, and many wounded. Another picquet was placed at Livingston's Yard, where a Highland sentinel was pistolled by a soldier who crept stealthily towards him from the Castle gate. That night a party of the 47th made a sally against the same post, and captured Captain Robert Taylor and thirty privates.

On the morning of the 4th, General Preston gave intimation to the inhabitants of James' Court, and other houses in its vicinity, to retire, under pain of death; and in a few hours thereafter, commenced a wanton and destructive bombardment, which continued without cessation until dusk. Then, led by Major Robertson, a strong party, with slung muskets, sallied, with spades and axes, to the Castlehill, where they formed a trench fourteen feet broad and sixteen deep, midway between the gate and Reservoir. From the breastwork formed by the debris, that night two hundred muskets, besides field-pieces, continued to blaze upon the city, in unison with the heavy 32-pounders which, from the lofty batteries above, swept the entire length of the High Street with round-shot, grape, and cannister. Many persons were killed and wounded; but on the following night the same operations were renewed with greater vigour. Under cover of this tremendous fire, the 47th made another sally, pillaged all the houses in their vicinity, and, after obtaining a supply of bread and ale, and several barrels of water from the Reservoir, set on fire many houses and a deserted foundry, after which they retired behind their trench. Many of the poor citizens, who attempted to extinguish the flames, were killed, for once more the batteries opened with greater fury than ever.

The glare of the burning houses, the boom of so many field and battering guns, the halooing of the soldiers, the crash of masonry and timber, as chimneys and outshots came thundering down on all sides, together with the incessant roar of two hundred muskets, struck the inhabitants with such consternation, that, abandoning their

houses, goods, and chattels, they thought only of saving themselves by flight. A miserable band of half-clad and terrified fugitives, bearing their children, their aged parents, their sick and infirm friends, to the number of many hundreds, issued from the Netherbow gate, and fled towards Leith; but were met midway by the inhabitants of that place, flying from similar destruction; for at that time the Fox and Ludlow Castle, two frigates, (whose captains, from the Roads, had heard the cannonading and seen the blaze of the conflagration,) were hauled close in shore, and lay broadside towards Leith, and with a villanous cruelty, for which the English hostility towards Scotland was no apology, were raking and bombarding the streets with the most fatal effect. When the fugitives met, "all was perplexity and dismay; the unhappy citizens stood still, wringing their hands, and execrating the cruel necessities of war." Fourteen days after, the Fox was wrecked on the rocks at Dunbar, where Edmond Beavor, the captain, and all his crew perished.

Amid all this danger and consternation, the Highlanders maintained their posts without flinching, though deprived of shelter at Livingston's Yards, by the bravery of a soldier, who sallied alone from the Castle gate, and, by a torch or rocket, burned their guard-house to the ground. About five in the evening, a body of Highlanders marched steadily up the Castlehill to storm this new intrenchment—a daring and arduous service, for the point of assault was defended by two hundred bayonets, flanked by brass field-pieces pouring a storm of cannister-shot, while the whole length of the street was raked by the guns of the Half-moon.

Led by their brave officers, and inspired by their pipers, who blew an onset, the Prince's troops crossed the deep trench, sprang up the rough glacis, and stormed it, sword in hand, bearing back the King's troops, and driving them headlong into the Castle. They retired, firing by platoons, and brought off their cannon; but the whole was done with

such rapidity, that the Prince lost only one officer and twenty privates.

From its exposed situation, the Highlanders were compelled immediately to abandon the trench, and retire into the city, which, during the whole night, as before related, was battered from the fortress. Several of the balls went through the narrow Craimes, and struck the Town Guard-house; others lodged in the walls of the Weighhouse, where they were found on its demolition in 1822.

With a generosity that was very noble, the Prince, grieved that so many innocent persons should suffer and have their property injured by a continuance of this destructive blockade, resolved to sacrifice his father's interest for the welfare of the people, and on the morning of the 6th issued a proclamation, which set forth "the infinite regret he felt for the many murders committed by the commanders of the garrison, and that he might justly proceed, according to his threatenings, to make reprisal upon their estates; but he thought it no disgrace to suspend punishment, or alter a resolution, when thereby innocent lives could be saved. Therefore the blockade of the Castle was taken off, and the threatened punishment suspended."

After the appearance of this bulletin, which was posted on the city gates, the cannonading ceased, the picquets of Locheil were withdrawn, and thus ended *the last siege* endured by the Castle of Edinburgh.

It is remarkable that the Prince, aware as he must have been of the weakness of the garrison, and the impetuous valour of his own troops, did not make one decided effort to carry the fortress by escalade, which his Highlanders might have done, on the westward, with comparative ease.

There is a tradition, that one evening the Prince and several of his officers supped with the Lord Provost, whose Cavalier predilections were well known. His residence was in the West Bow, an ancient street of grotesque and decaying houses, having dovecot gables and turret-stairs

projecting over the gloomy and winding way, which for centuries formed one of the most picturesque approaches to the Castle, but which has now been removed. In one of these antique mansions the Prince was entertained by the Provost, but not so secretly as to prevent tidings of the event reaching General Preston, who despatched a party to seize the guests, and bring them all to the Castle —a bold stroke, by which he thought to end the civil war at once.

The soldiers, who approached by Donaldson's Close, a dark and narrow alley, are said to have been close to the Provost's house before they were discovered. An alarm was given ; and while the doors were immediately secured by all those complicated locks and bolts, so necessary for security in the good old time, the illustrious guest and his friends effected their escape in safety, by a narrow trap-stair, having an entrance concealed in a cabinet about three feet high, and which, after various turnings, communicated with the West Bow. When all were gone, the soldiers were admitted by the Provost, who received them with well-feigned surprise and indignation. His mansion underwent a thorough search, after which the baffled detachment returned to the Castle.

After the Prince's proclamation, General Preston received provisions of every kind, without molestation by the Highlanders, whose peaceable and orderly behaviour in the city gained them the esteem of their enemies and the affection of their friends ; while the Jacobites were enraptured with the gallant Charles Edward, whose affable manner, grace in dancing and fencing, winning address and prepossessing figure, made him the idol of his adherents.

A Prince of the House of Stuart, at the head of an army all arrayed in "the garb of old Gaul," led by long-descended chieftains of such valour and worth, keeping his court and council at Holyrood, holding there his balls and levees, issuing from thence his regal proclamations and

general orders, and having his life-guards on horseback before its gates, his retinue filling its ancient chambers and echoing court with light and bustle, revelry and music, seemed to the Jacobites a dream of the days that were gone—the last gleam of Scotland's setting sun.

On the 21st September, General Preston committed another act of hostility, which might have led to serious results.

A lady in a coach, drawn by six horses, and attended by four armed riders, about nine at night demanded admittance at the West Port, where the coachman called aloud—"Open the gate to the Prince's friends!" But the sentinels delayed, and, the clamour alarming the guard in the Castle above, three pieces of cannon were loaded with grape, depressed, and fired. Though aimed at random, and through the gloom of an autumnal evening, the coach was pierced by several balls. The lady within it was severely wounded, while William Earl of Dundonald, (a captain in the 17th, or Forbes's foot) who rode by her side, had his horse shot under him. He was afterwards killed at the siege of Louisbourg.

A third demonstration occurred towards the end of October, when the Highland clans were reviewed on the Links of Leith previous to the invasion of England, when the long nines and sixes from the Argyle battery compelled them to change the scene of their operations to the Links of Musselburgh. At this time the passages of the Forth at Leith and the Queensferry were completely blocked up by ships of war, and every exertion was made by the Government to check the rapid progress of Charles and his gallant followers. To the eternal disgrace of George II. and his servile Ministry, the sum of £30,000 was placed upon *his head;* but it is to the honour of the Highlanders, that, even to the poorest and most humble among them, this great incentive to treason, treachery, and assassination was offered in vain—a fact that immortalises

the poor sheepstealers, who served and protected him in the caves of the Western Isles,

"Above all Greek, above all Roman fame."

On the 31st he commenced his memorable invasion of England, with an army only six thousand in number, but *one* in heart, in rivalry, and valour. They departed in three columns; at the head of the third Charles marched on foot, clad in the Highland garb, with his claymore in his hand, and a target slung over his left shoulder. We need not follow him in his rapid advance into England, or his masterly retreat after the unfortunate council of war at Derby,—a retreat which, for rapidity, order, and skill, is unsurpassed in the annals of ancient and modern warfare.

On the 13th November the officers of state, who had retired from Edinburgh on the Prince's entrance, returned. General Preston received them by a salute of cannon, and lowered his standard, which had been displayed since the 16th of September. Thereafter Lieutenant-general Guest assumed the command until the arrival of Lord Mark Kerr, who had been appointed resident governor.

Guest was nobly rewarded, while Preston was neglected, notwithstanding a "humble memorial" of his long and arduous service to the Duke of Cumberland. It was the policy of the time to slight the Scots; and thus the veteran general reaped no advantage from his services to the House of Hanover.[1]

[1] MS. Mem. Home's Hist. of Rebel. Browne's Hist. Highlands. Maclaurin's Jour. and Trial of Prov. Stuart. Hist. of late Rebel. London 8vo. London Gazette. Edinburgh Courant and Scots Mag. 1745-6. Kincaid and Arnot. Private MSS. Collection of Letters. Camp Discipline, 1757. Old Houses in Edinburgh, &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

A. D. 1745-6.

THE JACOBITE PRISONERS.

Now the Castle was crowded with those unfortunates, who had brought themselves under the suspicion of the Government. Among these were Alexander Earl of Kelly, and upwards of sixty gentlemen, many of whom were heavily ironed, and closely confined in damp, ruinous, and small apartments, where they were treated by the soldiers with every oppression and indignity.

On the 6th December, Captain Hanway of the Mildford Haven, a forty-gunship, when cruising near Montrose, captured the Louis XV. a French transport, having on board recruits and stores for the Prince. These were brought to Leith, and conveyed to the Castle of Edinburgh. They numbered in all one hundred and seventy-four men.

Buckley's Regiment.—Eight officers, two sergeants, three corporals, one drum, and forty-six privates. *Clare's Regiment.*—Six officers, three sergeants, three corporals, one drum, and forty-six privates. *The Duke of Berwick's Regiment.*—Six officers, three sergeants, three corporals, one drum, and forty-seven privates, with two surgeons and four servants. There were also three hundred and thirty stand of arms, with bayonets, belts, and pouches; three hundred and thirty claymores, and a number of troop saddles and harness.

Lord John Drummond, brother of the Duke of Perth,

landed at Montrose, and infused new spirit into the Jacobites, to whose aid he had brought eight hundred men and a train of 18-pound field-pieces. On the 9th he marched through Edinburgh, and sent a drummer escorted by eight dragoons to General Guest, relative to an exchange of prisoners; but none being effected, he continued his route south to join the Highland army.

On the 26th, the prisoners, who formed the staff or nucleus of their regiments, were all shipped to Berwick, save sixteen privates, who proved to be Jacobite deserters from the army in Flanders. Pursuant to the sentence of a general court-martial, four of these—Francis Forbes of the Royals, David Welsh of the 13th or Pulteney's, John Irvine of the 48th or Ligonier's, and Henry Macnamara of the 14th Light Dragoons, (who had enlisted in the Prince's Horse after Prestonpans,)—were conveyed from the Castle pit and hanged in the Grassmarket.

In the same month the gallant young Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, aide-de-camp to the Prince, was brought in a prisoner. By the cruel treachery of a Presbyterian clergyman named Linning, he had been captured by a band of ruffians, when sleeping at a solitary house on Broken-cross-muir, near Lesmahago. This unfortunate chieftain, who was distinguished for devotion and bravery in an army where all were devoted and brave, after being detained a close prisoner until the close of the war, was conveyed from the Castle to Carlisle, where he was hanged, drawn, and quartered with the greatest barbarity; while, as the price of his blood, the *Reverend* Mr Linning received the parish incumbency of Lesmahago.[1]

About the end of November, when the troops of the Prince were besieging Stirling after being strengthened by a few French auxiliaries, they began to prepare for crossing the Forth, and besieging the Castle of Edinburgh; and the Marquis of Tweeddale, in a letter from Whitehall,[2] acquainted

[1] Browne's Highlands. Forbes's Memoirs, &c. [2] MS. Collect.

General Preston that such was the "intention of the rebells." The 14th or Price's foot, the militia of Stirling, and those of Glasgow and Paisley under Lieutenant-general the Earl of Home, and Lieutenant-colonel the Earl of Glencairn, took up a position at the Bridge of Stirling to secure the passage of the river, while the fleet watched the shore on both sides.

The Edinburghers once more held a solemn council of war, and (after much vapouring and declamation) valiantly resolved to *defend* the city, and again all their plate and valuables were committed to the care of General Guest. It was arranged that a store of provisions should be immediately laid in—that the cannon be mounted on travelling carriages—that the walls and gates should be more completely fortified—that a corps of resolute soldiers should be embodied, and once more arms were issued to the Seceders, and all who required them, for the chances of using them were yet distant and dubious. They were fast waxing bold, when lo! on receiving tidings that the Prince had really made a requisition for horses to draw his battering train, preparatory to marching for Edinburgh, their courage evaporated a second time, and left them overwhelmed with ridicule.

They were soon relieved from all apprehension by the arrival of the first division of the regular forces; others followed, and the city was crowded with the battalions of St Clair, or the old Royal Scots, the 3d or Buffs, 4th or Barrels, 8th or Wolfe's, 13th or Pulteney's, 27th or Lord Blakeny's, 34th or Cholmondely's, 37th or Monroe's, and 52d or Battereau's Foot. (disbanded in 1749,) commanded by Lieutenant-general Hawley, whose first care was to erect a formidable gallows in view of the city, whereon he meant to hang all the unfortunate rebels that fell into his hands.

The confidence and ill-concealed spirit of bombast with which these troops marched north completely vanished, when, three days afterwards, the claymores of the sturdy

clansmen swept them from the field of Falkirk, like leaves before a storm. The Lieutenant-general was forced to retreat, and, after burning with miserable spite the beautiful palace of Linlithgow, arrived at Edinburgh with the wreck of his army in great confusion and disorder. A court-martial, of which Brigadier the Honourable Louis Mordaunt was president, sat in the Castle for the trial of certain officers and soldiers on charges of cowardice and misconduct—which were applicable to none more than to Hawley himself. Several privates were sentenced to be flogged and shot.[1]

In the Castle, Hawley lodged the only trophy of his ill-conducted encounter—the brave Donald Macdonald of Teindreich, who had the honour to strike the first blow in that chivalric enterprise, by capturing two companies of the 1st Regiment at the Spean Bridge, on the road from Fort Augustus to Letter Findlay.

He was a major in the corps of the venerable Keppoch, and had been captured at Falkirk, in consequence of mistaking, in the headlong confusion of the Highland charge, the brigade of the savage Huske for that of Lord John Drummond. By Huske he was treated with great brutality; and, while in the act of surrendering his claymore and pistols, was only saved from instant death by Lord Robert Ker, a humane young officer of the House of Lothian, who struck down the charged bayonets of the soldiers. Teindreich was then bound with ropes to a horse, conveyed to the Castle of Edinburgh, and thrust into the vaults among other Jacobites.

Bishop Forbes, his fellow-prisoner, says—"Teindreich bore all his sufferings with great submission and cheerfulness of temper." He was a handsome man, of strong and athletic figure. There is something very remarkable in his declaration before death, as it emphatically evinces the spirit that brought the Highland clans into the field.

[1] Impartial Hist. of Reb.

"It was principle, and a thorough conviction of its being my duty to God, my injured King, and oppressed country, which engaged me to take up arms under the standard and magnanimous conduct of his Royal Highness, Charles Prince of Wales; and I solemnly declare, I had no bye views in drawing my sword in his just and honourable cause."

He was kept constantly in heavy irons, till he perished with others at Carlisle, in those judicial shambles from which the prayers and intercessions of his heartbroken wife (who thrice prostrated herself at the feet of George II.) failed to save him; and he died, with his last breath imploring a blessing on Prince Charles.[1]

Hawley, having become disgraced and unpopular, was succeeded in command of the army by the Captain-general of the Forces,[2] the Duke of Cumberland, whose name the Highlanders will ever mark with infamy, and remember with execration. Preparations were made for marching another army against the Prince. The 20th, or Bligh's, 21st, or Scots Fusileers, 25th, or Semple's, and three regiments of light horse—the 10th, or Viscount Cobham's, the 11th, or Lord Mark Ker's, and 15th, or Kingston's, with sixteen brass guns, entered Edinburgh on the 21st February, and lodged the military chest in the Castle. Cumberland was received with servile adulation by the magistrates, and acclamation by the Whigs, who, however, could not refrain from drawing many disadvantageous comparisons between his personal appearance and that of Charles Edward; for the face of the sensual Duke was contracted and mean, and, though young in years, he was so enormously corpulent, that he travelled at the head of his army in a well-cushioned coach.

Under the Landgrave of Hesse, six thousand Dutch landed at Leith, and the whole forces were marched North against the Prince, intent on obliterating all memory of the last *disagreeable affair*, as it was named, at Falkirk.

[1] Forbes Papers, &c.

[2] Commissioned March 1745.

Cumberland had fifteen British regiments of the line, and three of light cavalry, together with twelve hundred Argyleshire Highlanders, and a heavy train of artillery. All these troops—fresh, well equipped, and ably officered—marched against the now diminished, jaded, and dispirited force of Charles, who was compelled to retreat to Stirling, followed by Cumberland, who gleaned up a few of his stragglers, and sent them to the Castle of Edinburgh.[1]

His army, whose laxity of discipline and propensity to plunder formed a strong contrast to the gentle and inoffensive conduct of the insurgents, ravaged the lands of the Drummonds, and seized the Duchess-dowager of Perth and the Viscountess of Strathallan, who were sent, under an escort of twenty dragoons, to the Castle. This party was commanded by a troop-quartermaster, who, on the route, treated these noble ladies with every indignity; and his soldiers on one occasion, after endeavouring to tear the wedding-ring from the Viscountess' finger, stripped her daughters, the Ladies Mary and Amelia, of their clothes.[2]

In a small and unhealthy chamber above the Portcullis, they were confined for twelve months, without female attendance, and were under the hourly surveillance of the officers and sergeants of the Guards. The brave husband of the Viscountess was slain at the head of his men on the plain of Culloden, where the Highlanders, overcome by no skill or valour, but by starvation, exhaustion, and the mere force of numbers, were defeated and dispersed.

At midnight, on Saturday the 19th April, Viscount Bury, Colonel of the 20th Regiment, and aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cumberland, reined up his jaded horse at the Castle gate, bearer of a despatch to the Lieutenant-general announcing the victory; and at two o'clock on the morning of Sunday, a salute from the batteries informed the startled and anxious citizens that, quenched in blood on the Muir of Drummossie, the star of the Stuarts had sunk for ever! On many an enthusiastic heart the tidings fell heavily;

[1] Even. Courant, 3d Feb. 1746. [2] Scots Mag. 1756, &c.

several persons became seriously ill, and some are said to have expired of sheer grief and mortification.

Fourteen standards belonging to the Highland clans—and, among them, that which the noble Tullybardine had first unfurled in the vale of the Finnan—together with several pieces of artillery, and a quantity of arms, were brought from Culloden, and lodged in Edinburgh Castle on the 31st May. The arms were placed in the arsenal, where some of them still remain. One field-piece was placed on a battery to the westward, and was long an object of interest to the people;[1] but the poverty of Cumberland's spirit was singularly displayed by the manner in which he disposed of those standards that had spread terror over England, and shaken his brother's triple throne to its centre.

They were burned with an ignominy that recoiled upon himself. A procession was formed from the Castle gate to the Cross: the executioner bore the standard of Prince Charles, and thirteen chimney-sweeps those of the chiefs; while the sheriffs, heralds, pursuivants, trumpeters, and city constables attended, and the 44th, or Lee's Regiment, guarded the whole. Each banner, with all its armorial blazons, significant of high descent and old achievement, was deliberately committed to the flames; while the drums rolled, and a herald proclaimed the house and the hero to whom it belonged.[2] But by this "the Duke of Cumberland could inflict no injury on the high and romantic character of such brave chiefs as Locheil and Clanronald, the noble-minded Balmerino, and the chivalrous clans; who evinced, in the result of their enterprise, that *in great attempts 'tis glorious even to fail.*"

Cumberland was extolled as a hero, and magnified as a conqueror: but never was there a greater mistake; for there can be no heroism without bravery, and no true bravery without compassion. He has been held up as the greatest general of the House of Guelph. It may be so; but it must not be forgotten that, soon after Culloden, the

[1] Kincaid. [2] See Arnot, &c.

Mareschal Saxe defeated him at Val and Laffeldt, and, driving his troops in disorder to Maestricht, outflanked him at Kloster Seven, where he had neither room to fight like a soldier or fly like a coward, but was compelled to capitulate, and evacuate the Continent — covering the British arms with disgrace, and leaving his ally, Frederick of Prussia, to the mercy of the enemy.

The events which succeeded Culloden have shown us how cowards can behave when *chance* makes them victorious. Fire and sword, to the utmost extremity of savagism and Continental military barbarity, were carried through the most beautiful and romantic districts of Scotland. Everywhere the bayonet, the axe, and the gibbet were at work; but Cumberland failed to cast any stigma on the brave clans, whose valour shed a blaze of glory on our Scottish name, and hallowed for ever the cause for which they suffered.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A. D. 1752—1779.

MACGREGOR MHOR—THE WILD MACRAAS.

In July 1752, James Mhor, or, as he was more properly named, Macgregor Drummond of Bohaldie, was warded within the Castle, charged with hamesucken and forcible abduction. He was the eldest of the four sons of the celebrated Rob Roy, and had been attainted for his concern in the recent Civil War, having held a major's commission from the father of Prince Charles. His younger brother, Robin Oig Macgregor, had long conceived that he might make a fortune by carrying off an heiress from the Lowlands, which, to the wild spirits then infesting the Highland frontier, had long been a common occurrence.

Assisted by James of Bohaldie, young Robin Oig, with a band of Macgregors, armed with pistol, target, and claymore, descended suddenly from his fastnesses in the wilds of Arroquhar, and, penetrating into Stirlingshire, surrounded in the night the house of Edenbellie, the residence of Mrs Jean Kay, a wealthy but eccentric widow of nineteen, whose jointure of eighteen thousand merks fair-haired Robin had resolved to appropriate in the old Highland fashion. By their brandished swords and levelled pistols, having terrified the male inmates from making the least resistance, they muffled the unfortunate Jean in a plaid, and bore her off to the mountains.[1] In a boat she

[1] Scott, Introduction to Rob Roy.

was borne up Lochlomond to Rowardennan, among the heath-clad hills that overlook Glenfruin and the Gairloch, where, by a Catholic priest, she was married to Robin Oig, who kept her in the fastnesses of the Macgregors for three months, baffling all the efforts made by her exasperated relatives and several parties of troops to relieve her.[1]

James Mhor, from his general character, being deemed the instigator of the whole affair, the vengeance of the law was more particularly directed against him than Robin, who was considered but a half-wild Highlandman; and, pursuant to a sentence of fugitation pronounced in the Justiciary court, he was arrested and tried. The lords found him guilty; but, a debate arising on some informality, sentence was delayed until the 20th November 1752. In the mean time, the Provost of Edinburgh received threatening letters, importing that a rescue was meditated by the Highlanders, who, in the occupations of cadies, town-guards, and chairmen, were very numerous in the city, and sympathised deeply with Bohaldie, who, seven years before, had fought with distinguished bravery at Prestonpans.

In consequence, by warrant from the Lord-Justice Clerk, addressed to Major-general Churchill, he was conveyed from the Tolbooth and again delivered over to the Lieutenant-governor of the Castle, to be kept in sure ward until the passing of his sentence, which he soon contrived to avoid.

On the 16th November, one of his daughters, a tall and handsome girl, had the address to disguise herself as a lame old cobbler, and as such was admitted to his prison, bearing a pair of newly-soled shoes to assist the deception. For some time the sentinels on the adjacent posts heard Lady Bohaldie scolding the supposed cobbler with great asperity, for the indifferent manner in which he had executed his work. Meanwhile her husband, the laird, was arraying himself in the disguise of their daughter, and

[1] Caledonia.

limped forth as the cobbler, grumbling and swearing at his employers. An old and tattered great-coat enveloped him; he had donned a leather apron, a pair of old shoes, and ribbed worsted stockings. A red night-cap was drawn to his ears, and a broad hat slouched over his eyes.[1]

So complete was the deception that he passed all the guards, the gates, and bridge of the Castle, undiscovered, and left Edinburgh with the utmost expedition. He was soon missed; the guards were alarmed; the city gates were shut; the fortress searched, and all the soldiers on duty placed under arrest.[2] On the 8th December, a court martial, consisting of three field-officers and ten captains, met in the Old Barracks to judge of this affair. The proceedings appear to have lasted five days, and ended by somewhat severely sentencing two lieutenants who commanded the guards to be cashiered, a sergeant who kept the key of Bohaldie's room to be reduced to the ranks, and a warder to be scourged. Two years after this, Robin Oig was executed in the Grassmarket, for the forcible abduction of Jean Kay, though the charge was not sufficiently proved.[3] Bohaldie escaped to France, where he lived to an exceeding old age, and died at the close of the last century.

In the July of 1753, the Castle received within its gates the last of those who were tried for loyalty to the house of Stuart—Archibald Macdonald, son of the aged Cole Macdonald of Barrisdale, who had died a captive in the same prison in 1750.

He had been apprehended by a detachment from Bernera, a small fortress on the Sound of Skye, and sent to Edinburgh, where he was arraigned as a traitor. The unfortunate Highlander behaved with great dignity and presence of mind, and, admitting himself to be the person accused, denied the treason. On the 30th March he was condemned

[1] Trial of Rob Roy's Sons, 8vo. [2] Scots Mag. 1752.
[3] Caledonia; Nimmo's Stirling, &c.

to die; but the vengeance of the Government had been already sufficiently glutted, and, after receiving various successive reprieves, young Barrisdale was released and permitted to return to the Western Isles.[1]

On the 22d May 1756, in consequence of the invasion of Minorca, the declaration of war against France was proclaimed at the Castle gate by the Scottish heralds with trumpets sounding, while the Lieutenant-governor received them with a guard of honour, and a salute of nine pieces of cannon from the tête-de-pont. From this period it frequently became a receptacle for French prisoners of war, who were confined under the Castle Hall, in the ancient vaults, the barred apertures of which overlook the loftiest and most precipitous part of the rocks.

There they have made many a futile plan to escape.

In July 1761, a French soldier found means to make an aperture through the massive masonry of the ancient wall, and with several of his comrades was in the act of descending the rock, when a sentinel fired his musket and gave an alarm. After a strict search, no iron tool of any kind could be discovered among them.

A second attempt was made on the 22d September.

That day being appointed for the coronation of George III., it was celebrated with the usual demonstrations of loyalty; and while Holmes' regiment were firing a *feu-de-joie* from the Castlehill, the prisoners were intent on regaining their liberty, and at 10 o'clock that night had resolved to make the essay. Having secured and concealed the rope of the deep draw-well in the Half-moon Battery, so soon as the dark September night closed in, they broke from the vaults, stole quietly to the Butts under the brow of the Hawkhill, and, fastening the coil to a gun-carriage on the western ramparts, began to descend singly where the rocks are least steep and dangerous. Two escaped thus; but a third, proving more weighty than his com-

[1] Rise and Extinction of Reb. Lon. 8vo.

panions, or less able to endure the agony of suspension by his wrists, let the rope slip and was shattered on the rocks below. This caused an alarm, and further attempts were defeated.[1]

In July 1778 the Seaforth Highlanders, whose mutiny made so great a sensation in Scotland, marched into the Castle, replacing the Royal Edinburgh, or 80th regiment of the line. This noble body of mountaineers had been recently raised by Kenneth Mackenzie, Earl of Seaforth, among his retainers in the district of Kintail ; but, from the great number of another sept who recruited their ranks, the general appellation of the mutiny was "the affair of the *wild Macraas*."

This clan was an ancient tribe of the west, who had followed the banner of Seaforth since the days when Murdoch Dhu of Kintail unfurled it in the battles of Robert the Bruce ; and now many of their best men were enrolled in the new Fencible corps, which was numbered as the 78th regiment, or Seaforth Highlanders. Until the 5th August, when they received orders "to march at an hour's notice," perfect subordination was maintained among them, and they were daily under continual training. A landing of the French being expected, two hundred of them, with seven 9-pounders, marched west to Greenock with great enthusiasm to meet the enemy, who, however, made no attack.

By the time these companies returned, transports to convey the whole for foreign service had anchored in the roads of Leith ; but where the scene of that service lay, remained a mystery alike to the officers and men. The latter would not believe that they were destined for the Isle of Guernsey, and the sensation among them was intense, when rumour industriously asserted that they were under *secret orders* for the distant East—in other words, *sold* to the India

[1] In 1811 forty-six French prisoners escaped thus ; one was killed on the rocks in descending.

Company by the Government, and that chieftain to whom they had looked up as a father and leader. All their jealousy was roused, and strengthened by a love of home. General Stewart of Garth asserts, that the regiment was under orders for the Indies, the authorities having an impression that the poor Gael "were ignorant, unable to comprehend the nature of their stipulations, and incapable of demanding redress for any breach of trust."

But neither the Mackenzies of Kintail, nor the wild Macraas of Rhos, were so ignorant or confiding as this dishonourable Government imagined; and they were determined not to submit to the least infraction of the terms on which they had enlisted in the clan regiment of their chief, which were limited service, and *within* the British Isles. Aware how falsely and treacherously the Ministry had always behaved to their countrymen, they justly became suspicious of their destination, and on the 22d September, the day appointed for embarkation, their long smothered displeasure could no more be concealed.

The regiment paraded on the Castlehill, and all remained quiet till the order was given to march, when, to the astonishment of the Earl and his officers, the greatest confusion ensued. A shout burst from the ranks; several hundred men loaded their muskets with ball; the whole fixed their bayonets; a scuffle ensued; some of the officers were wounded, and one was repeatedly fired on. They displayed the colours with their Gaelic mottoes, and by their efforts so far soothed the refractory, that five hundred of them, under Lord Seaforth, marched for Leith; while four hundred Macraas, deaf alike to threats and remonstrances, displayed two tartan plaids on pikes for standards, and with the pipers playing before them marched down the Canongate, where they assailed the guard-house, and liberated several of their comrades, who had been confined there.

At the Tron Church they asssailed the Earl of Seaforth's division, and with their bayonets and claymores wounded

several officers and men; then, making a circuit by the Abbeyhill and Easter Road, they advanced in line across Leith Links to oppose his march; several shots were fired, and two hundred men joined them, while the remainder embarked. The Macraas, now six hundred strong, all well-disciplined and determined, with pipes playing and their tartan banners diplayed, marched to those steep and rocky hills that overhang Edinburgh. They were accompanied by a vast concourse of idlers, from whom they received every encouragement and applause, and what was of more utility—great quantities of fuel and provision.

Having reached the summit of Arthur's Seat, they took up a strong position, and, judiciously posting small picquets and advanced sentries at all the approaches, encamped for the night immediately under the cone of the mountain, near the rock and marsh of Dunsapie, where they threw up a redoubt. That night, a sentinel fell over the Craigs, and was killed.

The mutiny caused great excitement and sympathy in the capital, where all were favourable to the revolters. Sir Adolphus Oughton and Major-general Skene, first and second in command of the forces, despatched expresses for all the troops they could collect, to dislodge "the wild Macraas;" and next day the 11th Light Dragoons, two hundred of the Buccleuch Fencibles, and four hundred of the Glasgow regiment arrived in Edinburgh, and were deemed sufficient to storm the hills from the Highlanders.

That day they were visited by General Skene, Duncan Lord Macdonald, and the Earl of Dunmore, whom they received with the utmost respect; while they ceased not to inveigh bitterly against their officers, whom they accused of peculation, and having sold them to the East India Company; but subsequently a court of inquiry proved these complaints to be groundless.

On the 19th, this unfortunate affair, which promised to have so serious a termination, was satisfactorily arranged by the gentleness and prudence of the Duke of Buccleuch

and Sir Adolphus Oughton. The Earl of Dunmore again visited the mutineers, and presented them with a *bond* containing a pardon, and promise of all arrears of pay. They then formed in order, and, preceded by the Earl and their pipers, descended the Hunter's Bog to the Palace Yard, where they saluted the General with three loud cheers and threw up their bonnets. He then formed them in a hollow square, and addressed them briefly, but forcibly, exhorting them to behave well and obediently; and on the 29th September, they all embarked for Guernsey, which, being among the British Isles, was deemed no infraction of the terms on which they had enlisted.

Soon after this, the city was disturbed by another mutiny, which broke out among the West Fencible Highlanders, (who had recently come from Glasgow with sixty-five French prisoners,) relative to some innovations or alterations on their ancient Celtic garb—particularly the cartouch-box, which they alleged "no Highland regiment ever wore before;" and, by preconcerted arrangement, the whole, when paraded on the Castlehill, simultaneously tore them from their shoulders, cast them on the ground, and refused to wear them. A few days after, the General marched four companies to Leith, where they were surrounded by the 10th Light Dragoons, and compelled, at the point of the sword, to accept the pouches, which were piled up before them. By a court-martial, held on the Links, several of the ringleaders were tried and scourged, after which the remainder were marched to Berwick.

Meanwhile, the company on guard in the Castle, hearing of these passages, broke into open revolt, lowered the portcullis, drew up the bridge, and loaded several pieces of cannon. The city was filled with consternation, and a strong cavalry force took possession of the Castlehill.

The crisis was indeed dangerous, for the vaults of the fortress were full of French and Spanish prisoners; a French squadron was cruising off the coast, and had captured two vessels at the mouth of the Forth. Next day

the company capitulated, and all laid down their arms save one, who, with his claymore, madly assailed an officer of the 10th, who struck him down, and had him secured. The cavalry occupied the fortress until the arrival of Lord Lennox's regiment, when a court-martial was held, which sentenced one Highlander to be shot, and another to receive a thousand lashes; but both were forgiven on condition of serving beyond seas in a corps of the line.

The last and most desperate of these mutinies occurred in April 1779.

Seventy Highlanders, enlisted for the 42d and 71st, or Master of Lovat's regiment, had refused to embark at Leith, a report having been spread that they were to be draughted into a Lowland corps, which, to men accustomed from boyhood to the graceful garb of the Gael, was a measure from which these stubborn Celts revolted, and were determined to resist to the death. On the evening after they had marched, the following despatch was delivered at the Castle by a dragoon :—

"To Governor Wemyss of Edinburgh Castle, or the commanding officer of the South Fencible Regiment.

"Head-Quarters, *April* 1779.

"Sir,—The draughts of the 71st regiment having refused to embark, you will order two hundred men of the South Fencibles to march immediately to Leith, seize these mutineers, and march them prisoners to the Castle of Edinburgh, to be detained there until further orders.

"I am, &c. Ja. Adolphus Oughton."

In obedience to this command, three captains, six subalterns, and two hundred Fencibles, under Major Sir James Johnstone, marched on this unpleasant duty. They found the seventy Highlanders at the Pier of Leith and along the shore, formed in line, with their backs to the street, having their muskets loaded and bayonets fixed, and apparently resolved to resist to the last. Sir James drew

up his companies in such a manner as to make escape impossible, and then stated the positive orders he had received. These were translated into Gaelic by Sergeant Ross, who, after expostulating with them for a time, turned to the Major and told him that all was over, for his countrymen would not lay down their arms. Upon this, the Fencibles were ordered to level their pieces, but immediately after, Johnstone gave the command to *recover arms.*

At that moment a Highlander attempted to escape. He was seized by a sergeant, who was instantly bayoneted, while another, who advanced with his pike to the rescue, was shot. Roused then beyond all restraint, the enraged Fencibles poured volley after volley upon the Highlanders; twelve were shot dead, and many mortally wounded. The fire was returned, but with less fatal effect, as the Highlanders had no other ammunition than a few charges, given them by a Leith porter. Two Fencibles only were killed and one wounded; but Captain Mansfield, while attempting to save the latter, was bayoneted by a furious Celt, whose charge he had vainly endeavoured to parry with his sword. His slayer was shot through the head by a corporal; and, led on by their major, the Fencibles closed up with charged bayonets, disarmed the survivors, and, leaving the pier strewn with dead and dying, returned to the Castle with twenty-five prisoners. These were all reserved for trial by military law, while the unfortunate captain, who left a widow and six children, was interred in the Greyfriars churchyard.

On the 29th May, the whole garrison, consisting of the West and South Fencibles and the cavalry, was paraded on the Castlehill, and formed in three sides of a hollow square, facing inwards.

With drums muffled and rolling, while the band played a solemn dead-march, three of these Highland recruits, each stepping slowly behind his open coffin, were brought, by an armed escort, down the winding pathway from the

Citadel, and placed in the vacant space of the square, opposite a numerous firing party, under the orders of a Provost-marshal.

It was a bright and beautiful summer morning, but there was a dark cloud on every face, for no ceremony is more impressive and terrible than a military execution—and on that morning three soldiers were to die.

They were desired to kneel down beside their open coffins, while the following paper was read by the Adjutant-general :—

"*Garrison Orders.*

"HEAD-QUARTERS, *6th May* 1779.

"At a General Court-martial, held in Edinburgh Castle, on Thursday, the 6th May, and two following days, whereof Lieut.-colonel Dundas of the 11th Dragoons was president, for the trial of Charles Williamson and Archibald MacIvor, soldiers of the 42d regiment, and Robert Budge, soldier of the 71st regiment, accused of mutiny, at Leith, on the 20th April, and instigating others to do the same, the court unanimously found the prisoners guilty of mutiny, being a breach of the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th ARTICLES OF WAR ; and having duly considered the evil tendency of mutiny and sedition, especially when carried to such enormous lengths as in the present case, do adjudge you, the aforesaid Charles Williamson, Archibald MacIvor, and Robert Budge, *to be shot to death!*"

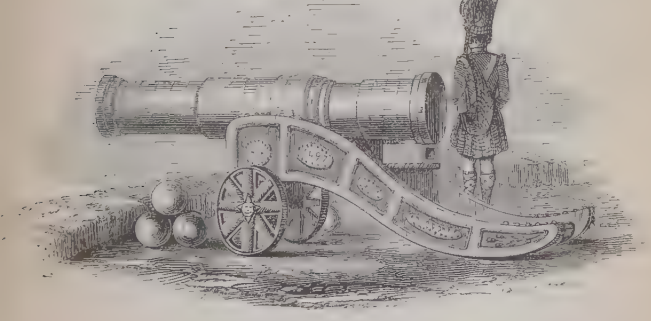
The poor prisoners remained on their knees, while a Highland officer translated the foregoing into Gaelic. They were all pale and composed, but the last, who was suffering from severe wounds received at Leith ; his countenance was emaciated and ghastly, and he was sinking from excessive debility. Their eyes were bound up ; the officer retired — the Provost-marshal approached, and ordered his party to load. They were in the act of taking aim at the prisoners, who were praying intently in Gaelic, when Sir Adolphus Oughton stepped forward, and, displaying three pardons, commanded them to "recover arms."

"Soldiers!" said he, "in consequence of the distinguished valour of the Royal Highlanders, to which two of these unfortunate men belong, his Majesty has been graciously pleased to forgive them all. Prisoners! rise, resume your arms, and rejoin your companies." An officer repeated these words in Gaelic.

The scene, and the whole proceedings, were so solemn and affecting, that the prisoners were incapable of speech. Raising their bonnets, they endeavoured to express their gratitude by a faint cheer, but their voices utterly failed them; and, overcome by weakness and a revulsion of feeling, the soldier of the 71st sank prostrate on the ground, between the coffins.

More than forty of their comrades, who were shot or had died of mortal wounds, found their last repose in the old churchyard of South Leith, and a grassy mound long marked the place where they lay.[1]

[1] Garrison Orders; Proceed. of Court-mart.; Scots Mag.; Ruddiman's Mercury; Histories of Edinburgh and Leith, &c.



NOTES.

I.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CASTLE OF EDINBURGH.

The steep and precipitous rock of the Castle covers a surface of eleven acres, and is separated from the city by the esplanade, a level space of five hundred and ten feet in length, by three hundred in breadth, and two hundred and seventy-four in height. On this area stood the ancient Spur; and its site has been the scene of many a severe conflict, and revolting execution by the axe and stake, for treason, heresy, and sorcery. It lay in a rough state till 1753, when the earth taken from the foundations of the Exchange was spread over it, and the broad flight of steps which gave access to the drawbridge was buried. It was still further improved in 1816, by a parapet and railing on the north, and a low wall on the south, strengthened by alternate towers and turrets. A bronze statue of the late Duke of York, holding his marshal's baton, and clad in the robes of the Bath, was very injudiciously erected on the north side, in 1839.

From the parade, the fortress is entered by a barrier of palisades, beyond which is a deep ditch and drawbridge, protected by a tête-de-pont, flanked out and defended by cannon. Above this, rises the strong Half-moon, at the foot of which are some fragments of the ancient Peel. Here are the barrier guardhouse, and reservoir. The path winds round the north side of the rock, passing three gateways, the inner of which is a deep-mouthed archway, where two portcullises hung. This building formerly terminated in an embattled tower, but was many years ago converted into a state prison, where, in 1792, Robert Watt and David Downie were confined. Above it are two sculptured hounds, the supporters of the Duke of Gordon, Governor in 1688; and between is an empty pannel, which probably contained those royal arms which were torn down by Cromwell. Beyond this, on the left, is a long flight of steps ascending to the citadel, every approach to which is defended by loopholes, for cannon and musketry.

On the right is a battery of twelve, eighteen, and twenty-four pounders, named from John Duke of Argyle, commander-in-chief in Scotland in 1715. Here is the main guardhouse; and on the acclivity of the hill are the houses of the governor and storekeeper, the ordnance office, and a bomb proof powder magazine, erected in 1746.[1] There is also an armoury, calculated for the reception of thirty thousand stand of arms, but containing only half that number, besides several brass howitzers, coats of mail, standards, ancient swords, and musketoons, lances and axes, with various weapons brought from the field of Culloden, particularly steel pistols of beautiful workmanship, which had been worn by Highland gentlemen.

Near this, rises an eminence called the Hawkhill; on the left is the Gothic arch of the citadel, and on the right the new barrack, erected in 1796. This vast and clumsy pile, "which would be honoured by comparison with the most vulgar cotton-mill,"[2] is one hundred and fifty feet long, and four stories high to the westward, where it rises on a strong arcade, and from its windows affords a magnificent view, embracing even the pale blue cone of Ben Lomond, fifty miles distant.

On the southwest is Drury's battery, so named from a Scottish engineer, who constructed it in 1689, and behind it is the square prison-house, erected in 1840. Passing the citadel gate, on the left is a shot-yard, and the modern chapel, a plain, but conspicuous edifice, having a pointed window overlooking the bomb-battery, where Mons Meg (flanked on each side by a howitzer) faces the city.

Adjoining is the ancient oratory of the good St Margaret, the beautiful font and eastern oriel of which—a small but curious specimen of early Gothic—survived till recent times. All within is now plain and bare; but to this nudity, the finely wrought Norman arch of the Chancel, where so often the fair-haired Saxon saint knelt before the Black Rood of Scotland, forms a striking contrast. It is composed of two zig zag moulded orders, under a trigonal head on its intermediate face, with a string of lozenges. The capitals of the jambshafts are escalloped, and sustain heavy abaci. These are returned on both sides of the arch, which measures only five feet between the pillars.[3]

The gun-platform of the Half-moon Battery is five hundred

[1] Ordnance Off. Records. [2] Scott's Provin. Antiq.
[3] An. Colleg. Churches of Scot.

and ten feet above the level of the Forth. It is mounted with eighteen and twenty-four pounders, is furnished with a lofty flag-staff, an iron grate for balefires, and contains a draw-well, one hundred and ten feet deep. From its heavy-arched port-holes, Charles II. in 1650, Paoli the Corsican chief in 1771, the Grand-duke Nicholas in 1819, George IV. in 1822, and her present Majesty have viewed the city. Behind it, is the entrance to the old square, or Grand Parade. The north side is formed by a barrack one hundred and twenty feet in length, built on the site of an ancient church, the lofty gable of which formed, for centuries, one of the most striking features in all views of the Castle from the eastward. Its origin was unknown, but tradition averred that it had been erected anterior to St Giles, and, from its size, was intended for the use of the citizens, who, by John of Carrick's charter, were entitled to build houses within the stronghold. *Ecclesia de Castelli Puellarum* occurs in many ancient charters of the Davids and Alexanders.[1] In 1753, it was divided into three stories, and filled with tents, cannon, and other munition of war.

On the west are barracks of the era of George I. On the south is the venerable hall, where kings have feasted, warriors held council, and parliaments debated. Now, it is deformed into a white-washed military hospital. Below is a range of deep vaults, where, during the various wars since 1750, French prisoners have been confined. Many of their names, initials, and the games with which they lightened their solitary hours, still remain graven on the rough masonry. The origin of these vaults is buried in the obscurity of antiquity.

On the east side of the square is the old palace, or royal lodging—a handsome edifice, adorned with two octagon towers, surmounted by turrets and an elaborate battlement. Part of this was probably designed by Sir James Hamilton of Finnart, the celebrated architect to James V., and to whom various sums were paid for repairs in the Castle of Edinburgh.

Among other items, in 1516, we find for flooring the Lords' Hall in David's Tower *ten shillings*, and other payments for woodwork in the "Gret Ha' windois in the Castell, gret gestis and dowbill dalis for the Myd Chaumer, the King's Kechin, and the New Court Kechin in Davidis Toure," and for the Register House, built in 1542, by John Merlyoune, who first paved the High Street.[2]

A semi-octagon tower, of considerable height, gives access to

[1] Chartularies. [2] Treasurer's Accounts.

the dark and vaulted room where the Scottish Regalia were so long hidden from view. By a letter from Duncan Forbes of Culloden, printed so early as 1747, there appears to have existed "a tradition, that several records of parliament lay in the Castle, locked up in the room where the Crown was deposited at the Union;"[1] and on the 5th November 1794, it was opened by the Lieutenant-governor, and other Commissioners, warranted to search for these documents. The room was dark, and filled with foul air; the dust of nearly a century lay on the floor, and on the old oak chest with its ponderous locks; the ashes of the last fire still remained in the rusty grate, and the place seemed grim and desolate.

Major Drummond, an officer on duty, repeatedly shook the chest, which the Commissioners supposed to be empty; for there was a belief abroad that the Government, by a wicked policy, had destroyed its contents. Upon it lay a box lined with velvet, which was supposed to have held the Crown. The lid had been wrenched off by violence, and carelessly thrown to the other end of the apartment, where it lay among the thick dust. The Commissioners, who had no authority to proceed further, retired, and again the Regalia was consigned to oblivion.

Now, it is exhibited daily to visitors, who average nearly four thousand weekly, during the summer months. The room was greatly improved in 1848, when the ceiling was groined with massive oak pannelling, having shields in bold relief. Enclosed by an iron cage, and shown by four dim sepulchral lamps, the crown, sword, and sceptre are laid on a white marble table, together with four other memorials of the House of Stuart—the jewels of the venerable Cardinal York, which were deposited there in 1830, by order of William IV. These are the golden collar of the Garter, presented by Elizabeth to James VI., with its appendage the George; the order of St Andrew, cut on an onyx, set with diamonds, and having on the reverse the badge of the thistle, which opens with a secret spring, revealing a beautiful miniature of Anne of Denmark; and lastly, the ancient ruby ring studded with diamonds, and worn by the Scottish kings at their coronation. It was last placed on the finger of the unhappy Charles I., and, after all its wanderings with his descendants, is now in its old receptacle with

> "The other inseygnys,
> That fell to Kings on onywise,
> Baith *sceptre, swerd,* and *ring.*"[2]

[1] Scots Mag. 1747. [2] Wintoun's Cronykil.

In this building, Mary of Guise died, and a doorway, bearing the date 1566, gives entrance to those apartments where her daughter Mary was delivered of James VI. This event occurred in a small wainscoted chamber, which is still preserved with great care. It was formerly part of a large room, which, before being partitioned, measured thirty by twenty-five feet.

On the 11th February 1567, after Darnley's murder, Mary retired to this apartment, where she hung the walls with black, and remained in strict seclusion until after the funeral. Killigrew, who came from Elizabeth with offers of condolence, on his introduction, found "the queen's majesty in a dark chamber, so as he could not see her face, but by her words she seemed very doleful."[2] On the 16th, she departed to the house of Seton.

In 1849, an antique iron chisel, shaped like a spear, was found in the fireplace of this apartment; and a few years ago, a coffin, containing the bones of a child, wrapped in cloth of gold, was discovered in the external wall, when it was undergoing repair. The whole were carefully replaced and rebuilt up, by order of Major-general Thackery, R.E. This edifice is very lofty; in 1800, a man who fell from the battlement into the court was killed on the spot. On the north side is a window ornamented by the thistle, rose, and harp, within a pediment, bearing the date 1615, when the Castle and Holyrood were repaired, previous to the expected visit of James VI.

On the 19th June 1616, the fifty-third anniversary of his birth, he feasted the Scottish and English nobles in the hall, between four and nine in the evening, and thereafter went to Holyrood, where there was a grand display of fireworks.[3]

From the New Barracks, a winding stair descends to the Butts, where the rock is defended by the western wall, at an angle of which a turret, named the Queen's Post, occupies the site of St Margaret's Tower. Here various ancient coins have been discovered. Fifty feet below the level of the rock is another guardhouse, and one of those draw-wells poisoned by the Regent Morton in 1572. From the old Postern, there is a sudden ascent by steps behind the banquette of the bastions, to a battery named Milnes Mount, where there is another grate for a balefire, to alarm the shires of Fife and Stirling. The fortifications are irregular, furnished at the angles with

[1] Chalmers, vol. i. [2] Calderwood's Historie.

numerous strong turrets, and prepared for mounting upwards of sixty pieces of cannon. In the days of James III., it contained forty-eight pieces ; in those of Earl Bothwell twenty-three pieces, exclusive of passe-volants, cut-throats, and arquebuses ; and under Sir George Douglas in 1575, forty culverins, falcons, and sakers.

Two door lintels covered with curious sculpture are still preserved—one over the entrance to the ordnance office, represents a bombarde and other ancient ordnance ; the other, a cannoneer of the sixteenth century, surrounded by the implements of artillery. He is sheathed in complete armour, and is represented as loading a small culverin.

The Castle gardens in St David's time, were situated on the ground afterwards occupied by the North Loch.

The Castle stables were on the south side of the rock, and had the privilege of affording sanctuary until the close of the last century.

The Castle barns were granaries of the king, and other buildings erected to the westward of the rock, for the accommodation of the court attendants.

The Castle farm was the ancient village of Broughton, which St David granted to the monks of Holyrood.

The Castle lists were a hundred and fifty yards in length, by fifteen in breadth, and lay between the sloping gardens of the Portsburgh, then a rural village, and the steep rocks of the Castle, which afforded the best accommodation to the spectators of the martial games on the grassy sward below ; while the royal family and household occupied the bartizans above, which were hung with rich tapestry, velvets, and banners. It was not till the middle of the eighteenth century, that the original appearance of the royal Meuse and Tilting Ground was destroyed by modern innovation.

The basement of a ruined tower occupies a cleft of the rock on the north side, and is popularly known as Wallace's Cradle. Underneath its black and shelving cliff, stand the shattered remains of the Wellhouse-Tower. The loch which washed its base was fed by the rills of the castle rock, and those from Halkerston's Crofts. It was made in the fifteenth century, to save the expense of a north wall, from the *well* in the king's garden, to the Craigend Gate ; and at certain seasons, woodcocks, snipe, and waterducks are seen hovering near the ruins, attracted by the dampness of the hollow, where of old the water lay. The tower is named from the spring of pure

water that flows within its basement story. It was entered on the inside of the wall that protected the castle bank, by two doors, which led to the first and second floors. The outer portions to the west and north were of a circular form, and loopholed for crossbows or arquebuses, like the sides of the principal keep. Between it and the end of the north wall, which ascended to the Castle Port, a half-circular bastion was afterwards erected, and eighty yards westward lay another outwork of stone, the ruins of which have totally disappeared.[1]

Near this tower of the fifteenth century are the remains of a subterranean passage, which at one time afforded a communication between it and the city.

On the north side of the Castlehill there stood of old a chapel, some vestiges of which were visible in Maitland's time, and which he supposed to have been named from St Andrew the Apostle. It is mentioned in a document, dated 1488, as being near the fortress. In June 1754, some workmen, when levelling this part of the Castlehill, discovered a subterraneous chamber, fourteen feet square; within it lay a crowned image of the Virgin Mary, hewn of very white stone, two brass altar candlesticks, some trinkets, and a dozen of ancient Scottish and French coins. By several remains of burnt matter, and two large cannon-balls which lay among it, this edifice was supposed to have been demolished by the Castle in some of the sieges, having been the most westerly house of the city. In December 1849, when the Castlehill was being excavated for the new reservoir, several finely-carved stones were found in what was understood to be the foundation of this chapel, or of Christ's Church, which was commenced in 1637, but abandoned, and built ten years after at the Tron Beam. The north wall was discovered to be founded on a deep bed of clay, and near it lay a natural moss, several feet in depth, containing the branches of various kinds of trees, on some of which the bark was still remaining. Under this moss, (which lay on a place so unusual,) the soil was dark and loamy, like that of an ancient graveyard, and contained several coffins, from which skulls and other bones were exhumed.

These coffins were three inches thick, of oak remarkably fresh, scooped out in the middle to receive the body, and at the top to admit the head: the wood appeared to be impregnated with white matter of a phosphoritic, or some analogous quality. No record of this burial-place can be traced, but,

[1] Maitland.

from its vicinity to the fortress, we must conclude it to have been the cemetery either of the Chapel of St Andrew, or that of the Holy Cross in the Castrum Puellarum. The circumstance of several of the coffins being laid with their *heads* to the east, would lead us to suppose them anterior to Christianity in Scotland; but the fact of their being oak proves that they are not, as the Picts and Caledonians were interred in rude sepulchres of rough stone.

A few yards north of the Castle gate stands a gray granite block, which was brought from Sweden many years ago by Seatoun of Prestoun. It bears a serpent encircling a cross and on its body is the following legend, in Runic characters :—

ARI ENGRAVED THIS STONE IN MEMORY OF HIALM HIS FATHER. GOD REST HIS SOUL![1]

The ancient precincts of the Castle are supposed to have been the area occupied by the old town, extending to the Abbeyhill, and bounded on the south by the *Communis Via*, and mount or hill of St John of Jerusalem, but the only ground now belonging to it is the esplanade. The whole of this was enclosed by the beforementioned stone wall, which descended from the Castle arch or port in a direct line north, and, turning parallel with the Loch, was flanked by the Well-house, where a guard protected the city against any sudden attack in sultry seasons, when the waters of the Loch were low, and the marsh to the westward dry. Vestigia of the Port were found during the late excavations.

The Castle, being within the abrogated parish of Holyrood, has a burial-place for the garrison in the Canongate churchyard; but the dead have been interred within the walls frequently during blockades, as in 1745, when nineteen soldiers and three women were buried on the face of the rock.

Under the Scottish establishment, the garrison seldom consisted of more than the *Castle Company*. In 1684 the strength was as follows :—

	Per diem.		
One captain, ...	00	08	00
One lieutenant, ...	00	04	00
One ensigne, ...	00	03	00
Three serjeants, each 1s. 6d. *Inde*, .	00	04	06
Three gunners, each 1s. 6d., *Inde*, .	00	04	06
Three corporalls, each 1s., *Inde*, .	00	03	00

[1] Archæologica Scotica.

Two drummers, each 1s., *Inde*, .	00	02	00
Scrivener, ...	00	02	00
A chaplain, ...	00	02	00
A chyrurgeon, ...	00	02	00
108 centinells, each 6d., *Inde*, .	02	14	00
To the gunsmith, 10 lb. qrterly, *Inde*,	00	02	$04\frac{2}{3}$
For coal and candle to the said garrison, yearly, 20 lib. sterline.	04	11	$04\frac{2}{3}$

In 1702 the garrison consisted of seven officers, five non-commissioned officers, two drummers, one master and five gunners, one hundred and twenty soldiers, a porter and armourer. Their maintenance per day was 2069 pounds 4 shillings *Scots*.[1]

The Castle is now capable of containing three thousand infantry, and has a governor, lieutenant-governor, fort-major, and the usual staff. It has also two chaplains, a Presbyterian and Episcopalian. The appointment of the former was stipulated at the Union, and Home, the celebrated author of *Douglas*, for many years held it by deputy.

The Castle Company was a corps of Scottish soldiers, raised in January 1661. They formed permanently a part of the garrison till 1818, when, with the ancient band of Mary of Lorraine, which garrisoned the castle of Stirling, they were incorporated in one of the thirteen veteran battalions embodied in that year.

II.

Writ of Edward I. concerning the Scottish Rolls in the Castle of Edinburgh. 12th August 1291.

From the *Records of the Tower*.

"*Rex et Superior Dominus Scotiæ*, Venerabili in Christo patri eadem gratia Episcopo Sancti Andræ in Scotia, et dilecto et fideli suo Radulpho Basset de Drayton, constabulario Castri sui de Edenburgh, et Willielmo de Dunfres custodi rotulorum regni Scotiæ, et omnibus Ballivis et fidelibus suis ejusdem regni ad quos &c. salutem: Sciatis quod assignavimus dilectos nobis in Christo Abbatem de Dunfermelyn, et Adam Abbatem Sanctæ Crucis de Edenburgh, et dilectum et fidelem nostrum Johannem de Lithegreynes, Magistrum Willielmum de Lincoln,

[1] Military Papers of Scottish Establishment.

et Thomam de Fisheburne, ad investigandum, scrutandum, videndum et examinandum chartas, instrumenta, scripta, literas papales, compositiones, et omnia alia munimenta jus petentium in Regno Scotiæ, et similiter nos et regnum quoquomodo tangentia, in Castro de Edenburgh . . . . . .

"Et vos, praefate Episcope, claves Thesaurariæ necnon hostiorum, domorum, Castri praedicti, archarum, cistarum, et scriniorum quorumcunque in quibus praedicta munimenta, literæ, rotuli, et cætera qualiacunque praedicta instrumenta sint recordata, prædictis Abbatibus Johanni, Willielmo, et Thoma cum eis ad hoc venire contigerit liberetis. In cujus *etc.* Teste Rege, *apud Berewyk super Twed. in Scotia*, 12 die Augusti."

Sir Radulphus in 1295 was created Lord Basset de Drayton, but the title became extinct at his death in 1320. He belonged to a powerful family, for many nobles of the same name occur in English history at that period; Radolpho Lord Basset de Sapcote, Simon Lord Basset de Hedington, Richard Lord Basset de Welden, and others.

III.

List of Documents relating to Edinburgh Castle, preserved in the Office of the Queen's Remembrancer. *Temp. Edward I.*

I. Victualia liberata Domino Waltero de Huntercombe, Custodi *Castri de Edinburgh*, pro munitione ejusdem Castri, per manus Ricardi de Wordington, Clerici, anno regni Regis Edwardi xxvi.

II. Isti de *Castro de Edeneburgh* petunt robas de Domino rege, et calciamenta. (*The garrison are classed thus* :—)

Duo fratres de ordine Carmelitarum.	Pistores	Balistarii
	Braciatores.	Archtenentes.
Surgicus.	Coci	Vigilator de Nocte.
Clericii	Marescallus.	Hobelours.
Carpentarii	Carettarii.	Homines ad arma
Fabrii	Cementarius.	de hospitio regis.

III. Homines ad arma pro munitione (*Castro de Edeneburgh.*)

IV. Homines ad arma morantes infra munitionem *Castri de Edeneburg.* (*Nov.* 12*th*, 1297-8.)

V. Victualia et alia diversa missa apud Edeneburgh, per Alexandrum le Convers, quæ provisa sunt pro eodem Castro, et pro Castro de Strivelyn, annis xxvi et xxvii.

VI. Garderoba. Edeneburgh; C'est le ordinement fet du *Chastel de Pueceles*, par le Consail le Roi, a Noef Chastel sur Tyne, le xxii jour de Novembre, l'an du regne le Roi Edward xxvii^me^ comenceant.

VII. Memoranda de liberationibus Victualium pro Munitionibus *Castro Puellarum de Edeneburg.* (*Nov.* 1298-9.)

VIII. Compotus Willielmi de Rue, ad munitionem *Castri de Edeneburgh* assignati, de diversis rebus de Domino Rege de . . . . . Baliolio Vicecomite Northumbriæ majore, et ballivis Novi Castri super Tynam receptis pro dicta munitione, annis Regni Edw. xxvii et xxviii.

IX. De Munitione *Castri Puellarum* et de Leth, Portu de Edeneburgh. (*Nov.* 1300.)

X. Garderoba. Victualia et alia mortua garnistura subscripta remanentia in *Castro de Edeneburgh.*

XI. Indentura contra Johannem de Kingeston, Constabularium *Castri de Edeneburgh*, tam de expensis munitionis ejusdem Castri quam de vadiis, feodis, et restauro equorum. (*Nov.* 1301.)

XII., XIII., XIV. Three Lists of Wages paid by John de Weston to the Garrisons of Edinburgh and other Castles during the periods referred to. (See *Documents Respecting Scotland*, published for the Maitland Club.)

IV.

Letter from Sir John de Kingstone, Constable of the Castle of Edinburgh, to Walter de Langton, Bishop of Lichfield, and Treasurer of England, concerning the Clothes, &c. of the Esquires, Archers, and Pages, with local news, dated 9th August 1298. (*Chart. Cott.* xxiv. 18.)

A son très honurable piere en Dieu Sire Wauter, par la grace Dieu evesque de Cestre, le seon bacheler Johan de Kingestone honeurs et reverences com a son Seign^r^.

Sachez, Sire, que jeo ay resceu unes lettres de nostre Seign^r^ le Roy, en les quelles jeo su commande que jeo vous dey amentuier que vous ymettez conseille sur la priere que Mons^r^ Rog^r^ de Lesse et Mons^r^ Thomas de Baunebury unt faite au rey de robes p^r^ eux et p^r^ leur esquiers et leur garçons, et sur la priere que les Arbelasters[1] qui furent en garneison a Bourgh et Bleyves[2]

[1] *Arbaletriers*—crossbowmen.

[2] *Bourg and Blaye*—two towns in the government of Guienne.

et qui sont ore en ma compaignie, unt faite au Roy pur lur robes et pur leur chauceux. Dont jeo vous pri, Sire, que vous ymettez conceill p^r^ ceo que jeo ne puisse a vous venir et moy mandez sur ceo vostre volunte.

Sire, endreyt *de novelles* de nos parties, vous faz a savoir que le *Conte de Boghan, levesq de Seynt Andreu*[1] et autres Contes et g^a^ntz Seigneurs qui furont de la la meer d'Escoce sont venuz per deca et furont a Glasgu le jour que ceste lettre fut faite et par . . . entirent pur aler devers la marche a ceo que hom dist entre eux et leur gentz que sont en la forest.

Et endreyt de ceo que *Mons. Simon Freser*[2] se hasta tant vers vous, sachez, Sire, quil navoyt mie mont Grant Mester car il ni avoyt Mye si g^a^nt poer de gentz qui vindrent en sa baillie que entre le Garneisons ne les peussent avoir arestuz si Mons. Simon le eust garny et jeo lui garni de ceo viij jours devant quil vindrent et einz quil furont entree la forest si diseit hom que entre eux et Mons. Simon treiterent et parlerent ensemble et mangerent et beurent furont tut en un. Dont il convient, Sire, que vous seez bien aviseez endreyt du Conceill quil vous durra. Et sachez, Sire, que meismes celui Mons. Simon menveia unes lettres dont jeo vous envey le t^a^nscrit le jour quil sen part de sa garde lendemayn et voleyt que jeo efuisse venuz a lui dont jeo lui fesoy tieu response com jeo vous envey en escrit mes jeo ne say si il lui vint ou noun et autres lettres menveia il bien devant que jeo y fuisse venuz a lui meismes cel jour que nos enemys furont sodeynement devant nr̃e Chastel et que *Mons. Thomas Darderne* fut pris dont jeo doute quil ne soit mie de aussi bone covyne com mester feust. Par quei jeo vous pri que vous et les autres du Conceill le Roy ent soyez garnez.

Sachez, sire, que ceux de la forest se sont renduz a les Escotz et novelle moi vint que *la Dame de Penicoke*[3] que est a x liwes (*i. e. miles*) de nr̃e Chastel avoyt recette son filz que est encontre la pees. Et le remenant ay jeo retenu jusques tant que nostr̃ power aproche et que les Escotz se esloignent issint que si nous eoms mestier que nous preignoms de eux pur les

[1] John Comyn, fourth Earl of Buchan, Constable of Scotland, and William Lamberton, Bishop of St Andrews, who finished the Cathedral.

[2] The brave Sir Simon Frazer of Oliver Castle.

[3] Lady of Penicuik, Baron of that Ilk, an ancient and powerful family, who possessed that parish, which was named of old St Kentigern. When they lost their lands is unknown.

deners le roy dont jeo vous pri com Seigneur que vous moy mandez vostre volunte le quel jeo retendray les bestes en la manere que jeo vous volunte le quel jeo retendray les bestes en la manere que jeo vous envey ou que jeo les deliverray. Et jeo vous pri, Sire, que vous ymettez conseill endreyt du chastel de Strivelyn quel feut vitaillie. Et vostre volunte sur cestes choses mei voilez mander si vus plest.

A Dieu, Sire, qui vous doint bone vie et lungge. Escrit au *Chastel a Pucelles*, le ix. jour de Augst 1298.

V.

Rental of the Castle of Edinburgh, a.d. 1584.

To the Castell of Ed^{r}. Tuelf hundrethe merkis to be payit monethlie furthe of the customis of the Tron of Ed^{r}. and furthe of the superplus of the thriddis of benefices.

The haill thrid of the Quhyit of the Archbischoprick of Sanctandrois, sevin chalder, twa bollis, thrie firlottis, ane pect.

The rest of the thrid of the Quheit of the abbey of Scone, thrie boillis.

The haill thrid of the Quheit of the priorie Charteris, twa chalder, fyve bollis, 3 pert bo.

The haill thrid of the Quheit of Lundoris, thrie chalder, four bollis, thrie firlottis, thrie pect.

The haill thrid of the Quheit of the Kirk of Monyfuthe, ane chalder, thrie bollis, thrid pert boll; out of thrid of the beir of the Archbishoprik of Sanctandrois viij ch. v bo. 3 pert pect.

Out of the thrid of the beir of the Abbay of Scone, j ch. ij bo. 1 fir. 2 pert pect.

Out of the thrid of the beir of the priorie of Charterhouse, iij ch. iij bo. j pect, 3 pert pect.

Out of the thrid of the beir of the Abbey of Lundaris, vj ch. ix bollis, 1 fir.

Out of the thrid of the beir of Abbey of Abirbrothok, j ch. ix bo. iij fir. 2 pert pect.

Out of the thrid of the beir of the Bischoprik of Dunkeld, iiij ch. xiij bo. 3 pert bo.

The thrid of the Meill of the Archbischoprik of Sanctandrois, iiij bo.

Out of the thrid of the Meill of the abbay of Scone, xi bo. j fir.

The haill thrid of the meill of the priorie of Charterhouse, 2 pert boll.

Out of the thrid of the meill of the Abbay of Lundoris, iiij chalders, xi bo. iij fir. ij pect.

Out of the thrid of the Meill of the Bischoprik of Dunkeld, iiij ch.

The thrid of the peas and beanis of the Archbishoprick of Sanctandrois, j bo. 3 pert bo.

VI.

MONS OR MOLLANCE MEG.

This celebrated piece of ordnance, which one tradition avers to have been forged at Mons, and another in the Isle of Thrave, weighs six tons and a half, and is composed of malleable iron bars hooped together; the balls are twenty-one inches in diameter, and hewn of granite.

In 1489, we first find Meg mentioned in Scottish history, when James IV. conveyed her from the Castle of Edinburgh to the siege of Dunbarton.

There cannot be adduced the shadow of a proof that this cannon was made *at Mons* in Flanders; while a tradition, supported by very strong evidence, proves almost beyond a doubt that it was manufactured by Scottish artisans, and by command of James II.

When the Douglases were forfeited, in 1455, their castle of Thrieve (or Thrave) was the last stronghold that held out for James Duke of Touraine, who had been totally defeated on Ancrum Muir, and had his noble lordship of Galloway annexed to the crown. The King, says *Hawthornden*, made a raid into this district, reduced all the strong places, and abandoned Douglasdale to the mercy of his soldiers. On the 8th July, we find him writing to Charles VII. of France, announcing that all the castles of the Douglases had yielded, save Threive, which his troops were then besieging. This tower, which is of great size and strength, is defended by outworks, and situated on an islet of the Dee.

James posted his artillery at the Three Thorns of Carlinwark, one of which, gnarled, knotted, and hoary with the lapse of four centuries, still survives near Castle-Douglas. Perhaps the *Lion*, a great brass culverin, cast in Flanders in 1430, by order of his father, James I., was among the ordnance, which must have been very light. Eight stone cannon-balls, four weighing $3\frac{3}{4}$ lb., and four about 1 lb. each, were found among the ruins of Threive, in 1843.

A tradition, preserved in the *Statistical Account* of the parish of Kelton, asserts that a blacksmith named M'Kim, who, with his sons, had witnessed the futile operations of the king's artillery against the ponderous masonry of the vast donjon, offered, if furnished with proper materials, to construct a more efficient piece of ordnance.

James II. gladly accepted his offer, and the inhabitants of the district, anxious to evince their loyalty to the King, and hatred of the Douglases, contributed each a *gaud*, or bar of iron. The brawny M'Kim and his sturdy sons were set to work, and soon produced the famous cannon known as *Mons Meg*. The unvarying tradition which, for four hundred years, pointed out the place where it was forged, (a mound at Buchan's Croft, in the immediate vicinity of the Three Thorns of Carlinwark,) received confirmation, when the labourers engaged on the military road there, when removing the *knoll*, found it to be a mass of such cinders and refuse as are usually left by a large forge.

On its completion, the royal cannoneers dragged this enormous piece of ordnance to a height in front of the Castle, which, to this hour, is called *Knockcannon*. The charge is said to have been a peck of powder, and a granite ball the weight of a Carsphairn cow. The first shot, we are told, went right through the Castlehall, and took away the hand of the Countess of James, eleventh Earl of Douglas, and sixth Duke of Touraine, Margaret, (the Fair Maid of Galloway,) as she was in the act of raising a cup of wine to her lips—a circumstance regarded by the people as a direct manifestation of Heaven's vengeance, because that hand had been given in wedlock to two brothers. A massive gold ring, inscribed *Margaret de Douglas*, (supposed to have been on this unfortunate hand,) was found by the workmen employed some years ago, when converting the castle of Thrieve into a barrack for French prisoners. The story, so far as it concerns the hand of the Countess, is rather apocryphal, as the *wind* of the ball alone would have killed her.

Two of Meg's bullets were discharged on this occasion, and it is remarkable that a satisfactory account can be given of both.

"The *first*," says the author of the *New Statistical Account*, "was, towards the end of the last century, picked out of the wall and delivered to Mr Gordon of Greenlaw. The *second* was discovered in 1841, by the tenant of Threive, when remov-

ing an accumulation of rubbish from the lower part of the castle. He came upon the ancient draw-well, which was found to be lined with black oak planks in a perfect state of preservation ; and, at the bottom lay an immense granite ball, similar in all respects to those belonging to Mons Meg, and still bearing evident marks of having been discharged from a cannon."

It lay in a *direct line* from *Knockcannon* to the *breach* in the wall, and is supposed to be the identical shot which wounded the Fair Maid of Galloway.

On the second discharge of this new and terrible cannon, the garrison immediately surrendered, and the grateful King presented to M'Kim the forfeited lands of Mollance, as a reward for " constructing so noble an engine of war ;" and, in 1508, we find that James IV., by charter, granted the castle of Kirkcudbright to the burgesses of that town, for faithful service rendered by their predecessors to his grandfather at the siege of Thrieve.

The gun was named after the smith, (who became laird of Mollance,) with the addition of Meg, in compliment to his wife, whose voice is said to have rivalled that of her namesake. The contraction of the name from *Mollance* to *Monce*, or *Mons* Meg, was easily achieved by the Scots, who sink the *l's* in similar words, rendering moll *mow*, knoll *knowe*, &c.

The house of Mollance is still standing, and is situated between the Urr and Dee in Galloway. It was lately sold by Coupland of Collistoun to a gentleman named Napier. In the district there are several smiths who bear the name of M'Kim.

The balls, still preserved in Edinburgh Castle, and piled on each side of this vast gun, are of *Galloway granite*, (which is quite unlike any other) ; they are exactly similar to those found at Thrieve, and were manufactured, says tradition, by certain artificers on the summit of Binnan Hill, while M'Kim and his stout sons were plying their hammers on Meg's hoops and bars at the Buchan Croft.—*Statist. Account of Kelton ; Hist. of Galloway*, &c.

Andrew Symson, whose description of Galloway was written one hundred and seventy years ago, says, " that in the Isle of Thrieve, the great gun in the Castle of Edinburgh, called *Mount Meg*, was wrought and made ;" which, though slightly incorrect as to the actual spot of her formation, being written in 1664, goes far to prove what we may now conclude, that this great gun was manufactured, *not* by Flemish artificers, but by the strength and skill of the sturdy Scots of Galloway.

This cannon bears a conspicuous place in all the public accounts of the time, where we find charges for greasing "her mouth," ribbons to deck her carriage, and pipes to play in front when brought from "her lair" in the Castle, to accompany the Scottish host in any distant expedition; but Meg appears always to have proved very unmanageable.

In 1497, when James IV. invaded England, in the cause of Perkin Warbeck, he conveyed Mons Meg among other artillery, for which numerous "*pellockis* of led and irne" were made. Meg was mounted on a new stock, on which seven wrights worked for two days and a half, at St Leonard's Craig, during the month of July. It was bound with thirteen stone of iron; and, to preserve her, she was covered with cloths, which were emblazoned by the king's painter, Sir Thomas Galbraith. Afterwards, we find paid "to the werkmen to bring hame *Monse* and the othir Artailzerie fra Dalkeith, xxijs."—(*Tres. Accts.*)

In other entries, on the occasion of a great festivity, the cannon always bears the same name.

"*Item*, to the pyonouris to gang to the Castell to help *Mons* down, ... xs.
Item, to the Menstrallis that playit befoir *Mons* down the gait, ... xivs.
Item, for xiii stane of irne to mak graith to *Mons* new cradill and gavillokis to go with hir, for ilk stane, ... xxviijd.
Item, to vii wrichtis that maid *Mons* cradill, to ilk man on the day, ... xvid.
Item, for walking of *Mons*, the 15, 16, 17, 18, and 19 days of Junij and the gunnis in the Abbay ilk nicht, ... iijs.
Item, to a 100 warkmen to pas with *Mons*, ilk man, ... vis.
Item, for 25 lib. of tallow for *Mons*, . . .
Item, for a ½ galloun of tar, ... iis.
Item, for 8 elle of canvass to cover *hir*, . ixs. iiiid.
Item, for mair tallow to *Mons*, ... iis.
Item, to John Mawar and ii wrychtis to pas with *Mons*, for their oukis wages, . . xxxs.
Item, 200 spike nails to turse with *Mons*, . . iiis.
Item, to the ledman, for makin ledin pellokis, .
Item, 3 gret towis to *Mons*, weyand 16 stane, .
Item, to bear them to the abbey to *Mons*," &c. &c.

On the 3d July 1558, when the Castle guns saluted in honour of Mary's marriage with the Dauphin, Meg was fired by the express desire of the Queen-regent, when the *pyonaris* were paid for "thair lauboris in mounting Mons furth of her lair to be schote, and for finding and carrying her bullet from Wardie Mure to the Castell," ten shillings Scots.

In 1571, during the Civil War, she was conveyed to the Blackfriar's Yard, from whence twenty-four of her shot were discharged against the house of a citizen named Lawson. Two men died under the operation of dragging her from the Castle. (*Bannat.*)

Payment was made to a priest, through the roof of whose house one of her bullets unpleasantly fell by *mistake*. In the list of cannon in the Castle, made up by Sir George Douglas in 1575, we find "ane grit peice forgit of yron, callit Mons," (*Jewell Office Rec.;*) and in the lists made up by Cromwell in 1650, "the great iron murderer *Meg*," and muckle *Magg*.

In 1660, "the Major-general, after his remembrance of his majesty to the Earl of Seaford, fired the great cannon, called *Mounce Megg*, after which followed all the guns in Edinborough Castle, Leith cittadel, and the ships in the road." (*Mercurius Publicus, No.* 27.)

Ray, in his *Observations* on Scotland, in 1661, says we went to see the Castle of Edinburgh, a strong building, on a precipitous rock. "There was then lying in the yard a great old iron gun, which they called *Mounts Meg*, and some *Meg of Berwick*." It is remarkable that an old demi-bastion which defends the Scottish gate at Berwick, was named *Meg's Mount*. There was another battery of the same name in the Castle of Stirling, which would infer that she had a *lair* in both these places.

In 1681, the gun burst, as recorded in the text. This disaster is noticed by Fergusson the poet,

> "Oh willawins! Mons Meg for you,
> 'Twas firing cracked thy muckle mou!"

From this period, it lay dismounted near the inner gate till 1753, when, by an order from the Board of Ordnance, requiring all unserviceable guns to be transmitted to London, Meg was stupidly sent with others, and placed in the Tower. There her name and existence became almost forgotten by the people of Scotland, till 1829, when, by the patriotic exertions of Sir Walter Scott, after an absence of seventy-six years, she was

sent down to Edinburgh, and, escorted by the 73d Regiment, and three troops of cavalry, with pipers playing before her as of old, was conveyed in procession to her ancient lair in the Castle.

In 1835, the old stock gave way with a crash, but she was afterwards mounted on a new iron carriage, of elegant construction, having four oval shields bearing inscriptions, the order of the thistle, and the name of Sir Hussey Vivian, Master General of the Ordnance. She forms a conspicuous object on the lofty Bomb-battery ; but it is greatly to be regretted that, by never being painted, and being also minus a tompion in the muzzle, this venerable relic of Scottish antiquity is fast decaying and mouldering away.

VII.

Order for Powder concerning the Union Mobs.

"S^r^ —By order of the Right Honourable the Earle of Leven, Lieut.-Generrall and Commander-in-chiefe of Her Majesties forces, Constable and Governor of the Castle of Ed^r^, you are to delyver to Lieut. James Smith twelve barrels of powder, for use of the guns, as also a dall of coalls for a bonfire. This y^r^ reciept will be a sufficient warrant. Yours,

"Ja. Stewart.

"To John Ross of Newk, Store-keeper, or in absence to his Depute.

"Received y^e^ contents of y^e^ above order by me,
"James Smith, Lt."

Appended to the above, (which is taken from a MS. collection of old Scottish military papers in Author's possession,) are the following *orders* for "six Barrells of powder for the Royall Mary (Scots) ffriggott," and ammunition for the Scots Guards :—

"John Ross of Newk, Keeper of Her Majesties Magazine and stores in Ed^r^ Castle, you are hereby ordered to delyver unto Captain Thomas Gordon the number of 6 Barrells of Powder, for the use of the Royall Mary ffriggott, whereof he is commander; ffor which these presents with his Receipt shall be

yo[r] warrand, dated att Edinburgh, the 27th of July, 1705.

"Glasgow. Received the above six
"J. Montgomerie. barrels of Powder.
"John Home. Thomas Gordon,"

"ffor her Majesties service, to the Stoare Keeper of the Magazine in Edinburgh Castle.

"You are hereby ordered to delyver to Lord John Ker, of her Majesties troop of Horse Guards, or his order, and that for the use of the said troop, one Barrell of pouder, for which you are to take his reciept, and this shall be your warrand. Given at Edinburgh, the 21st day of March 1706—*with ball conforme.*

"Leven."

"Received y[e] contents above written by me,
"John Kerr."

VIII.

List of Governors.

A. D.

1107. Thomas de Cancia.
1153. Galfridus de Mailville, (*Vicecomes de Castello Puellarum.*)
1251. Walter Comyn, Earl of Menteith, (poisoned 1258.)
— William (*Constabulario Castri de Edinburg.*[1])
1263. William de Lysuris.
1278. William de Kinghorne.
— William Clerk.
1291. Sir Radulpho Basset (afterwards Lord Basset,) de Drayton.
1296. Sir Walter de Huntercombe of Northumberland. Ennobled 1296.
1298. Sir John de Kingeston. (*Designated Capitaine et Connestable.*)
1300. William de Rue.
1310. Sir Piers de Lombard, a knight of Gascony.
1334. Sir John de Kingeston.
1336. Sir John Strivelyne, (Lord Strivelyne in 1344.)
1337. Thomas Knyton, (Capt. and Marshal—assassinated.)
1340. Sir Thomas Rokesby, knight.
1341. Sir Richard de Limoisin, knight.
— Archibald Douglas, brother of Lord Liddesdale.

[1] Registrum de Dunfermlyne.

1348. William Murray.
1358. Sir Robert Erskine of Alva, Captain and Constable.
1367. Simon Reid of Lochindorb.
1400. David Duke of Rothesay, (killed at Falkland, 1401.)
1401. William de Napier of Easter Garmiltoun.
1416. William Crawford, a vassal of Earl Douglas.
1436. Sir William Crichton, the Lord High Chancellor.
1450. —— Cockburn of Newbigging.
1482. John Stuart, Earl of Athole.
1488. Patrick Lord Hailes (afterwards 1st Earl of Bothwell.)
1515. James Hamilton, Earl of Arran.
1527. James Riddel of Crantoun-riddel. (Governor and Captain.)
1539. George Lord Seaton.
1540. Sir Peter Crichtoun.
1542. Sir James Hamilton of Stainehouse.
— David Crichton, (Captain and Keeper for life.)
1555. John Lord Erskine. (Afterwards Earl of Mar and Regent.)
1567. John Cockburn of Skirling.
— James Duke of Orkney, and Earl of Bothwell.
— Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange. (Hanged.)
1573. Sir George Douglas of Parkhead and Todholes.
1578. Sir Alexander Erskine of Gogar, Master of Mar.
1584. Captain James Stewart, (commonly called) Earl of Arran.
1585. Sir James Hume of Cowdenknowes, Knight.
1592. John, 14th Earl of Mar, K.G.
1615. John, 15th Earl of Mar, K.B.
1638. John Lord Balmerino.
1640. Major-Gen. Sir Patrick Ruthven, (Earl of Forth and Brentford.)
1641. Colonel Lindesay of Belstane.
— Stephin Boyd of Temple.
— Lieut.-Gen. Alexander Earl of Leven, (Marshal of Sweden.)
1648. James Duke of Hamilton, K.G. (Beheaded at London 1649.)
1650. Colonel Walter Dundas of that Ilk.
— Colonel George Fenwick. (Appointed by Cromwell.)
1651. Colin Earl of Balcarres. (Heritably, by Charles II.)
1660. Major Clifton. } (By Cromwell.)
— Captain Newman. }

1660. Lieut.-Gen. the Earl of Middleton. (Died at Tangiers, 1673.)
1663. John Duke of Lauderdale, K.G.
1664. Alexander Earl of Kelly, Colonel of Foot.
1685. William Duke of Queensberry.
1686. George Duke of Gordon, K.T.
1689. David Earl of Leven, Colonel of Brandenburg Infantry.
1702. William Earl of March.
1703. David Earl of Leven, General of the Scottish Ordnance.
1715. Field-Marshal George Earl of Orkney, K.T.
1720. Major-Gen. William Marquis of Tweeddale, K.T.
1730. Lieut.-Gen. Sir James Campbell, K.B. (Killed at Fontenoy.)
1745. General Lord Mark Kerr, Colonel of Horse.
1758. Lieut.-Gen. Humphry Bland, Colonel of the 1st Dragoon Guards.
1763. General John Earl of Loudon. (Before, Governor of Virginia.)
1782. Lieut.-Gen. Archibald Earl of Eglinton.
1799. General Lord Adam Gordon.
1805. Sir Ralph Abercrombie, G.C.B.
1827. General the Duke of Gordon, G.C.B.
1837. Major-Gen. the Hon. Patrick Stuart.
— Major-Gen. Lord Greenock, K.C.B.
1844. Major-Gen. Sir Neil Douglas, K.C.B. and K.C.H.
1848. Major-Gen. William Riddell, K.H.

CONSTABLES.

A. D.
1542. David Kincaid of the Coates House.
1560. Captain James Stewart of Cardonald.
1567. Sir James Balfour of Pittendriech.
— Andrew Echlin of Pittadro.
1573. Archibald Douglas, brother to John of Tillywhilly.
1596. James Reid.
1602. John Home.
1609. Thomas Home.
1615. Captain Haldane of Gleneagles.
1640. David Scrimegeour.
1650. Renton of Lamertoun.
1663. Robert Straiton.
1679. John Drummond, Laird of Lundin, and Master of the Ordnance.

1684. Erskine of Cambo.
1700. Sir William Hope.
1715. Lieut.-Colonel David Stuart.
— Brigadier-General Alexander Grant.
1716. Lieut.-General George Preston of Valleyfield.
1745. Lieut.-General Joshua Guest.
1758. Captain Robert Coran.
1763. John Wemyss.
1788. Lieut.-Gen. John Lord Elphinstone.
1794. Colonel Hugh Montgomerie.
1799. Hon. Alexander Hope, Lieut. 64th Foot.
1819. Maj.-Gen. Sir George Murray, G.C.B.
1827. Lieut.-Gen. James Hay.
1831. Lieut.-Gen. Sir T. Hammond, G.C.H.

IX.

List of State Prisoners who have been committed to Ward within the Castle of Edinburgh.

1210. Thomas de Colville, for conspiring against William the Lion. Released after six months' imprisonment.
1236. Thomas of Galloway, for rebelling against Alexander II.
1434. George Earl of March, for holding that title which his father had forfeited in the preceding reign; and on Parliament adjudging that "George de Dunbar, Knight," was fully attainted, he was permitted to retire into England, where he died in obscurity. (*Caledonia.*)
1425. Duncan Earl of Lennox, for treason. Beheaded at Stirling in the 80th year of his age.
1436. Sir Robert Stewart, Sir Robert Graeme, Christopher Colquhoun, and Walter Stewart Earl of Athole, for slaying James I. Hanged, drawn, and quartered, after enduring three days' torment on the Castlehill, in presence of Antonio di Santo Vito, Bishop of Urbino and Papal Legate.
1449. Alexander Livingston of Callender, and Robert Livingston Comptroller, for treasonably defending the Castle of Stirling. Beheaded before the gate.
1482. Alexander Duke of Albany, for conspiring with the English against his brother James III. Escaped.

1483. James Douglas Duke of Touraine, for treason and rebellion. Became a monk of Lindores.

— John Ramsay Lord of Bothwell, Alexander Lord Home, Andrew Lord Gray, John Lord Drummond of Stobhall, Hugh Lord Montgomerie of Eglinton, Robert Lord Fleming of Cumbernauld, George Lord Seaton of Winton, John Lord Maxwell, and the Chancellor Andrew Stewart Lord of Evandale, for leaguing against James III., and forming a council during his captivity in the Castle. Released by the Duke of Albany's intercession.

1493. James Rutherford of that ilk, for neglecting "to freith James Lowery, for a qrt of a bill of ye burning and herschip of Werk." (*Acta Auditorum. Fol.*)

1495. Sir Kenneth Oig M'Kenzie of Kintail, and Farquhar M'Intosh, heir of Clan Chattan, for dread of their influence on the Islesmen, being grandsons of the Lord of the Hebrides. They escaped, but were treacherously retaken at the Torwood near Stirling, by the Laird of Buchannan, who slew Kintail, and sent his head to James IV., together with the unfortunate heir of Clan Chattan, who was re-committed to the Castle, where he remained eighteen years, until the battle of Flodden.

1505. Adam Scott of Tushielaw, for reiving. Escaped, and received a remission from James IV. (*MS. Remiss. Mag. Sig.*)

1506. Donald Dhu, Lord of the Isles, (which he claimed as his hereditary right) for crowning himself King of the Æbudæ, invading Badenoch, and breaking ward from Innisconnel. Escaped in 1543, after enduring thirty-seven years' captivity. (*Greg. West. Isles.*)

1508. *Dec.* 25.—John Bickertonne of Cascbe, and Archibald his brother, for slaying David Scott near the Kirk of Strathmiglo, and for forethought felony done to Sir William Scott, knight. (*Pitcairn.*)

1515. James Hamilton Lord Cawdor, as a hostage for the peaceable behaviour of his kinsman the Earl of Arran, who, as nearest of blood to the King, was jealous of favours bestowed upon the Lords Home and Gordon.

— Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, for contravening the laws of Scotland, by procuring Bulls from Rome. Released, 1516.

1515. *Oct.*—Alexander Lord Home, and his brother William, for a plot against the Regent Albany. Escaped, but were retaken and beheaded, 16th Oct. 1516.

— *Nov.* Alexander Earl of Huntly, and James Earl of Murray, for being at feud, and fighting at the head of their vassals in the High Street, where they were forcibly separated by the Regent in person.

1516. Sir Lewis Stirling, for assaulting Meldrum of Binns with 50 horse, at the Red Chapel, between Edinburgh and Leith.

1517. *Sept.* 20.—George and William Douglas, (brothers of the Earl of Angus,) for abetting Home of Wedderburn in slaying the Chevalier de la Beauté on the Lammermuir.

1524. James Beaton Archbishop of St Andrew's, and Gavin Dunbar Bishop of Aberdeen, committed by order of Queen Margaret, at the instigation of Wolsey, for being allies of her rival Albany. Released in two months.

— *Oct.* 18.—Sir Walter Scott of Buccleugh, and Walter Ker of Cessford, for retaining part of Queen Margaret's dowry, worth four hundred merks yearly.

1527. David Renton of Billy, a partisan of the Earl of Angus.

1528. Henry Lord Methven, and Sir James Stewart his brother, for defending the Castle against James V.

— Sir Donald Grumach of Sleat, for raising tumults in the Hebrides, and claiming the Isles of Kintail.

1529. *May* 5.—James Douglas of Drumlanrig, prisoner. Cavers, the Sheriff of Teviotdale, became surety that "he should not break furth from the Castell quhill it were ye kingis plesour." (*Crim. Record.*)

— *May* 13.—Patrick Earl of Bothwell, for being unable or unwilling to preserve the peace of Liddesdale, and for assisting in the raids and rapine of Scott of Tushielaw and Cockburn of Henderland. Banished after two years' imprisonment.

— Camouse, a Frenchman, and Patrick Wilson. Crime unknown.

— Patrick Hume of Wedderburne, partisan of Angus.

1531. *April* 29.—Andrew Marsar, messenger, for falsity and receiving bribes.

1532. *April* 15.—Bothwell again imprisoned, together with Robert Maxwell, Mark Kerr, and Sir Walter Scott of

Buccleugh, charged with holding dangerous conferences with the English. He remained long a prisoner, and died in 1534. He was father of the infamous Earl James; Buccleugh, who had been condemned to death at Jedburgh, was remitted and released on the 11th March 1540.

1532. The Archbishop of St Andrews, on the same charges.

— *March* 23.—David Kincaid of Coates, David his son, and Patrick Kincaid his kinsman, for assaulting in the streets John Pitcairn, a vassal of Sir John Towers of Inverleith.

— James Wilson and David Walter, for hamesucken and oppression done to David Kincaid in the village of Deanhaugh. (*Pitcairn.*)

1533. *Feb.* 5.—Thomas Kirkpatrick of Closeburne, Wilkyne Johnstone of Elsiesheills, and Cuthbert Grier of Lag, for preventing the Wardens of the Marches from apprehending rebels.

1536. *June.*—William Lord Forbes, and John the Master, for treason. The latter hanged and quartered.

1537. Lady Jane of Glammis, Archibald Campbell of Skipness, John Lord Glammis, and Friar John Lyon, for treason and sorcery. Lady Jane was burned on the Castlehill.

— *May* 30.—James Riddell, burgess of Jedburgh, for "girnalling victual."

— Andrew Riddell, for selling 60 sheep to the English contrary to law.

— *Dec.* 19.—William and Gilbert Home, for wounding, in deadly feud, " —— Wychtman with a lance, in perill of his life."

1538 *March* 17.—Alexander Macculloch of Cardoness, for feudal oppression, hamesucken, and cattle-lifting.

— *March* 21.—John Tuedy in Linton, for treasonably assisting James Douglas of Parkhead. Released in February 1539.

— *April* 26.—Master David Strachan, *released.* (He is supposed to have been a partisan of the Master of Forbes.)

1539. Sir James Hamilton of Finnart, for conspiring against James V., and embezzling moneys paid to him as Royal Architect for the repair of castles and palaces. Tried, beheaded, and quartered on the Castlehill.

1539. *June* 6.—William Sutherland of Duffus, for imprisoning Sir Andrew Gray, commissary of Caithness, in the place of Quarelwood, from the Vigil of Christmas to St John's Day, and thereby usurping the King's authority.

— *June* 13.—Thomas Charteris of Kinfauns, for forging a receipt. Warded during the King's pleasure.

— *June* 27.—Duncan Macfarlane of that Ilk, and Walter Macfarlane of Ardleische. Crime unknown. Released 13th October.

— *March* 13.—Alexander and James Cuming, sons of the Laird of Altyre. Crime unknown. Released, "to remain *beneath* the water of Esk under pain of a thousand merks."

1540. *May* 14.—Donald Mackay of Strathnaver, Alexander Macleod of Dunvegan, Hector Maclean of Duairt, and Sir James Macdonald of Isla, brought by James V. from the Hebrides to Leith, and committed to the Castle, where they remained long in captivity to insure the peace of the Isles.

1541. Sir James Kirkaldy of Grange, High Treasurer, for refusing to bring to court the heiress of Kelly, when commanded to do so by the King.

— *January* 18.—John Lord Glammis, and George Lyon his brother, removed to the city on surety.

1542. John Stirling heir of Tullydavie. Crime unknown. He found Kincaid the Constable surety that he would keep ward under two hundred merks. Released June 28.

— *March* 19—Patrick Colquhoun in ward. Crime unknown.

1543. William Smeberd, Robert Hutchissune, James Forret, Thomas Schort, Archibald Dewar, Andro Edgar, George Ritchardsone, Thomas Ramsay, James Downweike, William Purdie, and William Quhite, Deacons of the Town Corporations, "for drawing quhinzearis in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh," and assaulting the magistrates, 11 August, in consequence of a quarrel between the craftsmen and merchants, who had assumed the right of electing the magistracy, which the latter considered an encroachment on their privileges. (*Hist. Blue Blanket.*) Released by order of the Regent Arran.

1544. *May.*—Alexander Cunninghame, Master of Glencairn, as a hostage for the peaceable behaviour of his father the earl, who meditated a raid into Clydesdale.

1545. George Wishart, the preacher, Sandilands of Calder, Cockburn of Ormiston, and Crichton of Brunston, for *heresy*. They had been captured at the place of Ormiston by the Earl of Bothwell and his train of lances. Sandilands remained in the Castle till Cardinal Beaton was pleased to release him; Ormiston escaped, says *Knox*, by leaping over the wall, about 11 o'clock in the forenoon; but Wishart was removed to the House of Hailes, Bothwell's principal residence. By desire of the queen-mother, he was recommitted to the Castle of Edinburgh, from whence the Cardinal conveyed him to St Andrews, where he was burned at the stake.—(*Spottiswood.*)

1547. *May.*—Patrick Earl of Bothwell, for treason. When the English under Somerset were expected, the balefire on Dunprender Law had been committed to his charge; but, acting negligently or treacherously, he was committed to ward. Released on the day after the battle of Pinky, 11th September.

— *Aug.* 8.—Robert Lord Semple, for slaying William Lord Sanquhare, in the house and presence of the Regent, Duke of Chatelherault, in the Kirk-of-Field Wynd. Released 6th September on surety.

1551. *Jan.* 1.—Alexander Park of Balgray, for intercommuning with the Laird of Caldwell, and other rebels at the horn.

1555. George Earl of Huntly, for failing to quell an insurrection of the Clan Chattan, against whom he had been sent with forces by Mary of Guise.

1556. Y. Mackay of Strathnaver, by her order, for plundering the county of Sutherland during the absence of the Earl.

— John Lord Herries, of Terreagles, by order of the Regent, for heresy. Escaped by means of a rope that hung over the Castle wall, and joined the Reformers.

1560. A number of craftsmen committed to ward, for rioting in the High Street. The Provost having subjected the Deacon of the fleshers to an ignominious punishment for adultery, the crafts, furious at the indignity, rose in arms and rescued him. The ringleaders were

arrested by order of the Council; but released on their making a humble supplication to the queen, and professing abhorrence of the tumult.

1561. Archibald Douglas, Provost, Edward Hope, and Adam Fullartoune, Bailies of Edinburgh, by order of Queen Mary, who was indignant at the classification made by them in a proclamation, "that no adulterer, fornicator, drunkard, *massemonger or obstinat papist*," should be found within the walls, after forty-eight hours, under penalty of being branded on the cheek and carted through the streets. The Provost was dismissed from office. (*Calderwood's Historie.*)

— James Earl of Bothwell, James Earl of Arran, and the Abbot of Kilwinning, for a pretended plot to assassinate the Queen's ministers. This affair was first disclosed to Knox by Arran, who was insane. The three were committed to the custody of Captain James Stuart of Cardonald, who placed Bothwell in David's Tower, from which he escaped on the 28th August. "Some said he brake the stanchells of the window; others, that he gott easier passage by the gates."

— A number of Mosstroopers, who had been arrested at Hawick by the Earl of Mar.

1563. *May.*—John Hamilton Archbishop of St Andrews, the last catholic primate of Scotland, for celebrating mass. Released through the tears and reiterated intercessions of Mary; but nine years after, for his loyalty, he was cruelly hanged over Stirling Bridge by the Regent Moray.

— The Prior of Whithorn, for celebrating mass.

— *May* 19th.—Hew Kennedy of Blairquhynne, and David Kennedy, "for irrevrentlie and indecentlie" celebrating mass, (*Crim. Rec.*)

— Lord George Gordon, heir of Huntly, for rebelling in consequence of Mary bestowing upon her brother the earldom of Moray, which the Gordons had forfeited after the battle of Corrichie, (*Goodal.*) 8th February.—Convicted of treason, but removed to the Castle of Dunbar.

1564. Alexander Clark, Gilbert Lauder, Andro Sclater, and Alexander Guthrie, citizens of Edinburgh, for endeavouring to raise a sedition, excite the crafts to join the Earl of Moray's rebellion, and for assembling

in arms at St Leonard's Craig, with intent to murder the King and seize Queen Mary.

1567. Sir James Balfour of Pittendreich, for adherence to Bothwell.

— Sir William Maitland of Lethington, for the murder of Darnley.

— Sir William Stuart, Lord Lyon, for sorcery and conspiracy against the Regent Moray, by whose order he was removed to Dumbarton and hanged. He owed his fate alone to his loyalty to Mary, which made the people say, "that Moray had given the Lyon foul play, by catching him with an *enchanted* net."

1568. *May.*—James Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, James Hamilton of Kincavil, and Alexander Hamilton of Inverwick, taken in arms at the battle of Langside. The first escaped; the other two were released in 1569, on finding bail.

1569. James Duke of Chatelherault, John Lord Herries, and George Lord Seaton, for conspiring to restore Mary.

1573. Alexander Lord Home, for loyalty to Mary. Died a prisoner in the Castle in 1575. (*See Carte from Fenelon.*)

— Robert Lickprivik for printing a book obnoxious to the Regent Morton. (*Godscroft.*)

— John Ormiston of Ormiston, for the murder of Darnley. Executed.

1575. Robert Stuart, Earl of Orkney, for offering to place the Orkney Isles in the hands of the King of Denmark on receiving a certain sum. Sentenced to death, but, having ransomed his head for £7000 from Morton, was released in 1581.

— Sir William Douglas of Lochleven, for besieging the Lord John Hamilton for many days in the place of Dairsie near Coupar, where he had pursued him with a troop of horse, and the felonious intent to take his life. Released on finding surety. (*Balfour's Annales*, &c.)

1576. John Innes of that Ilk, for slaying the Laird of Pethnock at the Cross. Beheaded in the Castle yard.

1577. John, son of the Lord Semple, for conspiring against the life of the Regent Morton. Sentenced to death, but released in the following year.

1580. Mr Durie, a minister of Edinburgh, for making speeches in the General Assembly, which were obnoxious to the

King. Released on his making a solemn promise to forbear—a pledge which he was careful *not* to keep.

1580. *May.*—George Balfour, Prior of the Charter-house at Perth, for treason.

1581. James Douglas, Regent Morton, for treason. Beheaded.

1582. *June* 5.—Alexander Jardine of Applegarth, for fire-raising. Escaped by the aid of a warder.

— *Aug.* 5.—John Lindesay of Covington, for "the maist horrible fireraising and burning corne in the barn-yard of Horston," in the sheriffdom of Edinburgh. Released on caution. (*Crim. Trials.*)

1584. Andrew Melville, Moderator of the General Assembly, for uttering sedition from the pulpit. Removed to Blackness.

— *April* 16.—William Earl of Gowrie, for treason. Brought from Dundee by Colonel Stuart and the Royal Guard. Executed at Stirling on the 28th May. (Like Wolsey, he is said to have remarked, "If I had served my God as faithfully as I have done my King, I had not in my old age come to this untimely end.")

— Robert Douglas, Provost of Lincluden College, and George Drummond, for treason.

— *Aug.* 22.—John Colville, Master of Requests, for the treasonable conspiracy called the *Raid of Ruthven.* Released, restored to favour, and created a Lord of Session.

— *Sept.*—William Holt, Englishman. He was a fugitive whose surrender was demanded by Elizabeth, but the King ordered him to be released secretly at the Postern, where two horsemen of the Lord Seaton received him.

— John Earl of Athole, on a frivolous charge. Calderwood says, the true cause was "that he would not repudiate his Countess, Gowrie's daughter, and tailzie the living to Arran's house."

— *Dec.*—Alexander Lord Home, for being concerned in the Raid of Ruthven. He was brought up by the Netherbow, that he might see where the head of his kinsman, Home of Argettie, was spiked on the battlement.

1585. James Gibson, Minister of Pencaitland, arrested by Lieut. Williamson of the Guards, and warded a close prisoner for his "contumacy."

1586. Sir James Edmiston of Duntreath, for a conspiracy against the life of James VI. On his confession, the

Lairds of Mains and Drumquhasel were executed. (*Moyse Mems.*)

1586. William Earl of Morton, for openly professing the Catholic faith, and causing mass to be celebrated in the ruined Church of Lincluden. Warded by the King's warrant.

— John Lord Maxwell, for going with a solemn procession to the same place, and having mass celebrated on Christmas and three succeeding days. Permitted to retire into exile.

— *Dec.*—Sir James Johnstone of that Ilk, by order of Lord Hamilton, who had been holding an assize at Kirkcudbright, for punishing the Border outlaws.

1587. William Lord Yester and Sir John Stuart of Traquair, for being at feud, and declining to be reconciled at the King's desire.

— *Feb.* 27.—George Earl of Huntly, and Francis Earl of Errol, two steady upholders of the ancient faith, for being taken in arms at the battle of Glenlivat, and suspected of corresponding with the King of Spain. Huntly was released on the 6th March, but Errol endured a long captivity, during which his lands were ravaged, and his castles destroyed.

— *May* 6.—Patrick Master of Gray, and Commendator of Dunfermline, on the same charges. Lord Hamilton, on his knees, requested James VI. to spare the Master's life, and he was banished the realm.

— *Nov.*—Sir Walter Scott of Buccleugh, and Kerr of Cessford, for making inroads on England. Retained till their vassals made restitution.

1588. Patrick Master of Glammis, for having a band of hacquebutteers in ambush, with treasonable intent, at Edinburgh.

1589. Lauchlan Maclean of Duart, Angus Macdonald of Isla, and Donald Gorm Macdonald of Sleat, to keep the Isles quiet. They had been invited to Edinburgh by James VI., who treacherously ordered them to be arrested, and subjected to a long and severe captivity.

1590. Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, warded on the 5th August, for refusing to give James VI. security for the peaceable conduct of his vassals. Released. Again warded for treason, and consulting with witches to drown the King and his suite on their return from

Denmark. Escaped at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 21st June, aided by Gilbert Lauder, captain of the Castle Guard. James followed him to the Borders with a band of horse.

1590. The Lord Home, the Laird of Balwearie, and Peter Kinloch, his friends, committed to ward.

1591. John Naysmith, chirurgeon, for being concerned in Bothwell's attack on Holyrood, on the night of the 27th December.

— Sir Robert Kerr of Cessford, for resetting Bothwell.

1592. William Earl of Angus, —— Barclay of Ladyland, and David Græme of Fintry, for conspiring with the King of Spain to restore the Catholic faith. After seven months' captivity, Angus escaped 15th February, on which Ladyland was immediately executed at the Cross.

— Archibald Earl of Argyle, and Johnstone of that Ilk, for being under Bothwell's banner at the Raid of Falkland. Both broke ward and escaped.

— *Jan.* 20.—Colonel Stuart, "becaus the Queene used him as ane instrument to disgrace the Chancellor."

— *April* 25.—Patrick Lord Gray, High Sheriff of Forfar, for resetting Bothwell.

— *Aug.* 15.—Colonel Stuart again warded, being accused by Lord Spynie of corresponding with the fugitive Bothwell, and a day was named to try the cause by battle in close arms.

1593. Master George Kerr, for being concerned in the *Spanish Blanks*. Escorted to the Castle by the Bailies, with two hundred men.

— Mr John Russel, advocate, and Robert Stewart, messenger, for adherence to Bothwell.

— Sir James Johnstone of Dunskellie, for treason and "wicked deeds." Escaped, and fled to the Borders.

1594. The Rev. James Ross of Perth, for having, in a sermon, declared the King "a traitor to God in joyning and shaking hands with the wicked, and that never yitt good came out of the hous of Guise." Captured by the Horse Guard at Burntisland, disguised in a bonnet and plaid, under which he concealed a pair of loaded dags.

1595. Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank, for slaying —— Aitchison. Liberated "at the intercession of Captain Stewart's wife."

1596. *July* 5.—William Bannatyne of Corehouse, for abduct-

ing Margaret, daughter of Sir James Hamilton of Auchnogles, from the Place of Dungarvel. Released. (*Pitcairn.*)

1597. *Feb.* 16.—Mathew Stewart of Dunduff, for besetting the highway, hamesucken, and firing hacquebuts at Kennedy of Culzean.

— Six citizens of Edinburgh, for a tumult in the Tolbooth which endangered the life of the King—viz. John and David Johnstone of Newbie, James Dalyell, and three Booksellers, Andro Hart, and James and Edward Cathkin.

1598. Rev. John Davidson, for opposing a motion in the General Assembly, that the clergy should vote in Parliament.

— *Oct.* 31.—John Arnot, of Woodmylne, for slaying Murray of Aiket with a pistollette.

1599. The Prior of Blantyre, treasurer, for partiality in an action between Mr Robert Bruce and the ministers of Angus.

— Kenneth M'Kenzie of Kintail, for "crossing and hindering the enterprisers,"—certain barons of Fife who had been empowered by the King to *colonise* the Isle of Lewis, and seize the patrimonies of the ancient chieftains. (*Miscell. Scotica.*)

1600. *June* 14.—George Dempster, burgess of Brechin, for "hurting ane ox in the pleuch, pertaining to Thomas Collace of Pitforquhie." Banished. (*Crim. Record.*)

— *Dec.* 18.—John Kincaid of Craiglockhart, for abducting Isobel Hutchison from the house of the Bailie of the Water of Leith. Fined 2500 merks, and mulcted of "his gude broone horse." Released, February 1601.

1601. *May* 2.—William Barclay, brother of Towie, for hearing Mass. Banished.

— *June* 20.—John Douglas of Newliston, for striking James Hamilton, in presence of the King, at the West Port of Linlithgow. Fined.

1601. *Feb.*—Lady Amisfield, for changing clothes with young Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, and aiding him to escape from the Tolbooth.

1602. John Lord Maxwell, for a raid in Nithsdale. Escaped 1603.

— *June* 21.—Henry Sinclair of Quhyt Kirk, for hamesucken and abducting the spouse of Hamilton of Blairfute. Released.

1603. Francis Mowbray of Barnbougle, for treason. Killed in attempting to escape.

1604. Sir James Macdonald of Isla, a prisoner in the Castle of Blackness for treason, brought to that of Edinburgh, and for greater security heavily ironed.

1605. Tormot Macleod of Lewis, for resisting the Duke of Lennox, to whom James had gifted his ancient patrimony. He was long a prisoner, with Isla and other chiefs, and wrote many supplicating letters to the Duke, who received them in contemptuous silence. In the year 1607, John Lord Maxwell was again imprisoned for his turbulence. In December, says Calderwood, "he deviseth a play for his warders, whereby it was necessary they should lay aside their swords, and run out of the house (or tower) where he lay." Macleod and Macdonald joined in this plot to escape. Seizing the swords of their keepers, they made them prisoners, wounded the porters at the inner gate, and then leaped from the lower wall. Maxwell escaped, but Macdonald, being heavily fettered, and having dislocated his ancle, was retaken at the West Port, and consigned to his former residence. Macleod and the Laird of Closeburn (also a prisoner) failed or declined to escape. In 1609, Isla was brought to trial, charged with breaking ward from the King's Castle, and with fire-raising and slaughter in Kintyre, for which he was sentenced to die, after six years' imprisonment; but was detained till 1615, when, assisted by his cousin, Alaster of Keppoch, he escaped from the Castle and fled to Flanders. Tormot of Lewis, after ten years' captivity, was released, and permitted to enter the service of Maurice of Orange, in whose wars he died a soldier of fortune.

— *July.*—Reverend John Forbes, Moderator of the General Assembly, and John Welsh, minister, for holding an "Assembly in manifest contempt of the King's authority," after he had, by proclamation, prohibited its meeting. "Removed to the dungeoun of Blacknesse."

— *Aug.*—John Abbot of Newabbey, for "*papistry*." 13th November, released, and banished with "all his idolatrous relicts, croces, and Agnus Deies." He was the last Abbot of the Cistertians of Sweetheart Abbey.

1608. James Lord Balmerino, for having written to Pope

Clement VIII., in the King's name, before he had attained the crown. (*Balfour.*) Removed to the Tower of Falkland.

1608. *Feb.*—John Murray, minister of Leith, (and brother of Lord Abercairnie,) brought in by the Captain of the Guard, for preaching against the Bishops. After a year's imprisonment, removed to Newabbey.

— William Earl of Angus, for popery. Released in 1611, and retired to France, where he died a *Religieux* of St Germain.

— *Nov.* 28.—John Muir of Auchindrane, and James his son, for the slaughter of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Culzean, and of William Dalrymple, treasonably murdering them "under trust." Beheaded at the Cross. (These were the heroes of Sir Walter Scott's *Ayrshire Tragedy.*)

1609. *May.*—Sir John Mackoneill of Knockranza, for oppression and fire-raising. Escaped by wounding the master porter, but was retaken and beheaded.

1610. *Aug.*—Walter Murray of Livingstone, for challenging to single combat the second son of Lord Cranstoun.

1613. Michael Lord Burlie, for challenging the Lord Scone to single combat, "howbeit he was under lawburrowes."

— John Earl of Cassilis and the Laird of Creigh, Justices of the Peace, for a *riot.*

1614. Patrick Earl of Orkney, for rebellion in the Isles from which he took his title. His son Robert, at the head of one hundred and eighty men, defended the Castle of Kirkwall against the Earl of Caithness, the King's Lieutenant, who, with sixty soldiers and two pieces of cannon, from the Castle of Edinburgh, was sent against it. The Earl and his son were both beheaded at the Cross. The two pieces of cannon were brought back to the Castle "with sound of drummes, trumpets, and shott of ordnance," and having the keys of Kirkwall tied to their muzzles.

1614. Father Moffat, "a masse preist," apprehended at St Andrews, and committed by the Lords of the Secret Council.

1616. Lauchlin Maclean of Duairt, for rebellion in the Isles.

— 12*th June.*—George Marquis of Huntly, for refusing to sign the Confession of Faith. Released, 18th June.

— William Lord Berridale, for the oppressions of his father in Caithness.

1616. Mr Archibald Simpson, by order of the King's Commissioner, for acting as clerk "to a mutinous assemblie of certane bretheren of the ministrie, assembled in the Musick Schoole of Edinburgh." Removed to Aberdeen in December.

1621. Rev. Robert Bruce of Kinnaird, for entering Edinburgh while under sentence of banishment. Released, 1622.

1631. James Grant of Carron, for being at feud with Grant of Badindalloch, who had slain his brother in the wood of Abernethie, where they quarrelled about a stag. "He had wrought mickle displeasure to Badindalloch," and was outlawed; but, with a band of his sirname, kept possession of a small cavern, near a loch on the summit of Benrinnes, a lofty mountain at Inveravon, and, from his depredations, became known as Fierce James of the Hill. One night in December, he was surprised in his stronghold by a band of the Clanchattan. He made a desperate resistance; but, after receiving eleven wounds, and having four of his followers slain, was captured, and sent from Strathdoune to the Castle of Edinburgh, where six of his followers were hanged. On Monday night, the 15th October 1632, while awaiting his trial before the Lords of Council, he escaped by means of ropes, given him by Elspat Innes, his wife. The Privy Council offered, by proclamation, a large sum for him, "quick or dead;" but he fled in safety to Ireland.—(*Spalding; Browne's Hist. Highlands*, &c.)

1634. *June.*—John Lord Balmerino, for being art and part with William Haig (brother of Beimerside) in the publication of a libel against the Government of Charles I. The trial lasted twelve days, and every morning this unfortunate Peer was conveyed from the Castle to the Justiciary Court, guarded like a malefactor. Sentenced to death, but pardoned by the King after thirteen months and nine days' imprisonment.—(*Rowe's Secret History.*)

1635. George (first) Marquis of Huntly, John Gordon, his page, and James Gordon of Letterfourie, on the 2d November, "anent the wrongs done to Frendraught." They were confined in a dark vault, where they took their meals by candle-light. The Lords of Council declined to permit the Marchioness to visit her

husband, unless she would submit to the same imprisonment. He was released in March of the following year, with permission to remain at the lodging of the Marchioness, in the Canongate, and finding surety not to go more than two miles from it. Letterfourie and the page were released at the same time.

1639. George (second) Marquis of Huntly, and Lord George Gordon, his son, for refusing to subscribe the Covenant, 20th April. Released on the pacification at Berwick.

1641. *Aug.*—Lieutenant-colonel Munro, for intercommuning with the French, "by a letter received be him from one Lieut. Dundas and thereafter delivered to S^r. Donald Gorm."—(*Acta Parl. Caroli I.*)

— John Stuart, Commissary of Dunkeld, for calumniously charging certain nobles with disloyalty. He was examined in the Castle by the Lords Balmerino and Durie, whose report exculpated him, and declared the names of those by whose advice he had transmitted the fabrications to the King. Stuart humbly implored pardon, but in vain. He was beheaded at the Cross on the 28th June.

— *June.*—James Earl of Montrose, Archibald Lord Napier of Merchiston, his brother-in-law, Sir George Stirling of Keir, his nephew, Sir Archibald Stewart of Blackhall, a senator, Lady Margaret Napier, and Mrs Lilias, her daughter, as "plotters" against the Government of the Covenanters, at the accusation of the Laird of Ladywell.

— *Aug.* 12.—Sir Robert Spotswood of Dunipace, Lord President, on the same charge. Released, 16th November.

1641. *Aug.* 20.—Sir John Hay of Lands, for adherence to Montrose. Released, 16th November.

1644. *June.*—James Earl of Hartfell, and Charteris of Amisfield, for treason. After various petitions for a trial, they were released without one, on the 27th July.

— *July.*—Sir John Dalyell of Newton, for uplifting twenty thousand merks, the property of his brother, the Earl of Carnwath. To be warded during the pleasure of Parliament.

— Donald Lord Rae, for his loyalty to the King.

— Dame Elizabeth, Mistress of Napier, in consequence of her husband, the Master, having fought under the banner of Montrose.

1645. *March.*—James Lord Grahame, a boy of fourteen, sent

from Montrose, by Sir John Hurry, under an escort of horse. In August, his illustrious father, having gained his sixth victory at Kilsyth, sent five hundred horse and five hundred dragoons to Edinburgh, under Lieutenant-colonel Gordon, who summoned the Castle to surrender. The garrison released Lord Rae; but the little Cavalier, Lord Grahame, refused to be liberated, lest he might "cost his brave father a prisoner." Previous to this the *Plotters* had been removed to Linlithgow. The records of Parliament contain an act for the liberation of Lord Napier, and mention "that he had remained prisoner a long season in close ward, none having access to him, wherethrough he is not only in great hazard of his life through infection of the plague, being now within the bounds of the said Castle, wherof six persons are already dead," but is rendered unable to pay his fine.—(*Montrose's Life.*) Then follows an act (July 1645) for the liberation of the ladies, setting forth they "have remained in close prison long," and that the raging of the plague in and around the fortress "added great fear to their former comfortless estates."

1646. *Jan. 5.*—Alexander Irvine, son of the Laird of Drum, for his loyalty. He was brought from the Tolbooth, where his brother Robert died. The latter, (says *Spalding,*) "a brave young gentleman, departed this life upon Friday the 4th February, and that same night (being excommunicate) was buried by lanthorn light, twixt eleven and twelve o'clock. The young Laird, also lying sick in the same chamber, was transported upon a wand bed to the Castle," where he remained for six months. The same journalist adds, that this "brave gallant's" heart was quite broken by long imprisonment, the death of his brother, and desolation of his father's house, which had been destroyed by the Laird of Lawer's regiment.

— Sir William Gray of Pittendrum, for corresponding with Montrose; warded by General Lesly. Liberated, 15th April, on payment of thirty-five thousand merks.—(*Minutes of Parl.*)

— George Lord Seaton, for his loyalty to the King. Liberated on giving a bond for a hundred thousand merks.—(*Ibid.*)

1651. James Lord Drummond, taken prisoner at the battle of Philiphaugh by Major-General David Leslie.

— Major-General Montgomerie of Eglinton, wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester. Committed by Cromwell; escaped in 1659.

— George Earl of Eglinton, for his loyalty; sent under a cavalry guard to the Tower of London by Cromwell.

1653. *Nov.*—The Rev. John Waugh, "for praying for the King." Released before the 20th July 1654.

1654. *May* 27.—William Earl of Kinnoull, and many other persons, committed by order of Cromwell. "On Setterday at Midnicht, the Lord Kynnoull, the Laird of Lugton, and one callit Marshal, and another callit Hay, escapit furth of the Castell (by the moyen of an Inglishe sentry,) being lat doun be thair awn bedscheittis and blankittis. Thair was ane uther prettie gentillman and brave sodger, essaying to do the lyke, fell and brack his neck."—(*Nicol's Diary.*)

1655. *Dec.* 25.—William Earl of Glencairn, by order of General Monk, for receiving from Charles II. (then in exile) a commission as "General and Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's Forces."

— The Laird of Wolmet, "for dangerous designes and correspondencie" with Charles Stuart.

1658. John Earl of Rothes, Colonel of Horse, by order of Cromwell, for having an intrigue with the Lady Howard, whose husband travelled post to Scotland to fight him; but was also apprehended and made prisoner.

1659. *Oct.* 25.—Colonel Cobbet, and Mr Browne, brought from Berwick, under an escort commanded by Captain Johnson of Monk's Horse, for opposing the Restoration, and attempting to secure Berwick by order of Lambart's Committee.—(*Guizot's Life of Monk.*)

1660. *Aug.*—Robert Traill, John Stirling, Thomas Ramsay, Alexander Moncrief, John Semple, John Murray, and Gilbert Hall, ministers of the Gospel, for meeting without authority in a house near the hall of the estates, and drawing up a supplication to Charles II., "reminding him of his Covenant—to suppresse Bishops and ceremonies in Scotland, and to beware to put the Government into the hands of Malignants." Ramsay went "stark mad," says Baillie, in his *Letters*, and the others became so ill that they were removed to other

places. Traill, minister of the Grayfriars' Church, during his imprisonment in the Castle, discovered, in a secret nook, the MS. of Sir James Melville's valuable and interesting *Memoirs* of his own life and times. George Nairn, John Scott, ministers, and John Kirko, ruling elder, committed close prisoners on the same charge. Guthrie was beheaded and quartered, for certain treasonable expressions said to have been uttered by him in 1650.

1660. Captain William Govan, for being upon the scaffold when Charles I. was beheaded. Executed, 1st June. "He was reckoned a pious good man, and had been a soldier under Strachan." His real crime was his accession to the *Western Remonstrance.* (See Baillie.)

— *Sept.* 14.—John Graham, Provost of Glasgow, and John Spreull, Town-clerk, for accession to the *Remonstrance.*

— Principal Gillespie of Glasgow, by order of the Estates, for the same cause.

— Sir James Stuart, Provost of Edinburgh, and Sir John Chisley of Carsewell, for being *obnoxious* to the Government. Committed by Major-General Morgan.

1661. *Jan.*—Archibald Marquis of Argyle, for treason. Executed.

— John Earl of Tweeddale, for having opposed, in Parliament, the execution of the Reverend James Guthrie.

— Kerr of Greenhead and Pringle of Greenknowe, by order of the Estates, for accession to the *Western Remonstrance.*

— George Campbell, Sheriff-depute to the Marquis of Argyle, "for odious and treasonable crymes."

— John Swinton of that Ilk, and Captain Barclay of Urie, for complying with Cromwell's Government.

1665. Major-general Holbourn of Menstrie, Sir Hugh Campbell of Cessnock, James Dunlop of that Ilk, arbitrarily imprisoned for several years, as being obnoxious to the Government.

1666. *Dec.*—Maxwell of Blackstone, committed from the Tolbooth.

1667. *July.*—William Laurie, Tutor of Blackwood, for accession to the Pentland Rising. Liberated on giving a bond for 10,000 merks. (*Wodrow.*)

1668. *Jan.* 9.—Sir William Cunningham of Cunninghamhead, as being obnoxious to the Government. Brought

from the Castle of Stirling to that of Edinburgh, "because he had business with lawyers there."

1668. Sir William Mure of Rowallan, brought for the same reason; but both were recommitted to Stirling soon after.

1674. Henry Lord Erskine or Cardross, for opposing the administration of Lauderdale, and in consequence of Lady Cardross having Divine worship performed in his absence by a nonjuring clergyman. Confined five years, and sentenced to pay two fines, one of £5000 and another of £3000.

1678. *Oct.* 9.—Charles Home, (brother of the Earl of Home,) for his accession to the clandestine marriage of the heiress of Aytoun. Liberated at his brother's intercession. (*Caledonia.*)

— George Home of Kimmerghame, and Jane Home, Lady of Aytoun, for their clandestine marriage. On the 20th June they petitioned the Council, setting forth that they had been three months close prisoners, and that Lady Jane had paid her fine of 1000 merks, to the Laird of Plainderghaist, her pursuer. Released.

1680. *Jan.*—John Lord Barganie, for favouring the Bothwell Rising, cursing the nobility in general, and Duke of Lauderdale in particular. Indicted but not tried, and released 14th June. (*Crookshank's Hist.*)

1681. *July.*—John Lord Belhaven, for proposing in Parliament an act to "Secure our Religion against a Popish and Fanatical Successor to the Crown." These words, being too plainly levelled at the Duke of York, were declared treason by the King's Advocate. On making due submission, he was set at liberty.

— Patrick Carnegie, (of the family of Northesk,) Kinfawns, and Fineven his brother, John Haliburton of Piteur, and their accomplices, for the violent abduction of, "and rape committed by them in the night, on Mary Gray, Balegarno's second daughter, a girl not yet 12 years old," and wounding a vassal who defended her. Fined and Released.

— Archibald Marquis of Argyle, for delaying to take the test oath. Escaped to Holland.

1682. Sir John Dalrymple of Stair, for having, while Heritable Bailie of the Regality of Glenluce, amerciated his tenants too low for attending Conventicles. Fined £500.

1683. *April* 6.—"Sir John Harper of Cambusnethan, (Sheriff-

depute of Lanark,) for corresponding with several intercommuned persons who were in the late rebellion. His petition to be liberated is granted under a bond of £10,000 sterling, to answer, when called, to the premises, or any other crime laid to his charge." (*Minute of Council.*) Liberated the same day.

1683. Alexander Gordon of Earlstoun, for being at the skirmish of Loudonhill, and an accessory to Argyle's scheme of invasion from Holland. *Tortured*, and sent to the Bass.

1684. *Feb.*—Sir William Scott of Harden, brought to the Castle from Jedburgh, by a cavalry escort, for his lady's nonconformity, and his declining the test oath. He was 70 years of age, and, being very sickly and infirm, was sent back to the Tolbooth of Jedburgh on the 5th May.

— *Aug.* 2.—The Lairds of Stevenson, Ormiston, Mauldslie, Pollockmaxwell, Greenock, and Blackcastle, for declining the test, &c.

1685. *June.*—Archibald Earl of Argyle, again imprisoned for treason and Rebellion. Executed.

— William Spence, his follower. *Tortured*, and sent to Dumbarton.

— Reverend William Cairstairs, for being concerned in the Ryehouse Plot. *Tortured*, and sent to Dumbarton.

— Colonel Richard Rumbold, a follower of Argyle. Executed.

1688. Captain Angus Mackay, "lately come from Holland, on suspicion of corresponding with the Prince of Orange," committed to ward. (*Fountainhall, Fol.*)

— Doctor Blackadder, on the same charge. When visiting the Captain in the Castle, he was apprehended and laid in irons. "Partridges Almanack, called *Mene Tekell*, and letters and verses were found on him, reflecting on the birth of the Prince of Wales."

— Rev. Charles Scott of Campvere, on the same charges, and refusing the test.

1689. Colonel Winram, for defending the Castle against William III.

— The Laird of Cadell, for affronting the Lord Boyne, a Senator of the College of Justice.

— Colin Earl of Balcarris, for his loyalty to James VII. He was brought in by a party of horse, under Sir

Thomas Livingstone, and so closely confined that none were permitted to converse with him but through the keyhole.

1690. *Nov.* 6.—Colin Earl of Seaforth, for his loyalty to James VII. Liberated in Jan. 1692, on finding caution —promising not to go farther than ten miles from Edinburgh; but, being found at Pencaitland, was re-committed to the Castle a close prisoner. (*Records of Priry Coun.*) He followed the King to France, where he died in 1701.

— John Lord Barganie, for treason against William III. Brought in by a troop of horse, under Crawford of Ardmillan, and confined four months. (*Acta Parl. Gulielmi.*)

1691. John Earl of Breadalbane, for treason and murder, and as the King's accessory in the Massacre of Glencoe. Liberated in 1695.

— James Viscount Kilsythe, Lieut.-colonel of the Scots Gray Dragoons, for a design to revolt to Dundee with his Regiment. He remained long a prisoner. (*Crichton's Mem.*)

1696. William Earl Marshall, Lord Drummond, Sir William Bruce of Kinross, (Architect to Charles II.) and Sir William Sharp, for loyalty to James VII.

— The Lady Largo, on the same charge, by warrant from the Lord Justice-Clerk.

1707. —— Montgomery, and Sergeant Finlay of Dumbarton's Regiment, for a design to seize the Castle.

1708. George Earl of Aberdeen, Charles Earl of Errol, and William Lord Saltoun, for adherence to the Chevalier James Stuart.

1714. Campbell of Glendarvel and Sir Donald Macdonald of of Sleat, warded in consequence of their politics being suspected by the Government.

1715. John Earl of Wigton, Alexander Earl of Home, George Earl of Kinnoul, George Earl of Winton, James Lord Deskford, Sir George Lockhart of Carnwarth, and Hume of Whitefield, for adherence to the house of Stuart.

1736. James Braidwood, for leading the Porteous Mob and firing the Tolbooth door; —— Stoddart, a smith, for assisting to break it down; Peter Traill, a wright, for securing the Netherbow Gate; —— Birnie, a hunchback, for guarding Captain Porteous with a

musket; and William Maclauchlan, servitor to the Countess of Wemyss, for making himself conspicuous during the riot. All were admitted to bail and released.

1744. *July* 28.—John Graham Macgregor of Glengyle, for Jacobitism. He must have been released soon after, as he held a commission in the army of Prince Charles in the ensuing year.

— Sir Hector Maclean, on suspicion of enlisting men for the French service.

1745. *Oct.* 3.—Captain Robert Taylor, and thirty soldiers of the Highland army, "for rebellion."

— *Aug.* 23.—James Rollo of Powhouse, by warrant of the Lord Advocate, as a Jacobite.

— *Dec.* 6.—The Staff of three Regiments, enlisted under James VIII., brought to the Castle, under strong escort, from the Louis XV. French transport, viz.:—

Buckley's Regiment.

Captains Nicholas Morris and Richard Nagle. First Lieutenant Patrick Meagher; Second Lieutenants John Ryan, Dennis Mahony, Darby Mahony; Cadets George Mathews and Francis Mathews; two sergeants, and fifty rank and file.

Clare's Regiment.

Captains James Conway and Valentine Mervyne; First Lieutenant Bernard O'Brien; Second Lieutenant John Eagar; two sergeants, and fifty rank and file.

Duke of Berwick's Regiment.

Captains James Macraith and Stephen Cullen; First Lieutenant Christopher Plunket; Second Lieutenant George Barnavall; three sergeants, and forty-eight rank and file.

Surgeons John Driver and Thomas Hogan, and four servants.

— Alexander Earl of Kelly, for adherence to the Chevalier.

— Lieut.-col. Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, A.-de-C. to the Prince. Taken in chains to Carlisle, and hanged.

— Donald Macdonald of Teindreich, Major of Keppoch's Regiment. Taken in chains to Carlisle, and hanged.

1746. Robert Forbes, A.M., Episcopal Bishop of Edinburgh, for adherence to the Prince.

1746. James Hay, for being Captain and Paymaster of Lord John Drummond's Regiment of the Prince's army.
— Miss Jean Cameron, as an adherent of the Prince.
— Euphemia Duchess-dowager of Perth, on the same charge.
— Margaret Viscountess Strathallan, on the same charge.
— The Lady Ogilvie, brought from Culloden, on the same charge. Escaped.
— Donald Macdonald, the heir of Clanronald, and —— O'Neil, on the same charge. Both were liberated without trial. The first fell in battle on the Heights of Abraham, a captain of the 42d Regiment; and the second died, a lieut.-general in the Spanish service, on the expedition against Algiers in 1755. (*General Stewart of Garth's Sketches.*)
— *June* 28.—John Murray of Broughton, Secretary to the Prince; committed at twelve o'clock at night, by warrant from the Lord Justice-Clerk. He had been seized, at the house of Hunter of Polmood, by a sergeant and seven privates of the 8th, or St George's Light Dragoons.
— *Aug.* 2.—Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh, for having given Prince Charles a single night's shelter. He was marched up to the Castle gate by a troop of Viscount Kingston's Light Dragoons, with trumpets sounding and kettle-drums beating. He was confined for twelve months in the same apartment with —— Moir of Leckie, and Mr Thomas Ogilvie, under the immediate care of the Provost-marshal.
— Simon Master of Lovat, for treason.
— *Aug.* 23.—The old Chief of Glengarry, for favouring the Prince's escape.
— *Aug.* 31.—Michael Vezazi, an Italian in the Prince's service, and Angus Macdonald, (brother of Kinlochmoidart,) a banker in Paris, for treason. Vezazi released on parole; Macdonald sent to Newgate in charge of Major Belford of the Train, who, with another officer, watched him by turns day and night.
— *Nov.* 22.—Major Kennedy, and Captains Macdonald, Reynolds, and O'Neil, Scoto-French officers, for treason. Brought from Inverness in the Triton.
— William Fidler, Clerk to the Scottish Exchequer, for treason.

1747. *Feb.* 6.—Alexander Cameron of Dungallon, Alexander Cameron of Glenevis, Alexander Macdonald of Glencoe, John Graham of Kilmardinny, Robert Murray of Glencarnock, and Donald Russel, a Scots-Dutch officer, for being "concerned in the late rebellion."

— David Ogilvie of Pool, Mungo Graham, and Peter Cameron, vintner in Edinburgh, on the same charge. But the whole were released by the *Act of Grace* passed by Parliament in the same year.

1749. *April* 12.—Cole Macdonald of Barrisdale, for his share "in the late rebellion." Died a prisoner on the 1st June 1750, overcome by the infirmities of age and the severity of his keepers.

1750. *Aug.*—David Malloch, excise-officer, by warrant of the Lords Justices, while under sentence of death for the murder of John Felton of Auchinbothie, when smuggling near Pollockshaws. Released in December, on receiving a free pardon from George II., and finding caution to the Barons of Exchequer, to whom the widow and children of Auchinbothie had preferred a petition for assythement.

1753. Alexander Macdonald of Barrisdale, for treason. Tried, and released.

— James Mhor Macgregor of Bohaldie, for hamesucken and forcible abduction. Escaped to France.

1756. *Mar.* 9.—Sixty citizens of Edinburgh, impressed for the sea service, committed to ward for security. They were brought in under care of the City Guard; and on the 11th, such of them as were found able-bodied were marched, under an escort of Lord Beauclerk's Regiment, to Leith, and delivered over to Captain Campbell of the Porcupine sloop-of-war.

1792. *October.*—Robert Watt, wine-merchant, and David Downie, for high treason; secured in the strong apartment above the portcullis. They were sentenced to death on the 15th October, for conspiring against the Government, circulating seditious papers among the Fencible troops, corresponding with the desperadoes of the French Convention, and ordering four thousand pikes to be made, to arm men for seizing the Castle of Edinburgh. It had been concerted that the troops should be drawn *unarmed* into the city, by the ruse of raising a fire near the Excise Office, where one party

of the *Friends of the People* were to massacre them, while another ascended the West Bow, and captured the empty fortress. The Senators of the College of Justice were then to be arrested—the Banks plundered, and compulsory measures adopted against the King and Ministry. Watt and Downie were sentenced to die as traitors; to have their bowels torn out and thrown in their faces, and afterwards to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. The punishment of Downie was commuted to transportation; and on the royal clemency being announced to him, he burst into tears, and, kneeling on the floor of his prison, exclaimed in ecstacy—"O glory be to God, and thanks to the King! Thanks to him for his goodness! I will pray for him as long as I live!"

On the 15th October, Robert Watt, seated in a black hurdle, chained heavily, pale as death, and holding a Bible in his hands, was slowly drawn from the Castle gate to the Reservoir, where the military authorities delivered him over to the Magistrates, Sheriffs, and City Guard, who conducted him to the place of execution. Muffled in an old greatcoat, his squalid, broken-spirited, and miserable appearance excited pity, while his excess of agitation and fear drew upon him the contempt of the spectators.

After hanging for a certain time, his head was severed from the body by two blows of an axe, and then, as the executioner held it aloft, ghastly and bleeding, in view of the people, he exclaimed—

"Behold the head of a traitor! So perish all traitors!"

THE END.

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